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EDITED BY EDWARD J. WHEELER

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CURRENT OPINION

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The Announcement that the Cadillac Company Has No Intention of Marketing a Six Cylinder Car has Produced a Profound Impression.

The confidence which is reposed in the Cadillac Company is much more than a mere compliment.

It is an important trust—a grave responsibility.

Motorists by the thousand wait to see what action the Cadillac Company will take in matters of motor car design and development.

That great army of owners, in particular, who have invested more than one hundred and thirty millions (\$130,000,000) of dollars in Cadillac cars, accept the decision of this Company, for or against a principle of construction, as authoritative and final.

That is why the announcement that the Cadillac Company has no intention of marketing a six cylinder car produced such a profound impression.

It was natural that Cadillac owners, present or prospective, should wait for word on the subject from this company, and it was equally natural that, having received this word, they should immediately and unanimously accept it as conclusive.

How widely the assumption had been traded upon was indicated by the immediate effect everywhere.

Hundreds who had been waiting for word from the Cadillac Company have bought Cadillac cars since the announcement appeared.

The statement that the company had thoroughly experimented with the six cylinder—as it had with the one, with the two and with the three cylinder—and the announcement of the verdict, was enough.

Under the circumstances it seems to us permissible to remind our friends of an important fact.

We would like to remind them again that the Cadillac Company has seldom found it wise to look to others for guidance.

Rather, it has found that greatest wisdom lay in proving for itself what is best in principle and most practical in application.

The Cadillac was first to produce a practical, enduring motor car. How practical it was, how enduring it was, the whole world knows, since these eleven years old cars are still in service.

The Cadillac was first to produce a high grade car to sell under \$2000.

The Cadillac was first to evolve a four cylinder engine, the correctness of whose principles in their entirety, have proven incontestable after ten years of service.

The Cadillac was first to inaugurate the electrical system of automatic cranking, lighting and ignition.

The Cadillac was first to make practical in large production the two-speed direct drive axle.

None of these was forced upon us.

They were all evolved in the natural course of Cadillac development.

Cadillac principles are the same today as ten years ago—only they have developed progressively, logically, step by step.

The tree has grown and flowered and flourished—but it is still the same tree.

The history of automobile manufacture is a history of change—often a bewildering succession of contradictory changes, made in a vain effort to interpret the trend of popular demand, or a disposition to follow what appear to be the lines of least resistance.

The Cadillac Company has never shifted, never retraced its steps, never advocated a vital principle which it was afterward compelled to repudiate. The Cadillac is discussed in almost every sale of a motor car, except sales of lowest price. It is almost invariably held in mind as a pattern, a standard, a criterion or an ideal.

Those who drive the car cannot be dislodged from their allegiance. They are positive and determined, oftentimes to the point of stubbornness.

They will hear no slighting comments on the car without resentment. They will concede no higher degree of engineering authority. They will accept no principle as best unless that principle be endorsed by the Cadillac.

That is precisely because the Cadillac has been scientifically progressive—but not impulsive or fickle.

It is precisely because the Cadillac has inaugurated instead of followed.

The Cadillac Company believes the Cadillac car to be immeasurably superior.

The Cadillac Company knows the riding qualities of that car with its two-speed axle, to be inimitable and unique.

The Cadillac Company believes that in all of those qualities which make for supreme satisfaction, for economical operation and maintenance, for constant and enduring service, day-in-and-day-out and year-in-and-year-out in the hands of the every-day user, the Cadillac stands pre-eminent.

And Cadillac owners share in these beliefs.

If they elected to wait for pronouncement of Cadillac policy in regard to the six cylinder car, it was not from lack of confidence, but the exact opposite.

It was one of the highest compliments ever paid the Cadillac Company.

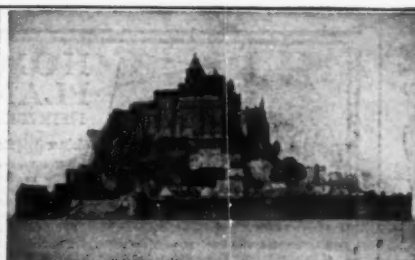
And the Cadillac Company having spoken, the case is closed for every Cadillac owner, present or prospective.

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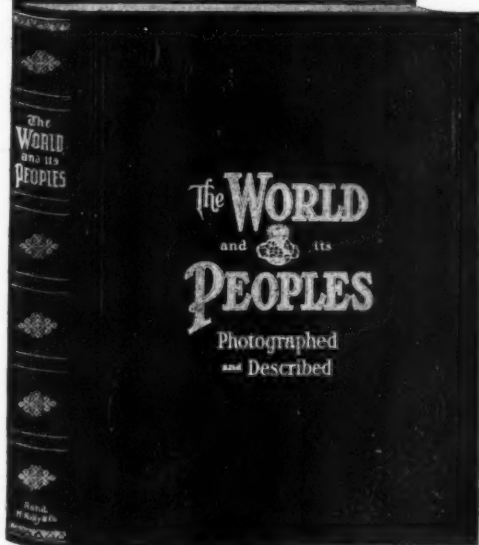
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BOOK NEWS

The notices of books in this Department are designed not as critical reviews, but as brief descriptive notices for the information of book buyers. Any book reviewed in our columns will be forwarded on receipt of the publisher's price. Orders may be sent direct to the publishers or to the Current Literature Publishing Co.

The Love-Story of a Stage Aspirant.

The Soul of Life, by David Lisle (Friedrich A. Stokes Co., New York, \$1.25 net; postpaid, \$1.37). Is love a selfish passion between man and woman? Is it an ethereal poetic fancy? These questions are involved in the love story of a lily-like girl who aspires to success on the stage. Other striking characters are a famous French actress of rare charm, a strong, wholesome young Englishman, a decadent French poet, and a Russian princess.

—COC—

The Murderer and the Detective.

Anybody But Anne, by Carolyn Wells (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, \$1.25 net; postpaid, \$1.37). A murder is committed in the Van Wyck home under most peculiar circumstances. Who was the criminal, and why? how did he effect his escape? and what the method of killing? are questions that seem unanswerable. They will puzzle the most astute. The reader's interest grows in intensity until the denouement, when Fleming Stone, the "great American detective," lays his hands upon the murderer.

—COC—

Against Intervention in Mexico

The Case of Mexico and the Policy of President Wilson, by Senator M. de Zayas Enriquez (Albert & Charles Boni, New York, \$1.35 net; postpaid \$1.45). The history of Mexico from the fall of Diaz to the present, giving the facts of the situation and the relations with the United States from a Mexican's standpoint. It is an impassioned argument against intervention and a strong plea for the recognition of Mexico's right to autonomy.

—COC—

The Forty-Seventh Edition of "Mrs. Wiggs."

The Century Company (New York) has just sent *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* to press for the forty-seventh large printing. The little story, which has proved such a phenomenal favorite, was issued originally in October, 1901.

—COC—

The Mahdah Diet.

Eat—And Grow Thin (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York). The tragedy of fat! This is the burden of Vance Thompson's lively introduction to this little book on the Mahdah diet. The main difficulty met by those who uneasily fear that their lines are not such as the fashions of the day decree, is that every one tells them what *not* to eat, when the real question is what *can* they eat. "Mahdah" begins in the usual way with a list of prohibitions that seems at first sight to cut out all one has been used to feed upon. But there follows a long list of skilfully balanced reducing menus—the famous Mahdah menus, hitherto unpublished—including in certain combinations almost every kind of meat (except pig in any form), all kinds of game, fish, lobsters, oysters, all kinds of fruits and salads, savories, and a long list of green vegetables. One may eat very well, it

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Violence and the Labor Movement, by Robert Hunter, author of "Poverty" and "Socialists at Work" (The Macmillan Co., New York). In this book the author writes of the conflict that raged throughout the latter part of the last century for possession of the soul of labor. His volume tells of the doctrines and deeds of Bakounin, Netchayeff, Kropotkin, Ravachol, Henry, Most and Caserio. It seeks the causes of such outbursts of rage as occurred at the Haymarket in Chicago in 1886 and are now being much discussed as Syndicalism, Haywoodism and Larkinism. It is a dramatic, historical narrative in which terrorism, anarchism, syndicalism and socialism are passionately voiced by their greatest advocates as they battle over programs, tactics and philosophies.

Reliable Books on the Social Evil.

Raymond B. Fosdick, formerly Commissioner of Accounts of New York City, is at work on the third in the series of books published for the Bureau of Social Hygiene by The Century Company (New York). It is a volume discussing *European Police Systems*, based upon intimate personal study extending over a period of a year and a half in twenty-two European cities. Abraham Flexner's *Prostitution in Europe*, the second volume in this series, was issued in January last, following *Commercialized Prostitution in New York City*, by George J. Kneeland. It is the aim of the series to place at the command of every interested community accurate data relating to the problem of prostitution, which will assist in working out an intelligent policy suited to local needs.

By the "Russian Edgar Allan Poe."

Love of One's Neighbor, by Leonid Andreyev, translated by Thomas Seltzer (Albert & Charles Boni, New York, 40 cents net). An ingenious satire by the noted Russian author of the advertising propensities of modern business, keenly characterized, and affording opportunity for much humor.

A Book on the Negroes of Boston.

Especially timely, in view of the renewed agitation over the position of the Negro in our national and social life, is the publication of *In Freedom's Birthplace*, a study of the past and present condition of the colored population of Boston, by John Daniels (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston). The ten papers which make up the body of the book are supplemented by an appendix and statistical tables of value to any one wishing exact information on a much-debated subject. A full index adds to the value of the book as a work of reference.

The Mother of the Kaiser.

One of the books published this spring by Dodd, Mead & Co. (New York) is *The Empress Frederick*, a biography of the

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The Women We Marry, by Arthur Stanwood Pier (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, \$1.35 net). A present-day novel of the love affairs of two men and two women before and after marriage, of estrangement through unsuspected prejudices; and of the readjustment of love through the coming of children.

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Plays by Charles Kenyon and Percy Mackaye.

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the pages are recipes for choice dishes that are suitable for the most elaborate feast. There are sixteen chapters, and at the beginning of each chapter general directions are given for preparing the dishes printed in that chapter. No other than tried and approved recipes are included in the book.



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Tuberculosis: Its Cause, Cure and Prevention, by Edward O. Otis, M. D. (Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York, \$1.25 net; post-paid, \$1.37). The simple facts about this dread disease are presented in a form interesting and intelligible to the layman. Dr. Otis is an authority on the "Great White Plague."



Feminism.

Why Women Are So, by Mary R. Coolidge (Henry Holt & Co., New York, \$1.50 net). Explains and traces the development of the woman of 1800 into the woman of today. "It interprets and justifies to women their struggle for better things; they can draw from it conviction and argument."



Seventy-eight Yale Men.

Memorials of Eminent Yale Men, A Biographical Study of Student Life and University Influences with Representative Letters, by Anson Phelps Stokes (Yale University Press, New York and New Haven, two volumes, boxed per set, \$10.00 net; carriage extra). The author has selected the biographies of the seventy-eight Yale men no longer living who seem to him to have made the most important contributions to American life. Autograph letters of all the graduates memorialized have been printed from the originals in the author's collection and the book is further enriched by twenty photogravures and reproductions of signatures in facsimile.



Chess.

A History of Chess, by H. J. R. Murray (Oxford University Press, New York, cloth, \$12.00; morocco, \$14.00). The aim of this work is three-fold; to present as complete a record as is possible of the varieties of chess which exist or have existed in different parts of the world; to investigate the ultimate origin of these games and the circumstances of the invention of chess; and to trace the development of the modern European game from the first appearance of its ancestor, the Indian *chaturanga*, in the beginning of the seventh century of our era.



A Plea for an Old-Fashioned Occupation.

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Sanctuary: A Bird Masque, by Percy Mackaye (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, \$1.00 net). This is the play that was

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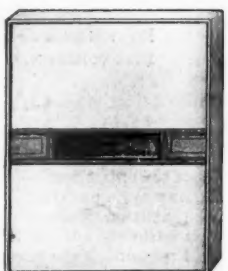
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Boycotts and the Labor Struggle, by Harry W. Laidler, with an introduction by Prof. Henry R. Seager, Professor of Political Economy, Columbia University (John Lane Co., New York). This book is claimed to be the only one that has been written in English on the very live topic of the boycott. It deals with both the legal and economic phases. It gives a good deal of material on the Sherman Anti-Trust law, which will probably soon be amended, and also gives a cross section of the labor struggle, dealing with the activities of the National Association of Manufacturers, with the spy system, the strike-breaking system, the use of detectives in labor disputes, and the other weapons that are constantly being used by labor and the employing class against each other.

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Partial Contents

Below is the merest fraction of the long list of studies in this great work. They give no indication, of course, of the wonderfully stimulating character of the lessons. Dr. Haddock has long been recognized as one of the most inspiring writers on Practical Psychology now living. His work glows with a deep, heartening philosophy that ranks him with James, Bergson, Eucken and Royce as twentieth-century leaders of thought.

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Four Factors on Which It Depends
How to Develop Analytical Power
How to Think "All Around" a Subject
How to Concentrate—Detailed Directions
How to Throw off Worry
How to Make the Will Supreme
How to Overcome Indecision
How Permanent Influence Over Others is Secured
Fifty-Four Master Rules to Control Other People
How to Maintain the Central Factors of Bodily Health
How to Secure Steady Nerves
First Principles of Success
How the Will Acts
How to Test Your Will
Methods of Developing Will
Six Crown Principles for Developing Will
Seven Principles of Drill for Mental Power
How to Increase Powers of Observation
How to Develop a Keen Gaze
How to Train the Senses
Law of Will Power in Habits
How to Master Habit
How to Banish Fear
The Mental Law of Habit Cure
The Principles of Memory
How to Develop Perfect Memory
How to Overcome Hesitation in Speech
How to Develop Abundance of Thought
How to Overcome Unhealthy Mind States
How to Overcome Stage Fright and Embarrassment

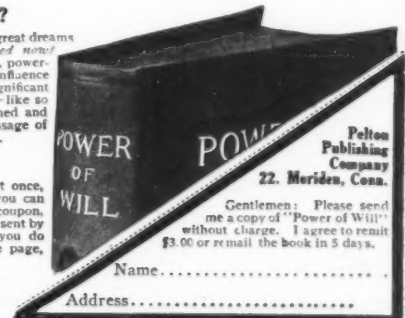
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Shear Nonsense

In Answer to Prayer.

The author of "Seventy Years Young," Mrs. Emily P. Bishop, tells of one way, and a very good way indeed, of insuring an answer to our prayers.

A little girl's brother set a trap to catch birds. The little girl knew that it was wrong, cruel, against the laws of kindness, and altogether inexcusable. She wept at first, then her mother noticed that she became cheerful again, and she was asked the cause.

"I prayed for my brother to be a better boy."

"What else?" inquired her mother.

"I prayed that the trap would not catch any little birds."

"What else?"

"Then I went out and kicked the old trap all to pieces."

You Have to Be Precise in Boston.

Not long since a New York physician had occasion to examine a Boston patient. After looking him over carefully he prescribed as follows, according to *Lippincott's*: "What you need, more than anything else, is a tonic in the shape of fresh air."

Whereupon the Hubbite waxed sarcastic, and inquired:

"Before we proceed further, would you mind telling me what is the shape of fresh air?"

Turn About Fair Play.

Two motorists, of whom a New Orleans paper tells, having almost ruined their tempers—and their tires—in a vain attempt to find a hotel with a vacant bed, were at last forced to make the best of a small inn.

Even then they had to share a bed which was—and on this the landlord laid great stress—a feather bed.

They turned in, and one of the pair was soon fast asleep; the other was not. He could not manage to dodge the lumps and heard hour after hour strike on the church clock, until 3 a. m., when he also struck.

He did this by violently shaking his snoring friend.

"What's the matter?" growled the other. "It can't be time to get up yet!"

"No, it isn't," retorted his friend, continuing to shake him; "but it's my turn to sleep on the feather."

The Seven Ages of Modern Man.

The new president of the New Haven railway system, speaking of Socialism recently and its conflict with the innate disposition of man to become acquisitive, quoted "somebody or other," according to the *Los Angeles Times*, as having furnished the following revision of the "Seven Ages of Man":

- "First age—Sees the earth.
- "Second age—Wants it.
- "Third age—Hustles to get it.
- "Fourth age—Decides to be satisfied with only about half of it.
- "Fifth age—Becomes still more moderate.
- "Sixth age—Now content to possess a six-by-two strip of it.
- "Seventh age—Gets the strip."

To Steal a Pin, It Is a Sin.

The "nearness" of the Scotsman forms the theme of another story which we find in *London Tit-Bits*: A Caledonian chieftain won a million pins in a penny raffle at a bazar.

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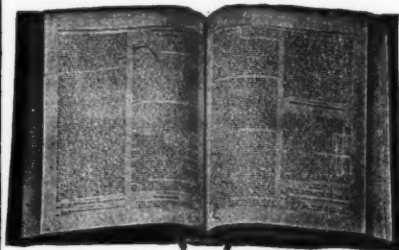
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Three days later he called, very wan and weary of aspect.

"See here," he said to the bazar secretary. "I've counted them. They're three short!"

Up In His History All Right.

In some school not located—locate it to please yourself—the teacher was hearing the history lesson. Turning to one of the scholars she asked:—

"James, what was Washington's Farewell Address?"

The new boy arose with a promptitude that promised well for his answer.

"Heaven, ma'am," he said.

His Vain Pursuit.

"Could you do somethin' for a poor old sailor?" asked the wanderer at the door.

"Poor old sailor!" echoed the lady who had opened the door.

"Yes'm. I follered the wotter fer twenty years."

"Well," said the lady, as she slammed the door in his face after a critical look thereat, "you certainly don't look as if you'd ever caught it up."

It Wouldn't Play.

We get this from the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Where the *Journal* gets it, it doesn't tell.

"Oi want yez t' take that big hoigh lamp yez sold me back again," said Mr. Mulcahey, entering the store in high dudgeon.

"Why, what's wrong with it?" inquired the astonished merchant.

"Yez said it was a piano lamp," roared Mr. Mulcahey, "and divil a chune hov Oi been able t' git out of it!"

Teaching Little Tommy.

London *Tit-Bits* gathers in the following out of the all-encircling good:

"Where's Tommy?" asked Mr. Jones, on his return from business one evening.

"Gone to bed," was his wife's reply.

"I hope he's not ill."

"No, I sent him to bed as a punishment for swearing."

"Swearing?" repeated Jones; "I'll teach him to swear."

Without waiting for a light the angry father rushed upstairs to interview the culprit, only to fall over a loose stair-rod and bump his chin. At once he became exceedingly fluent, and when the air had cleared he heard his wife call, gently:—

"Better come down, dear; I'm sure Tommy has heard enough for his first lesson."

The Princess Threatens.

A New York girl, a close friend, according to a writer in *Lippincott's*, of one of the American princesses, tells of an incident in the household of her consort, in Germany.

The New York girl was just entering the Princess's dressing-room when she chanced to overhear this colloquy between mistress and maid.

The Maid: "But, madame—"

The princess: "If I catch you and my husband kissing again, one of you will have to go."

One of Edison's Inventions.

A friend of the great inventor tells of an invention which he made when living at Menlo Park of which the world had not heard until *Lippincott's* told the story a few weeks ago.

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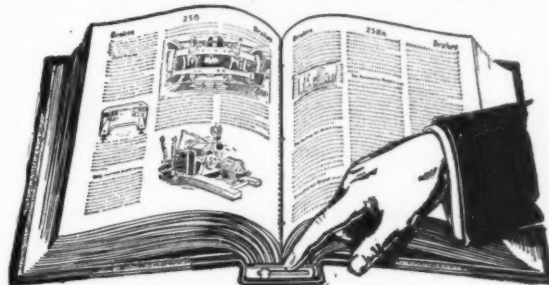
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Yours faithfully,
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upon Edison, remarked to him one day: "Your front gate needs repairing. It was all I could do to get it open. You ought to have it trimmed, or greased. It works too hard."

The great man laughed. "Oh, no," said he; "that wouldn't do at all."

"Why not?"

"Because every one who comes through that gate pumps two buckets of water into the tank on the roof."

When the Scriptures Failed.

"Why, Willie," said the Sunday-school teacher in a pained voice, "have you been fighting again? Didn't you learn in last Sunday's lesson that when you are struck on one cheek you ought to turn the other one to the striker?"

"Yes'm," agreed Willie; "but he hit me on the nose, and I've only got one."

Another Higher Critic.

A Sunday school teacher, told about in *Everybody's*, after conducting a lesson on the story of "Jacob's Ladder," concluded by saying: "Now is there any little girl or boy who would like to ask a question about the lesson?"

Little Susie looked puzzled for a moment, and then raised her hand.

"A question, Susie?" asked the teacher.

"I would like to know," said Susie, "if the angels have wings, why did they have to climb up the ladder?"

The teacher thought for some moments, and then, looking about the class, asked: "Is there any little boy who would like to answer Susie's question?"

Naming the Baby.

Everybody's passes this one on. We follow the good example:

One morning Rosie's teacher noticed her hanging around the desk with rather a wistful expression.

"Well, Rosie, what is it?" she finally asked, drawing the child to her.

"Please, teacher, we've got a new baby t' our house."

"Oh, have you, Rosie? Isn't that fine? What's the baby's name?"

"Ikke."

Several days later the teacher remembered to inquire about the new arrival:

"Oh, Rosie, how is Ikke to-day?"

The child looked bewildered: "Oh, teacher, we ain't got no Ikke."

"Yes. You told me you had a baby."

A gleam of intelligence appeared on Rosie's face. "No, teacher, his name's Mose; his name ain't Ikke. We found we already got one Ikke."

Pat Didn't Stay Fired.

One of the bosses at Baldwin's Locomotive Works had to lay off an argumentative Irishman named Pat, so he saved discussion by putting the discharge in writing. The next day Pat was missing, but a week later the boss was passing through the shop and he saw him again at his lathe. Then, according to Lippincott's, the following colloquy occurred:

"Didn't you get my letter?"

"Yis, sur, Oi did," said Pat.

"Did you read it?"

"Sure, sur, Oi read it inside and Oi read it outside," said Pat, "and on the inside yez said I was fired and on the outside yez said: 'Return to Baldwin Locomotive Works in five days.'"

Did As He Was Told.

The Detroit *Free Press* tells of a scene in one of the schools of that city:

Willie was struggling through the story in his reading lesson. "No, said the captain," he read, "it was not a sloop. It was a larger vessel. By the rig I judged her to be a-a-a-a-a—"

The word was new to him.

"Barque," supplied the teacher.

Still Willie hesitated.

"Barque!" repeated the teacher, this time sharply.

Willie looked as though he had not heard aright. Then, with an apprehensive glance around the class, he shouted:

"Bow-wow!"

Why, Indeed?

A certain captain had been lecturing his new recruits at some length on "The Duties of a Soldier." At last he thought the time had come to find out just what he had accomplished.

Casting his eye over the room, according to the *Youth's Companion*, he fixed on Private Murphy as his first victim. "Private Murphy," he asked, "why should a soldier be ready to die for his country?"

The private scratched his head for a while; then an ingratiating smile flittered across his face. "Sure, captain," he said, pleasantly, "you're quite right. Why should he?"

Had Heard of Him.

In San Antonio a lady had been entertaining a neighbor's four-year-old son by telling him stories of the war and its heroes, including Grant, Lee and other famous leaders.

The little boy surprised her by saying: "Yes, I've heard of Grant often; we pray to him in our church every Sunday."

The lady, of course, told the little fellow that he must be mistaken.

"No, I'm not," said he; "during the service we always say, 'Grant, we beseech Thee, to hear us.'"

An Art Critic.

The superintendent of a Sunday-school repeated to the children the text: "Arise, and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt."

Then the superintendent showed a large picture illustrating this text in bright colors.

"Isn't the picture fine?" he said. "Here is the mother. Here is the young child. There's Egypt in the distance. Isn't it fine?"

The children, however, looked disappointed, and finally a little boy piped out:

"Teacher, where's the flea?"

"Do It Now."

The head of a large business house, according to an English paper, bought a number of those "Do It Now" signs and hung them up around his offices. They were effective beyond expectation, and yet it can hardly be said that they worked well.

When, after the first few days, the business man counted up the results he found that the cashier had bolted with £5,000, the head bookkeeper had eloped with the typist, three clerks had asked for a rise in salary, and the office boy had set out to become a highwayman.

He Followed Directions.

His relatives telephoned to the nearest florist's. The ribbon must be extra wide,

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Senator de Zayas is a historian, the crowned poet laureate of Mexico, a student of affairs and a statesman. He writes dispassionately, judicially, without heat. His book is not a case of special pleading. He states his own political convictions clearly, so that the facts he gives may be the better judged. He was opposed to the dictatorship of Diaz, and voluntarily exiled himself because he would not support a dictator's régime. He was opposed to Madero, whom he proves to have been very much of an irresponsible demagogue. Like all broad-minded Mexicans, he does not favor a dictatorship in Mexico. But he explains, simply and convincingly, how the logic of

events created Huerta, and why Huerta is now the only man to whom patriotic Mexicans pin their hopes of reconstruction.

How Wilson's policy has thrown and kept Mexico in a turmoil—how one-sided and contradictory his quixotic idealism is in not recognizing Huerta—why all intelligent Mexicans, Americans and foreigners in Mexico alike, are opposed to his ideas—all these points are explained thoroughly in the book, and they are matters every American should become

acquainted with. For events are moving rapidly, and Wilson's policy may necessitate intervention at any hour.

De Zayas shows that Mexico is bordering on a state of real anarchy. Her destiny has become the football of bandits. Industry is paralyzed. The nation's troubles are so complex that they seem insoluble. Whatever action is taken by this country—intervention or recognition of Huerta, or continued "watchful waiting"—a crop of problems arises that calls for the highest statesmanship. In this state of affairs, understanding of the problems is the first necessity.

It is for this reason that De Zayas' book is practically indispensable to those who want to learn the rights and wrongs of our attitude toward Mexico. "It is all remarkably sane," says a writer in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, "and while honestly differing with ideas commonly accepted by Americans, there is a fine restraint, and as far as could be observed, no statement unsupported by proof." This is the general consensus of opinion about the book.

"The Case of Mexico" is now on sale at most book dealers. If your dealer has not got it, he will order it, or you can buy it direct by mail from the publishers.



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with "Rest in Peace" on both sides, and if there was room, "We Shall Meet in Heaven."

The florist was away and his new assistant handled the job. There was a sensation when the flowers turned up at the funeral. The ribbon was extra wide, indeed, and on it was the inscription:

"Rest in peace on both sides, and, if there is room, we shall meet in heaven."

Peace At Any Price.

"What's the shape of the earth?" asked the teacher, calling suddenly upon Willie.

"Round."

"How do you know it's round?"

"All right," said Willie; "it's square then. I don't want to start any argument about it."

Popular Mechanics.

Picking her way daintily through the grime of the locomotive works, a young woman visitor viewed the huge operations with visible awe. Finally she turned to a young man from the office who was showing her through, and, pointing, asked, according to *Young's Magazine*:

"What is that big thing over there?"

"That's a locomotive boiler," the young man replied.

She puckered her brows.

"And what do they boil locomotives for?" she asked.

"To make the locomotive tender."

And the young man from the office never batted an eyelash, either.

How He Used Them.

"Did you kill the moths with the moth balls I recommended?" asked the druggist.

"No, I didn't," said the customer truculently; "I sat up all night and didn't hit a single moth."

That Angelic Child.

"What's the matter, little boy?"

"M'maw's gone and drowned all the kittens."

"Dear, dear! Now that's too bad."

"Yep, an' she p-promised—boo-hoo—that I cud do it!"

Too Suspicious.

"Why are you so angry with the doctor?" asked Mr. White of his wife.

"Because," she replied, "when I told him I had a terribly tired feeling he told me to show my tongue."

Mail-Order Dentistry.

Dr. Evans, the well-known American dentist who lived in Paris, once showed all his curios to John S. Sargent, the painter.

"Among the curios," said Mr. Sargent, "there was a letter that amused me greatly."

It was written to Dr. Evans when he was practising in America, years before, by a young farmer in Vermont who wanted a set of false teeth made and sent to him. He wrote for the teeth in some such way as this:

"My mouth is three inches across, five-eighths inches threw the jaw. Some hummocky on the edge. Shaped like a hoss shew, toe forward. If you want me to be more particular, I shall have to come thar."

CURRENT OPINION

EDWARD J. WHEELER, EDITOR

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LEONARD D. ABBOTT

ALEXANDER HARVEY

GEORGE S. VIERECK

A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

GROWING TENSION IN WASHINGTON OVER THE MEXICAN TROUBLES

International Complications Arise Over Mexico.

MEXICO steps more and more to the front in American politics as our own problems, such as tariff, currency, trusts, canal tolls, Alaska, near a solution of some sort at Washington. The Mexican problem, however, after three years of turmoil, seems no nearer a solution. Every month adds to the pressure upon President Wilson for action. In Texas and California the tension on the border grows perceptibly greater. Governor Colquitt, of Texas, demands the privilege of pursuing raiders into Mexican territory, and Governor Johnson, of California, has an exciting situation to handle at the border town of Tecate. The death of Benton, a British subject, at the hands of Villa or his soldiers, and the refusal to allow an adequate investigation resulted in severe tension last month between our State Department and Carranza, led to heated demands in the House of Commons for British intervention, and elicited a more or less ominous warning from a semi-official German journal. Just to add to our light-heartedness, the Italian historian, Ferrero, warns us that there is a secret alliance between Mexico and Japan, and that the latter is waiting for us to get into trouble in Mexico to start trouble on her own account.

Wrestling with Disorder in Mexico Fifty Years Ago.

IF WARNINGS, complaints, demands and lurid accounts of outrages would only solve the Mexican problem so far as we are concerned, it would have been solved last month offhand. Heat has been rapidly developed, but light on the subject still seems to come in broken fragments. One of these fragments comes from as far back as 1858, when President Buchanan, in view of "a state of anarchy and violence" then existing in northern Mexico, urged Congress to create "a temporary protectorate over the northern portions of Chihuahua and Sonora," by means of the establishment of military posts. In the following year, the Mexican government entered into a treaty giving our troops the right to cross the line for the purpose of protecting our citizens and enforcing our treaty rights. The treaty

was not finally ratified, but that was the fault of our Congress, not of Mexico. In 1877 American troops pursued Mexican raiders across the border a number of times, under orders issued by the Secretary of State to General Sherman, which read as follows: "General Ord will at once notify the Mexican authorities along the Texas border . . . that if the government of Mexico shall continue to neglect the duty of suppressing the outrages, that duty will devolve upon this government, and will be performed, even if its performance should render necessary the occasional crossing of the border by our troops."

"We Have Fiddled While Mexico Burned."

JUST how far these precedents would warrant us now in policing northern Mexico with our troops is uncertain. Then the Mexican government admitted its inability to keep order and practically consented to our course. To-day, even if Huerta were to do the same, we do not recognize his or any other government of Mexico and such a course would have to be taken by us without official consent. This course, however, is urged by Senator Fall of New Mexico and Governor Colquitt of Texas. Said the Senator, in his important address in the Senate, March 9th:

"I have for two years been calling the attention of Senators to Mexican affairs, with the hope that others might see, as I saw, the difference, so well explained by John Bassett Moore, between interposition, or non-political intervention, upon the one hand, and political intervention in the domestic affairs of Mexico upon the other. The first, a duty due to our citizens for their protection and the protection of their property, and, when necessary, because of the failure of the country in which they are residing to provide protection, in the eyes of all nations a national right, not justifying a declaration of war upon the part of Mexico, and a duty and right recognized and solemnly agreed to by Mexico in 1859."

Interposition, or non-political intervention, is urged by Senator Fall as a duty to ourselves, to the Mexican people and to humanity. He would have it preceded

by the solemn declaration that we are not making war upon the Mexican people, do not purpose to acquire their territory, upset their laws or overturn their constitution, and inviting their cooperation for the establishment of order. Political intervention, he insists, is of much graver consequence and is always a justification for war. Yet our government, when it sent Mr. Lind to Mexico City, was guilty of just such intervention, while it has steadily refused to adopt a course of interposition. As a result, "we have fiddled while Mexico burned."

**Senator Fall Enlightens
the Senate on Mexican
Atrocities.**

SOMEHOW Senator Fall has not succeeded in getting this distinction between interposition and intervention "over the footlights." His very definite suggestion of a course to be adopted came at the close of a three-hour speech which was filled with startling and circumstantial accounts of the situation in Mexico, and the press reports of the speech contained hardly a reference to the remedy he proposes. He does not recommend intervention. He denounces it. He does not criticize President Wilson for refusing to recognize Huerta. He declares Huerta "impossible," a murderer and a traitor, whose army is made up of jailbirds who rob and loot and do even more brazen things than are done by the revolutionists. Nor does the Senator advise any alliance with Carranza or Villa. The latter he portrays as "an ordinary, common, ignorant, brutal murderer for hire," who became a bandit not for avenging the seduction of a sister, as has been told, but because of the murder of a peon who worked for him in a butcher-shop where Villa was selling beef from stolen cattle. As for Carranza, the Senator asserts that he not only stands for Villa's atrocities but has coolly announced, in the *London Times*, that "of course you understand that we propose to kill every man who recognizes any President who is not the constitutional President of Mexico." Senator Fall is said by the



PRESIDENT WILSON: "NO CRISIS!" BUT—
—Kemble in Leslie's

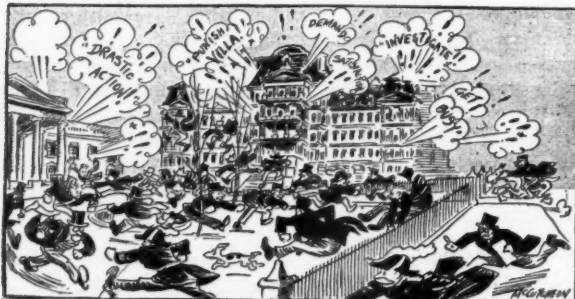
N. Y. *Times* correspondent to be "the best-posted man on Mexican affairs we have in public life." He has been in touch with Mexico for thirty years, having at one time large mining interests there which he sold in 1906, "all except some odds and ends" which, he says, he could not dispose of, but which, even prior to the recent revolution, were not producing a dollar of revenue.

**Schemes for Pacifying Mexico
in the Near Future.**

VARIOUS other solutions of the Mexican problem are advanced and discussed, but no one of them has seemed to command a preponderating amount of support. One of them that has made its appearance in Congress is for a commission to be called of Mexicans representing both sides to devise ways of restoring peace. Mr. Emeterio de la Garza, Jr., a lawyer who is said to have been prominent in Mexican politics, is issuing a call to Mexican refugees in the United States to meet and organize a movement to end hostilities, and Felix Diaz is reported quietly at work in Washington to secure support for a harmony movement that will displace both Huerta and Carranza and place him in power as a compromise President. Congressman Bartholdt is pushing a resolution in the lower house of Congress calling on President Wilson to invite a conference of representatives of the warring factions to meet in Washington, and appropriating \$25,000 to pay expenses. As yet, however, there is no indication that the actual combatants in Mexico have any interest at all in such conferences or would take any part in them. Another plan is suggested by ex-Secretary Oscar Straus for an American commission to go to Mexico and interview such enlightened citizens as are still alive there and effect, if possible, a pacification.



WHEN AMERICANS ARE KILLED OR INJURED IN MEXICO



WHEN ONE BRITISHER IS KILLED IN MEXICO

—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune

A Concert of American Powers
with Reference to Mexico.

ANOTHER group of schemes revolves around the idea of joint intervention. One plan suggested a year or more ago by John Barrett is strongly urged by the *N. Y. Tribune*, the *N. Y. Sun* and other papers. It is for joint intervention by this country and other American republics. At first the plan embraced simply Argentine, Brazil, and Chili. It has been expanded since to a concert of all the powers represented in the Pan-American Union. Such intervention, the *N. Y. Sun* thinks, would emphasize the Monroe Doctrine and remove all suspicion of our motives. Congressman Kahn, of California, has advocated this plan on the floor of the House. Still another suggestion, advocated by Congressman Ainey, is for joint intervention with the great European powers as well as the American powers. A fourth suggestion is to expand still more and take in Japan. All these plans the *Springfield Republican* scouts as impossible. None of these other nations are interested as we are in the situation, and the suggestions simply display "the essential poverty" of the President's critics when it comes to the constructive side of the problem. If we are to intervene by force, says the *Baltimore Sun*, let us do it alone and avoid the chances of divided counsel and friction with other nations. "We can not," says the *N. Y. Times*, "share our responsibilities in this matter with any other country whatever."

What Armed Intervention
in Mexico Means.

IN THE meantime, the policy of "watchful waiting" goes on. In Washington, according to the *N. Y. Times's* correspondent, the feeling of restlessness and discontent is increasing in the Senate, and the fear is frequently expressed that the policy is leading inevitably to intervention. That, says the *N. Y. Evening Post*, means war. The present policy has, it admits, brought us no nearer a solution, but it has at least avoided war. Intervention, says the *Chicago Tribune*, means not only war but the retention of Mexico afterward as an "unescapable consequence." The only alternative to the President's policy, it insists, is a course that leads



A DEVOTEE OF "THE DOCTRINE"

—London Punch

straight into war. Until we are ready for that we are not justified in condemning his course. Ex-President Taft tells us what "armed intervention" would mean:

"It would involve the garrisoning with a sufficient force of every town. It would involve the organization of columns to chase the guerrillas into their mountain fastnesses and across trackless desert plains, and the subjugation of fifteen million people. I don't know when we would get through; I don't know how many lives it would involve; I don't know how much it would cost, but I do know it would be a drag upon us, and then when we had got the thing done the future would still be doubtful and still be a charge and a burden upon our government and upon our treasury."

No effort, Mr. Taft thinks, ought to be omitted to avert such a catastrophe. The *Indianapolis News* sees as an additional horror the probability that we would have to "absorb into our citizenship fifteen million mongrels."

Great Britain in a Turmoil over
Benton's Death.

VILLA was too eager to come into contact with the federals before Torreon to give much time to the international tension brought on by Benton's death. Huerta had contrived to mass a considerable force in the town, which, from the rebel standpoint, is the key to the position in the north. While Villa receded from view in the direction of Torreon, Sir Edward Grey, foreign minister in London, was explaining to the House of Commons that Great Britain had no means of "exercising influence" in the theater of war except through the Washington government. Liberal dailies like the *London News* pointed out that the United States was as active in ascertaining the facts of the Benton case as if that hap-



WATCHFUL WAITING

—Kirby in *N. Y. World*

less Scot had been an American citizen. Opposition organs, like the London *Telegraph*, dismissed with scorn the charge that Benton, a lone man in a room packed with Villa's creatures, had drawn a pistol and attempted the life of the commanding general in the north. Here in the indignant words of the British newspaper is the whole case:

"He is understood to have complained of acts of destruction and robbery committed by the troops under Villa's command upon his—Mr. Benton's—ranch. The same day he was seized and shot. Those are the essential particulars, so far as is known. There are many others, purporting to come from the 'Constitutionalist' party, in whose name the atrocity was perpetrated; but what concerns Britons everywhere, and especially concerns the British government, is that one of our people has been the victim of a brutal assassination, and that nothing has yet been done or attempted to vindicate the honor of this country and the principles of civilization."

**London Liberal Dailies Urge a
Calm Attitude to Mexico.**

BRITISH statesmen and British journalists should be "very careful" in their comments upon Villa's action in causing the death of Benton, insists The *Westminster Gazette* (London). This most conspicuous of Liberal organs, admitting it to be "natural and proper that we should resent any wrong done to a British subject," notes how differently the matter presents itself "when we discuss what should and can be done to get redress." Nothing can be lost by "cool and careful reflection." That Benton was "foully murdered" seems obvious to the ministerial London *Chronicle* from the inconsistency of the stories told by Villa and the men who serve him. Benton had lived too long in Mexico and was far too experienced, this daily, always friendly to the United States, says, to have courted death "by any elementary mistake of conduct," and his abstention from Mexican politics seems to be generally admitted. It canvasses the situation as follows:

"What is to be done? There are only three visible courses. One is for the United States to recognize President Huerta, a course which even now might prove the easiest path to a restoration of order. Another is for the United States not only to recognize the insurgents but to assist them actively by every means short of an evasion. That might secure General Villa's triumph; but after all we have seen of him in the last six months, and the hideous atrocities which he perpetrated after the falls of Torreón, Juárez, and Ojinaga, it is difficult to regard him as anything but the worst of the rival cut-throats. There remains the third alternative—an armed invasion by the United States, hazardous, thankless and immensely costly, with no very practical vista beyond it.

**Are the American People
Really Interested in the
Mexican Crisis?**

AMERICANS generally have but a vague notion of the eagerness with which Europe follows every detail of the situation in Mexico, complains a writer in the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, to whom the events of the month suggest the approach of a dangerous situation. America, we read, has not been kept informed of the development of the crisis from a European point of view. The despatch of warships by the foreign powers to the waters

of Vera Cruz, the landing of European soldiers for the assertion of the rights of foreigners—a procedure disguised with a euphemism about "legation guards"—the presence in Huerta's capital of a diplomatic corps hostile to the Wilson policy, and the presence of the chancelleries upon the Department of State at Washington are matters concerning which Americans generally know little and care less. The explanation is stated by the London *Times* to lie in the "aloofness" of Americans from the crisis itself. The millions of voters in this country are distributed over a vast continent remote from the sea, and they are absorbed in domestic affairs, passing through a delicate readjustment to a new economics and new finance. Thus it happens, fears our great contemporary, that the citizens of the United States do not realize how serious the situation is.

**France Deems Woodrow
Wilson's Mexican Policy
Incompetent.**

MEXICO may seem to the American government a Latin republic, but it is really an Indian empire. In reminding us of this, the inspired Paris *Temps*, returning again and again to the subject, adds sarcastically that over the troop of Latin American republics, "a majestic pedagogue watches with solicitude." He does not know what is going on under his eyes. He misconceives the situation. "A magisterial doctrinaire, a puritan, an idealist, he has just in effect notified the American Latin republics that he will not tolerate in them either disorder or unconstitutional governments." The conceptions, the tendencies, the political character of the South American republics are nevertheless too different from the spirit and manners of the United States for the same discipline to be applicable to both. Hence, "in his business of constitutional expert," he must flourish his schoolmaster's ruler according to a variable discipline—pitiless to a Mexican dictator, indulgent to a stroke of state in Peru. He is one thing in Hayti, torn by the dissensions of the two Orestes, and another in the agitated republic of San Domingo, where the revolution is scarcely controlled by American influence. Moreover, Nicaragua is in a state of siege and quite hostile to the financial control there established by a recent treaty with Washington. Venezuela writhes in the agony of a phantom revolt against the constitutional Gomez, while in Ecuador insurgents hold a part against President Leonidas Plaza. Upon these situations, characteristically Latin, President Wilson imposes the Anglo-Saxon temperament while keeping Europe off in the name of the Monroe doctrine. The situation is as impossible as it is preposterous, echoes the Paris *Débats*, organ of the moderate Liberals.

At the present rate, Pancho Villa will soon be demanding an indemnity from Great Britain.—*Washington Post*.

We suppose we should feel grateful that our state department is far enough away from Juárez to make it impossible for Villa and Carranza to spit in its face.—*Houston Post*.

A correspondent of the New York *Times* says the people of this country haven't done justice to Villa. It's fortunate for Villa that circumstances have deprived them of the opportunity.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

President Wilson says that Uncle Sam can afford to wait. Here's hoping the Americans in Mexico can, too.—*Detroit Free Press*.

It appears to be General Carranza's idea that a Mexican need only kill a few foreigners in order to be recognized as a regular government.—*Grand Rapids Press*.

THE WILSON ADMINISTRATION CLOSES ITS FIRST YEAR

Assets and Liabilities of the Wilson Administration.

ON THE fourth day of last month the Wilson administration ended its first year in charge of the affairs of Uncle Sam & Company. Any number of political bookkeepers have busied themselves since in drawing up an annual statement of assets and liabilities. There is a general agreement that an increase is shown on both sides of the ledger. There has been a decided increase in liabilities—that is to say, a decrease in industrial values—during the year, and a marked gain to all appearance in social and political values. On which side of the ledger the balance falls depends upon the comparative estimates you place upon industrial values and social or political values. Taking the average prices of all stocks dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange, we find in 1912 a fluctuation from \$75 to \$85 a share, while in 1913 they show a fluctuation from \$63 to \$79. "Low prices," says C. M. Keys, in *World's Work*, "have prevailed almost without intermission. There has been neither life nor buoyancy in the markets." There has been some improvement, but a halting, hesitating improvement, in the first three months of the year 1914.

The Nation's Industries Watchfully Waiting.

THE policy of "watchful waiting" has not by any means been confined to the Mexican situation. The whole country, in its industries, has adopted toward Washington the same policy Washington has adopted toward Mexico. "Has the Democratic administration helped to destroy public confidence in investments?" Mr. Keys asks that question and proceeds to answer it. The out-and-out investment banker, he says, knows perfectly well that the investment army of the United States has pitched its tents to wait for something:

"It waited for financial legislation. It waits till the currency law is approved in practice. It has waited for the Administration to show its hand clearly concerning further trust legislation. It has waited for the Interstate Commerce Commission to deal with the rate increase matter. It has waited to find out the attitude of the Government toward such exposures as those of the New Haven and the St. Louis & San Francisco railroads.

"There is one even larger cause for a waiting attitude of the man with the money. It is the final effect of the revision of the tariff, with its concomitant legislation for an income tax on revenues direct."

And yet, we are told, there has not been a single day in 1913 that could fairly be called panicky. "There seems no great likelihood of any such day."

President Wilson's Successes and Failures.

IN POLITICAL affairs there are also entries on the wrong side of the ledger as cast up by many writers. "The greatest failure of the administration," says the *N. Y. Tribune*, in an editorial remarkable for its generous praise of Wilson, "has been in dealing with foreign affairs." His program in Mexico is termed "drifting." He has, moreover, acquiesced in "the looting of the diplomatic service." He has complacently looked on while Congress has raided the merit system. But the *Tribune*

freely admits that "good predominates in the administration's record so far." It says:

"It has been a year of incessant activity and of substantial achievement. Mr. Wilson has already written his name high on the list of the Presidents who have done things. He has absolutely dominated the Executive Department, and has besides been able to impose his ideas to an extraordinary extent upon a docile Congress. No other President since Jefferson has ever held Congress so completely in the hollow of his hand."

Taft's Generous Tribute to His Successor.

FROM still another Republican source the Wilson administration receives tributes of praise. Ex-President Taft finds real satisfaction in looking on and noting the President's success in handling the situation. Never before, he thinks, has the Democratic party exercised such self-control, certainly not in its recent history. This is due in large part to Mr. Wilson's "masterful personality." He knows what he wishes and is determined to have it. In the Democratic lobbies there are criticism, profanity and threats of insurgency under the breath, and a break in the Democratic ranks is predicted by many. But Mr. Taft does not think such a break is coming. The party is proud of itself and will not depart much from its wise course unless the country expresses disapproval at the polls. That also Mr. Taft does not seem to expect. Writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, he says:

"The people, or at least the rank and file of his party, sympathize with the President. They are pleased with his success in putting his measures through. The members of the opposite party may, and generally do, disapprove his economic and financial policies, but they do not ask or welcome obstruction to them. It is a real satisfaction to one who knows the atmosphere of Washington to note the success of a strong character in the White House in dealing with the situation and improving the opportunity it offers. . . .

"I feel as if I could view the matter from a judicial standpoint, I rejoice in the existence of a situation in which



HIS FIRST YEAR'S REPORT

E means Excellent
G means Good

F means Fair
P means Poor

—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune



THE OLIVE BRANCH

—Johnson in *Saturday Evening Post*

the party in power is fulfilling its promises made in the platform, and is doing so by following the guidance of the head of the party, who is charged by the people with the party's responsibility."

The Greatest Thing President Wilson Has Done.

WHAT is the greatest thing that the Wilson administration has achieved? The *St. Louis Post Dispatch* finds it not in the economic legislation it has had enacted, nor in the restoration of the Democratic party. These achievements may or may not be lasting. Deeper down than these is "a great work already accomplished the effects of which can never be lost to the world":

"That is the impulse of vigor imparted to American thought; the reanimation and impetus given to ideals that

our big executive positions is possible. Of all the wonderful service President Wilson has rendered us this last year, this demonstration is perhaps the most valuable."

Restoring Representative Government to America.

IT HAS been a year of achievement for which, the *N. Y. World* thinks, there are few if any parallels in American history; but it also finds the greatest of these achievements in the inspiration to higher political ideals. The supreme thing has been "the restoration of responsible, representative government." It says:

"It has been the high privilege of Mr. Wilson to re-establish responsible, representative government on the fundamental principles of his party. That is the great fruit of his leadership. He has done it not by the bribery of patronage; not by denunciation and intrigue and chicanery; not by selling out one promise in order to buy the fulfilment of another promise, but by sheer intellectual and moral domination, the only kind of leadership that does not lead to disaster."

The Progressive party papers are less cordial in praise. The *Philadelphia North American* begins a long editorial, however, with the admission that President Wilson's popularity at the end of the first year exceeds that of any of his predecessors; and the one member of the Progressive party in the U. S. Senate—Senator Poindexter—admits that he has made "a wonderful record of accomplishments," and "is probably stronger with the country to-day than he has ever been before." The Senator calls attention to the fact, as a remarkable commentary on our form of government, that President Wilson's achievements have not been in the executive but in the legislative branch of government, which is theoretically entirely distinct and independent of the Chief Executive. In this, by the way, he shows a marked contrast with Mr. Roosevelt. The achievements of the latter, as President of the United States, were of an executive rather than legislative nature, such as beginning the Panama Canal, bringing about the Portsmouth treaty and vitalizing the Hague court.



"Hallelujah, on the bum, bum,
Hallelujah, amen;
Hallelujah, give us a handout,
Revive us again."

(The I. W. W. Hymn)

—Kirby in *N. Y. World*

**Great Results from a
Mediocre Congress.**

A FORMIDABLE catalog of the things achieved in the first year of the Wilson administration is issued by the National Democratic Committee, as a text-book for the coming Congressional campaign. It begins with the tariff revision; the new banking law; elimination of the lobby from Washington; the income tax; the direct election of Senators; the arbitration treaties; the industrial employees arbitration act; and the "constitution of peace," or the trust program for breaking up interlocking directorates and so forth. But this is only a beginning of the achievements enumerated. There are more than a score of others. And the most that he has achieved, as Senator Poindexter observes, has come from his control of the legislative branch. His power to move, to guide, to restrain, Congress, the *N. Y. Times* remarks, gives him his highest title to the respect and trust of the people. "Rarely, if ever," it goes on to say, "have the people been represented at Washington by a Congress so conspicuous for mental pauperism. . . . On the majority side there are a scant two or three Representatives who rise above the level of mediocrity, while in the Senate there is not a Democrat who does not discredit his party when brought into comparison with the Republican leaders." Despite this inferior caliber of Congress, or perhaps because of it, the President has, the *Times* thinks, accomplished "great things" and done it in a way that will be an example and a help in



MR. MURPHY: "I AM FOR THE UPLIFT"

—Johnson in *Saturday Evening Post*

the future. And in doing it, so the *Washington Herald* points out, he has retained a good appetite, gained in weight, slept better than formerly, improved his game of golf and not called anybody any ugly names.

President Wilson suffers a great deal from colds, but nobody has ever accused him of being troubled with cold feet.—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Jersey pupils strike because they do not love their teacher, but see the idyllic relations between the dear little congressmen and the White House.—*Wall Street Journal*.

Josephus Daniels compares Wilson to Washington. One chopped down a cherry tree and the other used his hatchet on a plum tree.—*Boston Transcript*.

The Rev. Jay W. Stocking announces a series of sermons on the "Saints of To-day." There's Uncle Joe Cannon, of course; but who are the others?—*Washington Post*.

PRESIDENT WILSON APPEALS TO CONGRESS TO REDEEM THE NATION'S HONOR

The Boldest Step President Wilson Has Yet Taken.

MUCH the boldest thing President Wilson has done since entering the White House was to make a direct appeal last month to Congress on the Panama Canal tolls. He asked Congress to reverse itself on a measure adopted only two years ago by a vote of nearly three to one. He urged it to act in direct opposition, moreover, to explicit planks in the national Democratic and national Progressive platforms, and to the expressed views of his two predecessors, Taft and Roosevelt. He must have known also that he was forcing himself into conflict on this subject with the Republican leader of the House, Mann, and with his own Democratic leader, Underwood, as well. What is more, he knew that he was reversing his own position taken in the campaign of 1912. None of these considerations deterred him. Standing face to face with Congress in joint session for the sixth time in a year, he made his appeal in words few but deeply earnest.

"I Have Come to State to You a Fact and a Situation."

NOW at first glance the subject of the President's appeal does not look like one of such tremendous import. The question is this: Shall we allow our own

coastwise ships to pass through the Panama Canal free of tolls, or charge them \$1.25, or thereabouts, for each net ton of cargo? As the law stands, they will be exempt from tolls. This the President regards "a mistaken economic policy"; but it is not because of this that he makes such an earnest appeal. It is because he regards it as also "in plain contravention" of our treaty with Great Britain. The national honor is, in other words, at stake, and our standing with the nations of the earth. Speaking to both houses of Congress, he said:

"I have come to state to you a fact and a situation. Whatever may be our own differences of opinion concerning this much debated measure, its meaning is not debated outside the United States. Everywhere else the language of the treaty is given but one interpretation, and that interpretation precludes the exemption I am asking you to repeal. We consented to the treaty; its language we accepted, if we did not originate it; and we are too big, too powerful, too self-respecting a nation to interpret with too strained or retrained a reading of words of our own promises just because we have power enough to give us leave to read them as we please."

The only thing for us to do, the President went on to say, is to withdraw from a position everywhere ques-

tioned and misunderstood. His voice took on an increased intensity as he closed with the following words: "I ask this of you in support of the foreign policy of the Administration. I shall not know how to deal with matters of even greater delicacy and nearer consequence if you do not grant it to me in ungrudging measure." This appeal a London paper, the *Star*, describes as "one of the most noble acts of statesmanship in the history of nations."

Mr. Wilson Risks a Serious Split in His Party.

IN TAKING this position, the President assumed a heavy risk of losing the hold he has acquired upon Congress and upon his own party. He has, as one Washington correspondent puts it, "forced the administration into a blind alley the only escape from which is victory." The first fight came in the House committee on interstate and foreign commerce. The result was a majority report sustaining the President, signed by 14 out of 18 members, and three minority reports, one signed by two Democrats and each of the other two signed by a Republican. The majority report bears down hard upon our treaty obligations. "In the whole family of nations," it says, "we stand alone in our contentions." The foreign governments objecting to our present construction of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty "can find a hundred points to retaliate and discriminate where we may blunder into using one." The exemption of tolls is, moreover, "not in the interest of our entire people but in the interest of a small special class," a class "the most highly protected in the world," one "having no competition" and whose only request has been that they may "continue to enjoy protection against foreign competition in the domestic trade." As a nation, "we cannot afford to rest under the imputation, whether just or unjust, of disregarding our plighted honor, nor should we hold a debatable position far enough to arouse friction, resentment, or retaliation."

Some Fine Points of Treaty Interpretation.

THE clause of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty around which the controversy rages is as follows:

"The canal shall be open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations observing these rules, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions or charges of traffic."

The points made by those who oppose the President are ingenious and finely drawn. Senator O'Gorman insists that the word "vessels," as used above, means vessels engaged in over-seas trade, not those engaged in local or domestic trade. He claims that this is the way the word was construed by Great Britain in the treaty of 1815 for more than sixty years, and that English lawyers writing in the London *Law Review* have conceded that it may be so construed in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. The N. Y. *American*, Mr. Hearst's paper, lays stress upon the words, "observing these rules," as drawing a clear distinction between the United States, which adopts the rules, and all other nations, which observe them. Another point is made, by Lewis Nixon and others, that the words "and war" also clearly imply that the term "all nations" must

mean all nations other than the United States, else is our government placed in the position of having to pay to itself, for the passage of its own war vessels, the same tolls other nations pay. Still another point persistently urged is the fact that since the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was made we have become the possessors of the Canal zone and the Canal now runs through territory that virtually belongs to us, making it as much an American canal as the Erie or the Sault St. Marie. A fifth point rests upon the fact that our coastwise trade is already limited by law to American ships, and consequently a provision applying to "vessels engaged in the coastwise trade of the United States" is a matter pertaining to domestic commerce exclusively. On these five points rests the legal argument of those who defend the free tolls clause.

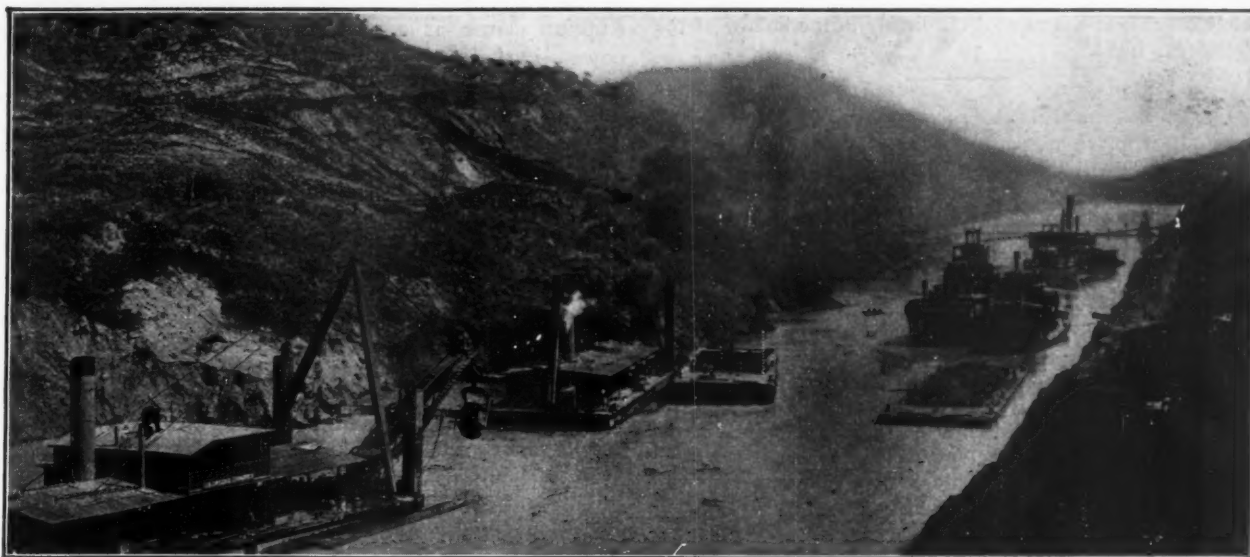
When Is an American Canal Not an American Canal?

REPLIES to these five points run about as follows:

The Canal zone has not become American territory except in a limited sense. We possess sovereignty over it for a long but limited period, and possess it for one purpose only—to build, operate and maintain a canal. If we cease to operate the canal the territory reverts to Panama. It is not, therefore, an American canal in the same sense as the Erie canal is. Moreover, in the treaty, made before we obtained the Canal zone, is a clause providing that "no change of territorial sovereignty or of international relations of the country or countries traversed by the canal shall affect the general principle of neutralization." Great Britain's main contention is that free tolls for our coastwise ships means an increase in tolls for all other ships, since, under the rules already adopted, the minimum charge must "not be less, other than for vessels of the United States and its citizens, than the estimated proportionate cost of the actual maintenance and operation of the canal," etc. Exempt our coastwise vessels from tolls, and it is evident that the "proportionate cost" becomes just so much greater for all other ships using the canal. Moreover, so Great Britain claims, there is no adequate assurance that our coastwise vessels, when using the Canal, will not engage to some extent in other than coastwise commerce, in which case the exemption becomes a direct discrimination in matters of foreign as well as domestic trade. Confident of her case, Great Britain has suggested arbitration at The Hague. Our reply was that, the matter being of internal policy only, it was not arbitrable. There the matter was left until President Wilson, as narrated, made his earnest appeal to Congress last month in what the enthusiastic Hartford *Times* thinks may well take its place "among the immortal brevities of history."

Shall the Stars and Stripes Be Draped in Black?

SO MUCH for the legal arguments on Canal tolls. Each side can quote in its favor the opinions of weighty American authorities: Taft on one side, Root on the other; O'Gorman on one side, George F. Edmunds on the other; Knox on one side, Choate on the other. The President, however, does not rest his appeal, it will be noted, upon the legal arguments of either side. He appeals for support of his foreign policy, the success of which, he clearly indicates, depends upon the repeal of the exemption clause. To that appeal the response



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THAT BOTHERSOME CUCARACHA SLIDE

All the difficulties presented by the Panama Canal have been overcome with this one exception. Colonel Goethals speaks confidently of opening the canal on July 1, but the dredges are still at work on the slide and nobody knows certainly when its "angle of repose" will be reached.

has been prompt and generous. "Probably never in the political history of the country," says the *Washington Post*, "has there been such a swift and complete change of view on any public question as is now exhibited by many of the leaders of the Democratic party. It is a wonderful, a marvelous demonstration of the power of persuasion that the President exercises." The influential journals that assail his policy on this subject are surprisingly few; but what they lack in numbers some of them make up in vehemence. The *Philadelphia Inquirer* thinks that if Congress yields to the President, the stars and stripes floating over the Capitol should be half-masted and draped in black, "as a mute expression of grief over the abandonment of American sovereignty over American territory and American property." The *San Francisco Chronicle* infers that the President is "yielding his honest convictions to foreign pressure of some kind." The *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* is convinced that his "first purpose is to have us stultify ourselves to accommodate Great Britain." The *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, the *Detroit Free Press*, the *Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune* and the Hearst papers join in the same sort of criticism. Mr. Hearst, in a signed statement, speaks of the President's "shamefully mingled humility and hardihood," his "impudence," his "little patriotism," and calls upon all Democrats, if Congress heeds his appeal, "to save their own self-respect by quitting a perjured party which no longer considers its own precedent, its platform pledges, or the public welfare."

**"The Greedy Spoiled Child
of Christendom."**

ON THE other hand, as we have said, a favorable response to the President's appeal comes from the journals of all sections and parties. The *Springfield Republican* (Ind.) is one of the most earnest of these. It believes that a crisis has been reached in the country's relations with other governments—"a crisis to which we have been gradually brought by years of selfish disregard of international obligations." It quotes Senator Lodge, who, in a speech defending the President, declares that "somehow or other the United States has already fallen

into the unfortunate and unhappy position of incurring the active dislike of many nations, instead of the friendship which she once possessed, and the distrust of many more." There are Congressmen, remarks the *Republican*, who seem anxious that the United States shall have no friends:

"The type of American responsible for such isolation as now threatens the country is familiar in our history. With a cocksure and braggart confidence that America may play forever the rôle of the greedy spoiled child of Christendom, he would snatch whatever excites his desires regardless of foreign susceptibilities or even the treaties which are the solemn covenants entered into by his government. The very bigness and potential power of this nation makes him brazenly indifferent to international obligations or what foreign opinion may be of America's acts. . . .

"This country seems to be full of greedy and conscienceless interests that regard an international covenant much as railroad presidents used to regard 'gentlemen's agreements'—as something to be broken at the first good opportunity for making a dollar."

**The Democrats Must Follow
the President's Lead.**

ON THIS issue of Canal tolls, says the *N. Y. Tribune* (Rep.), the President is "absolutely right" and sure to win, for "the country will stand by him in his manly declaration that hairs should never be split over the fulfilment of treaty obligations." The same paper goes on to say:

"The President has no petty dread of being twitted for his inconsistency. It is more important to him to be right than to keep his political record straight, and he deserves the admiration of the country for the directness and simplicity with which he has cut loose from an error of the past and planted himself firmly on the high ground of scrupulous exactness in living up to treaty agreements.

"That his party in Congress will follow him is hardly open to doubt. It cannot persist in treaty breaking without breaking at the same time with the only successful leader it has had in a couple of generations. We cannot imagine the Democratic majority refusing a request put in so lofty and persuasive a manner, especially since the only reputation

and honor which it has recently enjoyed have come to it solely because it has nestled obediently in the hollow of the President's hand."

Changing the Whole Aspect of the Situation.

THE President's appeal, in the judgment of the *Chicago Evening Post* (Prog.), has changed the whole aspect of the situation. It will fan for the moment the "chase-the-red-coats-down-the-lane" talk, but on sound public opinion it "cannot fail to have a profound effect." The *Post* adds:

"The American people seem to feel to-day that it is but wise and generous to live up to the literal terms of the treaty of 1901. They will be but the more eager to act in this way when confronted with the solemn assurance of the President that even graver and more pressing issues hang upon the step. We do not think that Congress can long resist the new public pressure that this bold and statesman-like declaration will create."

Some of the other organs of the Progressive Party seem, for the most part, to be a little slow to get their bearings on the issue raised, which is not, perhaps, strange in view of the exemption plank in their national platform and the absence in South America of their standard-bearer. The Philadelphia *North American* fences with the subject and hints that "some very powerful reason is back of the President's decision," remarking that "it cannot be denied that English diplomatic representatives are exceptionally busy in Washington on the Mexican situation, and that the first administration approval for the English canal demands was offered when the Mexican entanglement became acute." The *Chicago Record-Herald* has believed all along that the exemption clause is "intrinsically vicious" and has served as "the basis for many open and insidious attacks on the good faith of the diplomacy of the United States." The *Chicago*

Tribune has been unsparing in its hostility to the exemption clause as a rich subsidy granted to "major powers in the world of high finance."

A Miraculous Conversion of Democratic Congressmen.

ACTING perhaps upon the principle that the best way to parry is to strike, the *N. Y. World* (Dem.) assails the Democratic Congressmen who support the policy of toll exemption as faithless to established Democratic doctrine. The exemption clause it denounces as a ship subsidy. "How," it asks, "are we to explain the almost miraculous conversion of Democrats in Congress to the support of ship subsidies?" It pursues the subject thus:

"It is to be remembered that the President is addressing a Congress controlled by the Democratic party. For more than a hundred years, altho frequently divided on other questions, that party has been practically a unit until now in its opposition to special privilege. It won its great triumph in 1912 on that issue. The Wilson Administration thus far has been vitalized by it, and to-day would be discredited but for the memorable successes gained under its inspiration.

"How, then, are we to explain the attitude of so many Democrats who are faithless alike to the principles of their party and to the honor of the Republic, as pledged in treaties? Have they surrendered to the ship-subsidy lobby? Have the successors of Pacific Mail and M. A. Hanna been able at last to present their arguments in so persuasive a form that the new Democracy, or a considerable section of it, has been led astray?"

This is the view the *Baltimore Sun* (Dem.) takes, namely, that the exemption of coastwise ships is "a virtual subsidy," and is not good Democratic doctrine even if it is in the Democratic platform. The *N. Y. Times*, the *Indianapolis News* and many other journals adopt a like course of reasoning.

Mr. Underwood's Plea for American Shipping.

ONE important feature in the case that has received little attention in the discussion is the effect of Canal tolls upon our merchant marine. This is the feature that is put to the fore by Mr. Underwood as the reason for his opposition to the President. "Foreign governments," he says, in a recent article, "are almost exclusively possessed of our foreign carrying



LEND A HELPING HAND

—Bowers in Newark News



THE FELLOW WHO DUG IT THE FELLOW WHO PLANNED IT THE FELLOW WHO BACKED IT AND THE FELLOW WHO WANTS IT—FOR NOTHING

THE CANAL

—Indianapolis News

trade and, to a large extent, the arrangement of their shipping routes has excluded our commerce from the markets of South America and will continue to do so as long as present conditions remain." A nation's balance of trade is largely the determining factor in the life of the nation, that makes it rich or poor, weak or strong. A country that continues to settle its balance of commerce in gold must ultimately become a decadent nation. Now commerce consists of transportation as well as trade. It is of equal importance that the charges in transportation be equally balanced as that the trade balance be kept level. It is for these reasons that our coastwise shipping has been made exempt from Canal tolls. It is for these reasons that "all the civilized nations of the world" are discriminating in favor of their own commerce. It is for these reasons that we have spent millions on our harbors, rivers and canals. As for the cry about a subsidy, Mr. Underwood can see no difference between allowing ships to traverse the Sault Ste. Marie locks without charge, or the Ohio river locks and canal, and allowing them to traverse the Panama Canal free. "If one is a subsidy or subvention, the other is." If there is a doubt as to our treaty rights, it does not appear to Mr. Underwood "that we should tamely surrender a great economic principle beneficial to all the American people without at least a fair contest for our rights." If there is serious doubt, the matter can be submitted to arbitration.

**Our Merchant Marine in No
Need of Heroic Remedies.**

SUCH are the considerations advanced by Mr. Underwood for a canal free to our coastwise ships. It may be noted, however, that the Birmingham *Age-Herald*, in Mr. Underwood's home town, points with solicitude to the fact that "the President's policy will be a serious blow to the Birmingham district in that it will be an assessment of \$1.25 a ton on Birmingham coal, Birmingham pig iron and Birmingham pipe sold to the Pacific coast states." On lighter goods the toll will amount to little; but on the main products of the Birmingham district, says the *Age-Herald*, "it will fall like a lump of lead." Mr. Underwood makes no mention of these local considerations, which may well have influenced him in taking his attitude just at this time. Nor is our merchant

marine just now in a condition requiring heroic remedies, if Mr. Redfield, secretary of commerce, is to be trusted. He asserts that the United States is already forging ahead, in commerce on the high seas, faster than any other nation. Since 1940 there has been an increase of 25 per cent. in gross tonnage. There is also, he says, a marked revival of water-borne traffic on the Hudson river, the Great Lakes and the Mississippi. That on the Great Lakes, in American-built and American-manned ships, is to-day carried at the cheapest freight rate in the world. Secretary Redfield sees no reason why we cannot, by virtue of enterprize and brains, capture our full share or more of the ocean-carrying trade in a few years' time. Sidelight on the discussion also comes from an article in the *Geographic Magazine* (February) by O. P. Austin, statistician of the federal bureau of foreign and domestic commerce. The freight now moved from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast amounts to three million tons a year by rail and half a million tons by water, with about the same amount going the other way. The freight charges on these seven millions is between \$250,000,000 and \$300,000,000 a year. Even now the water rates between New York and San Francisco, including transfer to the Panama or Tehuantepec railroad and retransfer to steamer, are from 20 to 60 per cent. of those on the railways, and about one-third of this amount is for the cost of transfer and retransfer. The inference seems to be that, with the Canal open, our coastwise ships stand a very good chance indeed of competing with the railways, whether they pay tolls or not.

Wonder if that new river T. R. has discovered is salt?—*Boston Transcript*.

It is better to come on after a Yodler than to run off after a Boodler.—*N. Y. Truth*.

Senator Borah says the rank and file will reshape the G. O. P.; but wouldn't glue be better than the file?—*Washington Post*.

In England suffragets explode bombs in churches; in New York I. W. W. rioters mob churches to hasten the "war of classes." Thus fitted with a sporting interest church-going may become more popular.—*N. Y. World*.



TROUBLE IN THE NURSERY

—Richards in Philadelphia North American



NAILING IT TO THE MASTHEAD

—Kirby in N. Y. World



PROVIDING FOR FATALITIES DURING THE CIVIL WAR IN ULSTER

These ladies are members of one of the many ambulance classes organized in Belfast in order that the sick and wounded among the Orangemen may not lack ministrations when the actual clash of a sanguinary encounter is attended with the usual consequences of civil war.

ENGLAND'S SUPREME EFFORT TO AVOID CIVIL WAR IN ULSTER

Mr. Asquith Offers to Exclude Orangemen from Home Rule.

A POLL is to be taken in each county of Ulster to decide whether that province or any part of it shall for six years remain outside the scope of Mr. Asquith's Home Rule bill. The Prime Minister developed this idea for an hour with his finest rhetorical effects before one of the most exciting sessions of the House of Commons within recent memory. No sooner was Mr. Asquith in his seat than Mr. Bonar Law, leader of the opposition, arose to object to the six-year limit. Mr. John Redmond thereupon affirmed that his followers disliked the idea of excluding Ulster, yet, to show their good faith, they would swallow the unpleasant dose prepared for them. "Ulster," cried Sir Edward Carson

next, "will not have this proposal, which means a sentence of death with a stay of execution." He was disposed, if Mr. Asquith would withdraw that six-year limit, to summon a convention of Ulstermen to debate upon the idea. Such, in outline, is a development which, as the *London News* thinks, has disposed of the Ulster crisis altogether, but which, affirms the irreconcilable *London Standard*, is a juggler's trick. Ulster, if she be not on her guard, will be dragged into Home Rule with the rest of Ireland after a delay of six years.

Mr. Asquith's Fear of the Civil War He Scoffed.

LIBERALS in England are smarting under a sense of humiliation at the surrender of Prime Minister Asquith in arms. Sir Edward Carson intimidated him by the exhibition of his strength in men and guns. The *London Saturday Review* analyzes the situation thus: Mr. Asquith was plunged into a panic at the eleventh hour. That great soldier, Lord Roberts, hero of Kandahar, foretold the dire consequences of a rising of Ulster upon the British army. "To defeat a hundred thousand men in Ulster, practically the whole of the regular army would be required—if it could be relied on." The mobilization of the territorials and of the reserve would be necessitated for home defense in Great Britain. "A declaration of war by a foreign power at the critical moment would be fatal." Then, too, hostilities might not be confined to Ireland. "Deaf to reason as he has been, Mr. Asquith dared not face the risk of so appalling a catastrophe." Nevertheless, insists the Liberal *London Nation*, Ulster must accept the six-year limit now offered or behold a passage of the bill in its present form before the end of the present session of Parliament. "Whatever amendments are introduced into it will be changes depending for their value upon the consent which they purchase, and if the price is not paid the goods will not be delivered." Despite this menace, Sir Edward Carson insists that Mr. Asquith's suggestion is not acceptable to Ulster. He might be willing to consider a modification of the suggestion approved by a convention of his followers.



BELFAST TO DUBLIN: "WHY DON'T YOU MAKE ME LOVE YOU?"

In the House of Commons, Sir Edward Carson complained that no attempt had been made to win Ulster's affections.

—*London Daily News*

**King George Said to
Have Hastened the
Ulster Suggestion.**

NO denial of the hint that King George forced the hand of his Prime Minister has yet appeared. A version of the Ulster development of last month which finds publicity in Paris represents the King as trembling before the province under arms. He has been listening to stories by high officers of the British army who said frankly that they would not plan a campaign for the subjection of Belfast to Dublin. Officers of high rank even went the length of proffering their resignations and accepting retirement on half pay rather than embark upon a campaign in Ulster. These evidences of military sentiment alarmed the King as much as they amazed him. Mr. Asquith was summoned to the royal presence. He was made to listen to a royal threat of dissolution over the heads of the ministry. The King could send Parliament about its business and bring on new elections by the use of his prerogative, as the *London Post* has said more than once. These reports apparently inspired a veiled warning to his Majesty from the *Liberal London News*. The editorial was carefully worded, but it implied that George V. would not transgress the limits of the constitution for a partisan purpose, would not act upon a strained interpretation of the prerogative in aid of one faction in the nation. The theory in London just now is that the influences which brought Mr. Asquith to yield at the eleventh hour will be effective in conquering the firmness of Sir Edward Carson.

**Details of the Asquith "Trick"
in Ulster.**

ULSTERMEN vent their fury upon the Asquith proposal for their exclusion from Home Rule for six years because it is "a trick." The counties of Down, Londonderry, Armagh and Antrim might escape what the Belfast organ of the Carsonites calls "a surrender to Rome." The rest of Ulster would be voted into the parliament at Dublin by "a gerrymander." Of the nine counties of Ulster, observes the *Liberal Manchester Guardian*, only four contain a Protestant majority and there are two or three in which the Roman Catholic population greatly predominates. Moreover, there are many Protestants in Ulster who would vote for the inclusion of the province within the Home Rule area. That influential organ of anti-Home Rule sentiment in Ireland, *The Irish Times* (Dublin), doubts the wisdom of any exclusion of Ulster if so unwelcome a thing, from its standpoint, as a Parliament is to be set up in the land. The exclusion of the whole or of any part of Ulster would, it declares, "be permanently fatal to every Irish hope and Irish interest. It would condemn our country to an eternity of national weakness, industrial impotence and sectarian strife." The struggle will rage fiercest around the issue of the division of Ulster, a point upon which the *Manchester Guardian* makes the following comment:

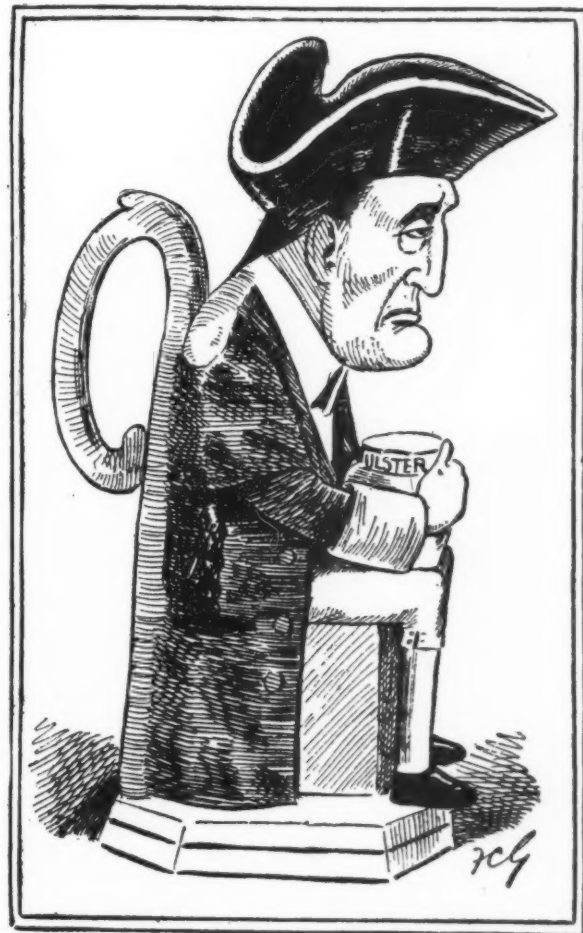
"Sir Edward Carson, it is to be observed, has always carefully guarded himself against admitting that 'Ulster' can be taken in any other than its strict geographical sense. He cannot surrender a single Covenanter. Yet Catholic and Protestant, or Nationalist and Unionist, are in Ulster so far equal in numbers that the Nationalists, tho a minority, are none the less able to return a majority of Nationalist members to the House of Commons."

**Sir Edward Carson's Effect
on Mrs. Pankhurst.**

ULSTER is held responsible for the revival in England of the more violent phases of the militancy for which Mrs. Pankhurst's followers are so dreaded. The slashing of the famous Rokeby Venus, a masterpiece in the National Gallery, attributed to Velasquez and purchased for a fortune, is the most sensational of all the suffraget feats since the horse of King George was stopped at a Derby by a young woman. Mrs. Pankhurst was lodged once more in Holloway jail after a descent by the police upon one of her meetings in Glasgow. She promptly began another hunger strike. She has exasperated the followers of Mr. Asquith by referring to the example of Ulster. When men want anything, to summarize her remarks on this head, they never stoop to half measures. They show their willingness to proceed to militant extremes. Mrs. Pankhurst's first shining example was Huerta. He aimed at the fall of Madero. He adopted militant tactics. What is the development in Ulster but another proof of the practical results of the Pankhurst plan of campaign? These ideas, disseminated in *Votes for Women* originally, receive even more vehement expression on the platform.

It is to be hoped that St. Patrick's Day will be fair, for what additional excitement might be caused if the South Boston paraders had to wear Ulsters!—*Boston Transcript*.

"Wilson stands pat," the dispatches tell us. Asquith is compelled to stand Pat. The contrast between free will and predestination has interested thinkers for several centuries.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.



SIR EDWARD CARSON: POLITICAL TOBY JUG

—*Westminster Gazette* (London)

YUAN SHI KAI MAKES HIMSELF HIGH PRIEST AS WELL AS DICTATOR

State Religion Found for the
Chinese Republic.

YUAN SHI KAI wore the ceremonial robes of the Chou dynasty when he worshipped Heaven in the imperial temple on the occasion of the Chinese New Year. Thus, as the Paris *Figaro* remarks, does the dictator, become high priest, revive the sacerdotal function of the emperors he has displaced. The administrative conference, a body of mature men subservient to Yuan Shi Kai, had already accepted "in principle" a proclamation that Confucianism is the religion of the Chinese. The occasion was improved by the first formal declaration yet made that China has an executive dependent upon no will but its own. Yuan, that is, decides what shall and what shall not be done. The administrative conference, set up when the "parliament" was packed off to the provinces, merely works out details. The submission to it of the riddle of religion was at first misunderstood not only by the multitude but by the members themselves. "What is Heaven?" asked a renowned scholar of eighty. "Before it can be worshipped, it must be defined, so that we can understand what we are doing." Around this conundrum, reports the London *Telegraph*, debate raged furiously. Is Confucius a god or is he human? This and allied themes provoked a fray so furious that Yuan sent an emissary to scold the debaters. They were told to stay in their places. All submitted. This "window dressing," as the London daily calls it, is Yuan's reply to Christian prayers for the spiritual welfare of his country.

Effects of the Degeneracy of
Chinese Morals.

KOTOWING is among the ceremonies revived the other day by Yuan Shi Kai, somewhat to the surprise of the European newspapers. The worship of heaven is to take place every winter solstice, and the worship of earth in each summer solstice. The sacrifice of living bullocks will be resumed likewise. Yuan's robes during these ceremonial rites date back in design to the period, twelve centuries before Christ, when the reigning dynasty was most pious. This is accepted abroad as an ominous sign for those elements in China which are beyond archaic ritualism. No one can expect public office unless his piety be exemplary. These observances are, Yuan told his counsellors, purely "political," thus using, notes the London *Telegraph*, the arguments of the Emperor Kang-Si during the seventeenth-century controversy between Christian missionaries as to whether these Chinese rites were really idolatrous. Pope Clement XI. finally ruled them idolatrous, causing thereby the proscription of all Christian missionaries. Yuan now makes them a sort of touchstone with which to test the "character" of his supporters.

Painful Effects of the New
Ideas in China.

ONLY the firmness of Yuan Shi Kai's determination to play the despot with unsparing absolutism could enable him to negotiate the moral difficulties of China, insists our authority in the *Temps*. The financial crisis is nothing to the moral one. A typical illustration is afforded by what happened in a Peking hotel, patron-

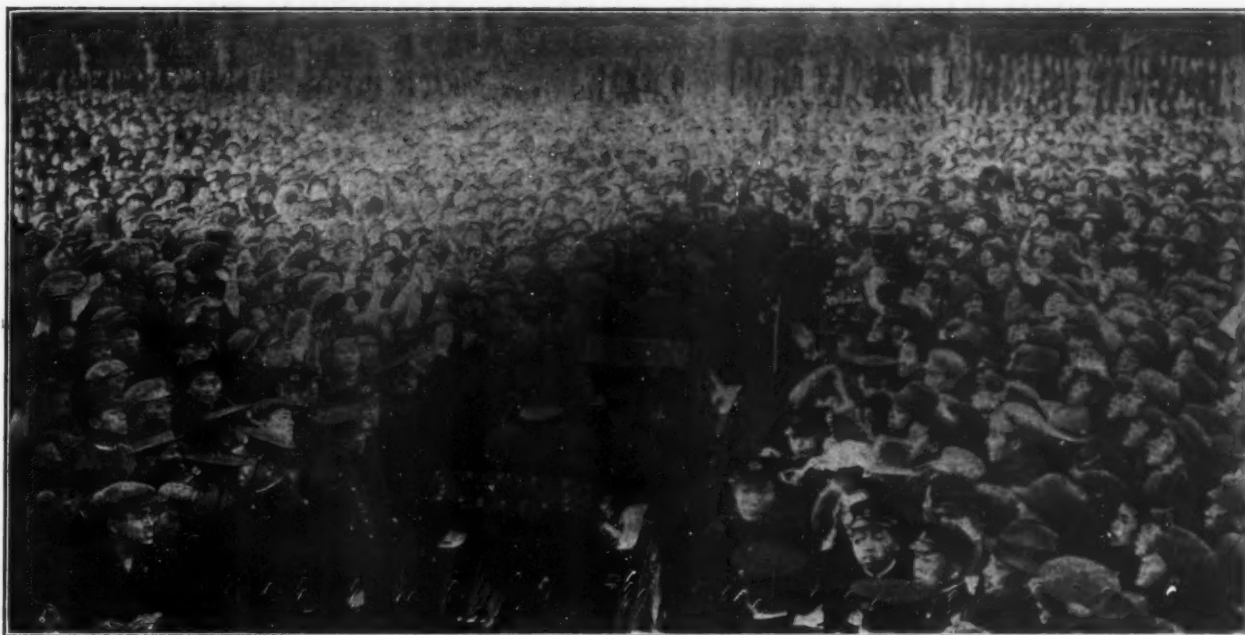
ized by European tourists. Educated and refined natives flock to such a place for object lessons in western manners. It happened one night that the cosmopolitan multitude in the great dining room had the good luck to see a venerable Chinese scholar leap amid the plates and glasses on a large round table. Before the spectators had recovered from their surprise, the patriarch was executing a jig with careless ease. The color of his silk robes and the button on his shoulder indicated an exalted personage. The multitude of onlookers broke into wild cheers as the old man danced on, his legs flying back and forth and his arms waving. The native Chinese in the dining room were quite proud of the hurrahs. It proved to them how completely western ideas had been assimilated by the father of their Minister of Railways and Communications, as the dancer on the table-top proved to be. This, however, is one only among a score of such illustrative episodes. Chinese manners are quite obliterated by the spirit of the West.

"Young" China to be Taken
in Hand.

REBELLIOUS spirits in China have begun the dissemination throughout the provinces of reports to the effect that Yuan Shi Kai is slaying liberty. Young China, says the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung*, is relatively less important than it was. It is a body of "intellectuals" formed externally by western manners and adapted to the material forms of western civilization, but quite outside the morality of the Christian peoples. There is a cruel and even immoral tendency in "Young" China, according to this and other pessimistic observers abroad, which Yuan wisely controls when he can. Incidents of a painful character, reported to him through diplomatic channels, have led him to revive the ancient faith as the basis of the ancient morals. This is the explanation of the revival of Confucianism and of the worship of Heaven in ancient splendors. The success of the experiment seems doubtful to well-informed contemporaries. The Christian missions are powerful in the interior. Their educational establishments train youths into crusaders who may not be numerous but whose activities will make short work of official Confucianism. The only remedy would be a formal ban on missionaries from abroad in the Kang-Si fashion.

Collapse of the Reforms
Under Yuan Shi Kai.

OPIUM, against which republican China waged officially so fierce a war, has become under Yuan's dictatorship of late an opportunity for every kind of blackmail and abuse. There are regular plantings of the forbidden flower in the night. By morning the guardians of the soil arrive with menaces. They retire mollified with a bribe. Such is the tale sent to Europe by correspondents of such dailies as the London *News* and the Paris *Débats*, to name but two. Then, adds the *Temps*, there is the activity of the opium smugglers. They are enriching themselves with a rapidity that points to someone's complicity. The aged poor, who can not afford the high prices for opium now prevailing, resort to its derivatives in one form or another. There are increasing sales of morphine, of cocaine, of alcohol.



JAPANESE STATESMANSHIP UNDER MELODRAMATIC CONDITIONS

The gentlemen in the carriages have been driven through the streets of Tokyo to the houses of Parliament of which they are members, but the difficulties of their triumphal progress are enhanced by a popular suspicion of their incapacity and corruption. The crowd burst through one barrier lately and pelted certain political orators with mud because they could not explain a subtle connection between their own prosperity and the magnitude of the naval scandal. There is also an idea in the Japanese popular mind that these statesmen are surrendering to President Wilson on the California question because they are afraid of him.

Young China is taking to alcohol so greedily that some veteran administrators from Europe regret the ban on opium, and say so candidly to journalists. The inefficiency and corruption responsible for the opium fiasco have caused a complete miscarriage of the "new justice." Autonomous municipalities are evolving petty tyrants in comparison with whom the old mandarins seem benevolent. "Modern" judges are taking bribes for decisions rendered in the absence of defendants.

Brigandage, Rapine and Riot in China Increase.

PIRATES who created an international incident recently by seizing a European steamer on a Chinese river after they slew the captain illustrate the organized rapine to-day south of Peking. Bands that swell continually in number ravage the great river banks. All over Kiang-Su highwaymen, drilled and officered, operate sometimes quite within the environs of Shanghai, despoiling Europeans and natives alike. In Ho-Nan flourishes a robber known as "the white wolf" with a following of six thousand brigands who fall upon trains, loot homes and levy now and then tribute upon municipal governments. On one occasion a train load of Yuan's own troops dashed into these marauders who gave battle furiously. "The white wolf" still, at last reports, terrorizes a whole province. One of the richest of all the provinces is reported by European dailies to be a prey at this moment to a rapine and brigandage unexampled even in China. Details of this sort are made much of in quarters where the invigorated policy of Yuan is taken seriously. The strong man of China, as the *Berlin Vossische* says, is preparing for the struggle at home after having asserted himself to the foreigner. He must be summary in tactics. The outside world is urged not to be misled by tales of Yuan as a despot. Such stories appeal only to those who do not understand the complications that may overwhelm Yuan Shi Kai. "Young" China is peculiarly prone to denounce the ruler of the

land to the outside world as "a despot" without explaining the domestic perils his measures are intended to abate.

The Powers Helpless in the Hands of Yuan Shi Kai.

AT THIS moment, in the opinion of the press of Europe, China is the most absolute despotism in the world. Yuan Shi Kai seems to the *London Times* to be as frankly autocratic in his decrees as was ever the wielder of the vermilion pencil. A great revolution has been effected in Peking, says *The Westminster Gazette* (London)—the extinction of a monarchy, the emergence of a republic, its eclipse, and the arrival of a despot who now makes himself high priest, head of church and state. He does all the borrowing. He will next lay the iron hand upon "Young" China. This is too pessimistic a view for some European dailies. Yuan, suspect some, may be correcting his original error of too great haste in his passion for reform and for emancipation. He will undo the work fashioned in a frenzy for freedom and go over it again with the practical sobriety of one who, altho he has lost some illusions, has not abandoned hope for his country. That is why he sets up his administrative council, the members of which must be at least thirty five. The body will be conservative in tendency and disposed to support the policy of the executive. Yuan has publicly declared, we read in the *Paris Débats*, that he aims to establish law and order, after which efforts ought to be made to unite the people in the path of progress. "Yuan may well have decided to revert to the original plan of a slow and gradual advance." There is no doubt of the need of a strong executive. Yuan has been held up to the world as a despot, a mercenary, the founder of a new imperialism. May he not be one of the purest patriots his native land has ever produced, and will he not, perhaps, suggest our contemporary, figure in the annals of mankind as a savior of his people?

DISRUPTION OF THE FRENCH MINISTRY BY A SENSATIONAL MURDER

A Great Paris Journalist Killed by the Wife of the Finance Minister.

SO VERY melodramatic an episode as the slaying of the editor of the *Figaro* by the wife of the most conspicuous living statesman in Paris might, in the circumstances leading to this tragedy, have brought on a political crisis even tho France were not already preparing for a crucial general election. Joseph Caillaux resigned his post in the Doumergue ministry a few hours after his wife had killed the illustrious Gaston Calmette. The woman was incensed by the reproduction in the *Figaro* of portions of a note written by Joseph Caillaux to herself at a time when she was another man's wife. She had followed for the past two months the personal campaign against Caillaux which has filled so many columns of the *Figaro*. As long ago as January last, the Paris paper had revived the Priou charges. This Priou was a French merchant in Brazil years ago whose ships had been confiscated unjustly by the government at Rio de Janeiro. Official action by a Paris ministry secured a large indemnity which, the *Figaro* alleged, Caillaux would not surrender to the heirs of Priou unless they made a heavy contribution to certain party funds. Insinuations that Caillaux tried to fill Radical-Socialist coffers by extorting heavy commissions from certain persons with claims against the government appeared regularly in the *Figaro* as well.

Did the Figaro Go Too Far Against Caillaux?

CAILLAUX had issued denial after denial as the series of charges in the Paris *Figaro* involved him now in the escapades of a defaulting financier, now in the losses sustained by French investors through industrial bubbles. It appears to the Paris correspondent of the London *Post* that the position of the Doumergue ministry was actually strengthened by these violent at-

tacks. Adequate proof was not forthcoming for the serious charges made. He was accused of having been responsible for the humiliation of France in Morocco when that country was the cause of an issue with Germany. He was alleged to be the tool of a German financial clique seeking control of the Paris investment market. A tower of strength to the accused statesman was the sympathy of Georges Clemenceau, one of the great orators of France and the most illustrious member of her Senate. The animus of the *Figaro* was discerned by Clemenceau to arise from the friendship of Calmette for Barthou, whose fall as Premier recently was occasioned by Caillaux. The *Figaro* has been bent ever since upon the political destruction of the finance minister, who was himself Premier not so very long since.

Caillaux the Strong Man of the Ministry He Has Left.

JUST a fortnight prior to the killing of the editor of the *Figaro*, the finance minister it pursued so remorselessly emerged in triumph from a critical debate in the chamber of deputies. It was a Briand-Caillaux duel, reports the *Débats*, for the Doumergue ministry has all along been accepted in Paris as really that of Caillaux. The issue was one of financial policy, its details having to do with the income tax, the new government loan and the recent increase of military service to three years. Thus the ministry emerged in triumph from the last attack likely to be made upon it by the opposition of moderate republicans before the general election on April 26. The tragic death of Calmette has driven Caillaux from office. His amalgamation of radicals and socialists into a large group of which he was chosen president may not "make the elections," after all. The policy of this group, as outlined in its organs, begins with "lay instruction" in the schools.

We can scarcely recognize our foreign relations nowadays.—Philadelphia *Ledger*.

However, the Treasury deficit might easily be overcome by placing a moderate tariff on imported rumors.—Washington *Post*.

The latest important addition to the ranks of the unemployed is the dove of peace.—Washington *Post*.

General Leonard Wood says our army is not ready for war. Well, what the deuce is it ready for?—Knickerbocker *Press*.

MYSTERY OF THE MAN WHO IS TO MAKE RUSSIA MORE REACTIONARY

The Tottering Figurehead of Russia.

GOREMYKIN, the vague and vacuous bureaucrat who heads the Czar's council of ministers in St. Petersburg, will be succeeded before long by an energetic reactionary. Nicholas II. has decided upon the man. The policy will carry the empire as far back politically as the reign of that Alexander who came into conflict with Napoleon. If the person for whom Goremykin holds a seat be none other than Minister of Agriculture Krivoshein—and of this few dailies abroad have much doubt—the immediate future in Russia, predicts the Manchester *Guardian*, must prove exciting. Krivoshein is described as a man of blood and iron, like Bismarck, with a disposition like Bobrikoff, who snuffed out the freedom of Finland. Krivoshein, moreover, has that zeal for religion which made Pobedonostseff so famous when he ruled the holy synod. As a minister of agriculture, Krivoshein promotes co-

operative movements in rural districts. He subsidizes farmers' clubs. He lends them money for the purchase of land. He has taken a real interest in the peasantry. Krivoshein, finally, is the man who opened the eyes of the Czar to the ruin wrought by the sinister "alcohol policy" by means of which Kokovtseff swelled the national revenues so enormously.

Nicholas II. Deals the Whiskey Clique a Blow.

KOKOVTSEFF lost his post as Premier—a Premier in Russia is only the head clerk—through vodka. Not that he consumed that fiery beverage. "Is it moral," Count Witte demanded lately in the council of the empire, "that our financial solvency for five years has depended upon a spread of the drink scourge through official encouragement?" To be sure, vodka is less fiery than it was. Experts deem it as mild as sixty-year-old Scotch whiskey and very pure spirits. Its colossal con-

sumption by the peasantry of late began to worry Nicholas II. Seldom, says the London *Standard*, has an imperial rescript evoked so much discussion as that in which the Czar expresses his profound regret at "the melancholy spectacle of the people's helplessness and the family wretchedness, the inevitable results of inebriate life" observed by himself last year in a pious pilgrimage to several shrines. His Majesty lays down the principle that "the prosperity of the national treasury must not be made dependent upon the moral and material ruin of my people." It was high time in the opinion of the British paper that something drastic be attempted against the scourge. Kokovtseff has done everything in his power to spread the habit of drink. Shops were set up in villages which hated them. Liquor was dispensed in tiny bottles to bring it within the limits of the peasant's income. He could not drink on the premises, but he could fill each pocket with a small flask of vodka, known colloquially as "a little scoundrel." The revenue from taxes on this traffic reached some \$500,000,000 last year. This is the secret of Russia's financial prosperity in recent years, notes the Paris *Débats*. More than twenty thousand drink shops distributed vodka, to say nothing of the independent establishments at which wine and beer could be had.

The Czar Striving to Conciliate France.

WHEN the somewhat delicate state of the Czarina's health ceases to occasion anxiety—when, that is, the summer is advanced—Nicholas II. will arrange his visit in state to France. The elections there will have been "made" in a manner to confirm the Dual Alliance. President Poincaré will take good care to suppress Socialist efforts of the kind which rendered a visit by the Czar to Italy utterly impossible. The Czar, it seems from the despatches in the *Gaulois* (Paris), feels that the mind of France has been poisoned against him. He will unbend, dine with mayors, shake hands, hobnob. There is to be an orgy, as the Rome *Avanti* sarcastically says, of fraternity and equality, "if not of liberty." Europe will be made to see how fallacious are German theories of a rift within the Russo-French lute. The one fly in this ointment is Sweden. That country, like Norway, is said to be making diplomatic representations regarding Russia to the Quai d'Orsay. The active Jean Jaurès has threatened an interpellation in the chamber on the subject. Worst of all, the schemes of Russia in Scandinavia begin to afford campaign material for French politicians of the extreme radical school. The national election throughout the republic has as one great issue the relations of France to the Czar's autocracy.

Latest Advances of Russia Against Sweden.

SWEDISH dread of the newest advance by Russia towards the Baltic communicates itself to the French. France is pledged by treaty to resist Russian

aggression against Sweden. When the forcible Russification of Finland began, the Swedes were alarmed and thought it time to look to their defenses. The Czar is strengthening his fleet in the Baltic. Russian arsenals, says the London *Post*, are just across the Baltic from Stockholm. "Russia owns the islands that half bridge that sea." A Russian attempt to overpower Sweden would react so seriously upon France that the Czar may never go to extremes, concedes the *Indépendance Belge*, the liberal organ of Brussels. There is likely to be a conflict over boundaries, a Russian extension of frontier, and then a crisis. The whole system of the European states would be affected by such a situation, declares the London *Mail*. No diplomatist doubts that France would support the Czar in any measure facilitating the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine. This is the feature in the foreign policy of Russia upon which German attention is concentrated. St. Petersburg is supposed to feel that France will give her ally the utmost liberty of action against Sweden if Alsace-Lorraine be as much as mentioned. The court at Stockholm has gained the same impression, according to gossip in Berlin papers. The Zabern incident has made the French keener than ever for the recovery of the lost provinces.

Impending Shadows over Darkest Russia.

EVEN if Goremykin does not make way speedily for Krivoshein, the Czar is sure to choose some reactionary instrument. Only the London *Times*, among those European dailies in touch with the Russian situation, hesitates to adopt this view. For the moment, the extreme bureaucrats go their ordinary way unchecked. Organs of the "black hundred" were never so vehement in their attacks upon Jews. An alleged ritual murder at Fastov could not be made out on the basis of the evidence. Liberal newspapers in western Europe doubt more and more the official explanation of Kokovtseff's fall in the light of the facts coming into view. He had to go because the Rukhloffs, the Scheglovitoffs and the Krivosheins found him too liberal. Kokovtseff had by some accident become aware of the plans of the court cabal to oust him. He ascertained the identity of the "strong man" who is to pacify Russia when the more drastic policy yields its inevitable consequences. Kokovtseff resolved to take his leave at once. The Czar, if some Socialist versions of these adventures be accurate, strove to hold his Premier until Krivoshein was ready. Kokovtseff is said to have begged his sovereign to spare him the humiliation of associating in a cabinet with men who had plotted his ruin. Nicholas II. saw the force of this. When his man of mystery emerges, Russia, with a Premier of the Plehve stamp, will enter, as some refugees in London tell *The Standard* there, another of her reigns of terror. The whole obscurantist enterprize masquerades as a crusade of the Czar's against the ravages of vodka.

After watching the umpire at his first ball game King George must wish that the crown prince could be educated in the National League.—Grand Rapids *Press*.

Peace is a very costly article, judging by the amount that has been secured since Mr. Carnegie began spending his millions on it.—Washington *Herald*.

Altho General Chao has succumbed to poison in China, general chaos is still hale and hearty.—Washington *Post*.

Captain Hobson may be able to see a sinister motive behind the new kind of lemon Japan is said to have developed.—Toledo *Blade*.

Bulgaria is to have an exhibit at the San Francisco exposition. It might have been supposed that Bulgaria had made a sufficient exhibition of herself recently.—Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

Most of the nations have recognized the Chinese republic. It would be pleasing now to have President Yuan also accord it some measure of recognition.—Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

SENATOR BORAH ONE OF THE PRESIDENTIAL POSSIBILITIES OF 1916

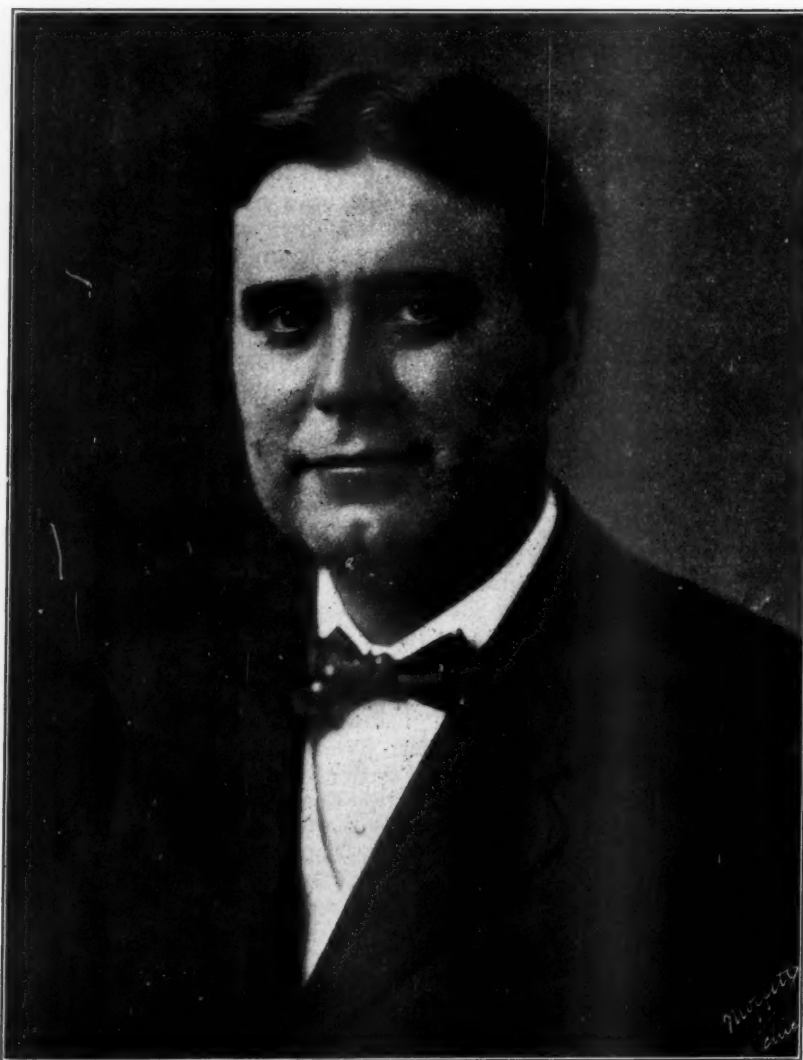
WHenever people begin to talk about harmony between Republicans and Progressives, they talk about William Edgar Borah, Senator from Idaho. He is the hope of the harmonizers, the one bright star in their overcast firmament. George W. Perkins angrily calls him a straddler, and asserts that he talks in one tone of voice in the conservative East and in another tone in the radical West. Well, most of our political lead-

ers have been accused at one time or another of being straddlers. Jefferson was, and Webster and Lincoln and Roosevelt. Wilson will be. In fact, the woman suffragists are already calling him a dodger. The exigencies of public life are many and a man must often sacrifice one cause to another he deems more important at the time.

Borah would not be the hope of the harmonizers if he had not managed to maintain a strong hold upon both sides.

In that sense he is a straddler. He has maintained his personal friendship for both Taft and Roosevelt. He has kept the confidence of Progressives without breaking with the conservatives. He overlaps their lines of division, it is true, and is sometimes found voting with one side on one question and with the other side on another question; but he is equally outspoken in each case. He will fight for the direct election of senators one day and against the recall for judges the next day, and instead of making, thereby, two sets of enemies, he will make two sets of friends. If the promoters of harmony, said that stanch Progressive paper, the Philadelphia *North American*, two months ago, "fall with Senator Borah as their stalking horse, they may as well give up," for he is "the strongest selection that could be made," and shows that the conservatives "are ready to go the limit in concessions." It goes on to add: "Mr. Borah not only is conspicuously able, but he has been for all Progressive legislation, altho retaining his standing as a Republican. Moreover, the would-be harmonizers have selected the man who led in denunciation of the theft of the nomination. They could hardly go further."

It was Senator Borah who steered the income tax through the Senate. It was he who had charge of the bill for the direct election of senators. He has a sort of genius for supporting a certain course in a way that endears him to those hostile to that course. He prosecuted Moyer and Haywood for the Steunenberg murder and at the end of the case had the admiration and personal regard of the miners of Idaho, as well as of the conservatives of the state. He was in the inner circle of the Roosevelt adherents at the Chicago convention and yet was denouncing their course to their faces and keeping his allegiance to the Republican party. One of the strongest arguments he gave for that Progressive measure, the direct election of senators, was based upon a plea for perpetuating the rights of the States, in apparently direct opposition to the "new nationalism" as set forth at Osawatimie by Mr. Roosevelt. And in supporting the bill for admission of Arizona he made one of the strongest pleas against the recall of judges and for "clinging to the prin-



THE HOPE OF THE REPUBLICAN HARMONIZERS

If the Republicans and Progressives get together again in 1916, Senator William Edgar Borah, of Idaho, is the likeliest man for their leader. He has a positive genius for making friends of those he antagonizes—all except George W. Perkins, whose correspondence last month with Senator Borah enlivened the press of the country.

ciple of an independent judiciary as of old they clung to the horns of the altar." It is not that he straddles or sidesteps in these cases, for he does not. He is positive and direct and emphatic. But he is fair, tho his controversy with Mr. Perkins does not seem to have been altogether so. And while he is an "insurgent," he holds fast to the Constitution and says: "Our fathers understood the science of government as no other single group of men has ever understood it. It is altogether probable that if the plan upon which they built fails, with it will pass the hope of a democratic-republican form of government."

You will see a disposition in newspaper correspondents, even those most closely attached to the insurgent cause, to treat the insurgent leaders with good-natured raillery. But of Borah they speak with unflinching respect. Even that highly flippant writer—Sam Blythe, we suppose—who gives us the sketches of "Who's Who and Why," in the *Saturday Evening Post*, is serious when he writes up Borah. He speaks of him as "one of the most able senators of these United States and one of the most useful," "one of the sanest of the Republican progressives in the Senate," "a man of great legal ability," "one of the big orators of the Senate," "one of the great debaters in the Senate and one of the few members of that body who have not been bluffed out by the brawny Bailey." The correspondent of the Boston

Transcript gives a list of adjectives that are commonly used in Washington in describing Borah: "One of them is able; another is solid; another is independent; another is conservative; another is quiet; another is patient. He is all of these—a remarkable combination for an insurgent." And Alfred Henry Lewis has spoken of him as "broad, self-centered as the Pyramids, of positive dignity, with a genius for the taciturn."

Orator tho he is, Borah never gives the impression of gabbiness. He speaks in the Senate for the most part with no gesticulation, no raising of his voice above the conversational tone, with deliberation but with no hesitation, taking interruptions with an unruffled good nature, standing as solidly upright as a monument. He has a round, boyish face, a rich, musical voice, a clear enunciation, and the air of ease and good comradeship of the West with none of its spread-eagle qualities.

An interesting comparison is afforded between Borah and La Follette. Each one has been a vigorous champion of progressive ideas and yet has remained steadfastly in the Republican party. Each one has courage and power and constructive ability. But whereas Borah has remained on good personal terms with radicals and stand-patters, La Follette has rendered himself *persona non grata* not only to the conservatives but to a large section of the radicals. Borah is a friend of both

Taft and Roosevelt. La Follette is a friend of neither. Borah gives the impression always of being master of his ideas. La Follette gives the impression of being mastered by his ideas. Borah runs on a low gear most of the time. La Follette always runs on a high gear and seems unable to observe either the speed-limit or the time-limit. He was invited to speak in Plymouth Church one Friday evening, and he kept on talking until midnight, to the exasperation of those who invited him. He spoke at Chautauqua, where they arrange their program with the care and precision of a railway schedule, and he took all his own time and then took the time of the next two speakers. He spoke at the banquet of the periodical publishers in Philadelphia and kept going over and over the ground for two hours and twenty minutes after midnight. On the strength of his record, La Follette should be the only man in sight to be considered as a harmony candidate, to reunite Republicans and Progressives. As a matter of fact, because of the peculiarly rasping effect of his personality, he is the last man likely to be so considered. If there were to be a harmony campaign to-morrow, Senator Borah would undoubtedly be the man chosen as candidate. But 1916 is a long way off, and the aspect of political conditions then hinges not upon Borah nor La Follette nor Roosevelt, but upon the man in the White House and the degree of success he achieves.

THE RESPLENDENT CAREER OF AN ILLINOIS SENATOR WHO DOES NOT LOOK LIKE LINCOLN

HAVING once made a big hit with a man by the name of Abe Lincoln, Illinois has seemed determined ever since to choose for her highest honors men who are thought to resemble that illustrious statesman in some way. If a citizen of that state looks like Lincoln, his political career is as good as made. Shelby M. Cullom, tall and angular, was first made governor and then sent to the U. S. Senate for thirty years. "He looked like Lincoln." Joseph G. Cannon, also tall and angular, and homely as a mud-fence, was sent to Congress eighteen times and talks about going again. "He has many striking points of resemblance to Lincoln." Lawrence Y. Sherman, with deep-set eyes and facial features built on the Cubist plan, was made lieutenant-governor and last year was elected to the U. S. Senate. "His resemblance to Lincoln is remarkable." It is true that not all Illinois statesmen, even of the Republican brand, have looked like Lincoln. There have not been enough of the

type to go around. But none of the other types seem to have become prime favorites. Look at Lorimer, for instance. He dared to be squat and roly-poly. And you know what happened to him!

Now comes James Hamilton Lewis defying the Lincoln tradition in the most bare-faced and flamboyant manner, and "getting away with it." Does he look like Lincoln? He does not, and we can prove it. A few weeks ago, being in Paris, France, Senator Lewis went to a reception in the Elysée given by President Poincaré. His feet were shod in shoes of French patent leather with white kid uppers. He had on a "resplendent waistcoat," probably purple in color, as his taste runs to purple. From the breast pocket of his coat protruded "three inches of silk handkerchief of delicate mauve." And from the center of his snowy shirt-front gleamed "a huge emerald stud as large as a thumb-nail." Crowning all were the famous "pink whiskers," carefully brushed and parted, silky in texture and radiant in the sunshine.

Obviously Senator James Hamilton Lewis, hopeless of ever looking like Lincoln, has determined to go to the other extreme and create a tradition of his own. Well, he has other materials to work with than his spats and his waistcoats and his whiskers. We have heard so much of these that they are becoming rather tiresome, not only to the public but to Mr. Lewis himself. "If anyone," he says, "is a little unlike the mass of people whom he meets in the street, either in appearance or demeanor, he is supposed to be a quack, a showman, or a freak. I do not complain about newspaper men. They are fine fellows. But to read them one would think that my personality is all on the surface—that I am mostly bows, smiles, spats, canes and whiskers."

Aside from these little eccentricities Senator Lewis evidently makes an immediate and favorable impression on those he meets. He is resourceful, imaginative and able. His career has been varied and adventurous. He ran away from home when he was a lad,



THE BEAU BRUMMEL OF THE SENATE

Senator James Hamilton Lewis, of Illinois, glitters as he walks, but his political career is more resplendent than his waistcoats. He has gone well to the top of the political ladder of fame in two widely separated States, and he is still on the sunny side of fifty.

went to Savannah and became a drug clerk, grinding cattle powders, washing out medicine bottles, sweeping out the store, and so forth. Three gentlemen were so impressed by him that they clubbed together to send him to the University of Virginia. After leaving school he struck out for the West, arriving at Tacoma with about \$40. Part of that he lost at a faro game, and the rest of it he gave to a weeping girl whom he met at a variety theater, to enable her to go to the funeral of her mother who, as she tearfully alleged, had just died in Oregon. Next day he earned half a dollar shoveling coal, had a square meal, then jumped on the bumper of a freight car and so reached Seattle. There he engaged himself as a longshoreman, or rather as a checker-up of longshoremen. He already had his

famous whiskers, and when his boss made fun of them he resented the "insult," whipped the boss and threw up his job. Having studied law in Savannah, he began practice in Seattle, defending in the ensuing years half a hundred persons accused of murder, and saving all their necks.

Now notice the steps in his rapid rise to fame.

Two years after entering the territory (now a state) of Washington, he was elected to the legislature. Two years later he declined the nomination for Congress. Two years later still he was a candidate for Governor. In another two years he had become a candidate for the U. S. Senate, and in still another two years he was urged as candidate for vice-president at the Democratic national convention (1896). All this in ten years after

his experience in shoveling coal and checking up longshoremen.

He was sent to Congress at last in 1897, where he linked his name to national history by being author of the resolution for recognition of Cuban independence. One year later he was serving on the staff of General Frederick D. Grant in the Spanish-American war.

This quick climb up the ladder was made in a new state; but Lewis then proceeded to show what he could do in an older state. Removing to Chicago in 1903, he became corporation counsel for the city in 1905, Democratic candidate for governor in 1908, and in 1913 was elected Senator of the United States.

When a man can make a record like that, it is just as well to call him something else than "Ham" Lewis, and to pay attention to something else than his spats and his whiskers.

He reads much because he made up his mind when a boy that he would do his share of the world's talking and he wanted to have something in his head worth talking about. He has done more than read books. He has written one on "The Two Great Republics: Rome and the United States." He has taken lessons in vocalization in Europe as well as America. He is a decided individualist in theory as well as in dress and other matters, and believes that state socialism means the death of liberty. His courtesy is unfailing, especially to those in the humblest positions, and he harbors no grudge against any one.

Such a shrewd observer of men as Samuel Blythe gives it as his opinion that James Hamilton Lewis, instead of being a joke, is a colossal joker. Blythe writes:

"I have watched Jim Ham in operation for many years; have seen him strut and pose; have heard him spout the polysyllabled results of his explorations in the dictionary; have observed the waxing and the waning of the pinkness of his whiskers; have gazed with awe at his waistcoats; have marveled at his supply of spats; have talked to him and about him; have discovered his imperturbable egoism, his absolute heedlessness of rebuff, his capacity for horning in, his skill at landing topside up—and I desire to set down here my opinion that James Hamilton Lewis is a deliberately contrived, a well-defined, a definitely planned advertizing device for James Hamilton Lewis. Moreover, there is a pretty fair stock of goods on hand to back up the advertizement."

He is still on the sunny side of fifty, and there is still time, *Harper's Weekly* remarks, for him to move to another state or two, New York for instance, and proceed to carve out a still more conspicuous political career for himself.

GUSTAV V., THE AUSTERE KING WHO IS RISKING THE THRONE OF SWEDEN

SWIFTLY as the constitutional crisis has been staged in Sweden, dramatic as is the first act, now ended, with King Gustav calling to his people over the heads of a ministry in confusion, there are situations even more exciting yet to come. Every commentator on the situation speaks to this effect. Gustav is by nature too determined to recede from his purpose to arm Sweden in defiance of his ministers. The King has managed the Russian menace adroitly, thinks the *London News*. Some thirty thousand farmers from all parts of his dominions went to Stockholm lately and there laid before the King their urgent wishes respecting preparations for national defense. The counter-demonstration of the Socialists took on an anti-Christian mask, as well as a hue of disloyalty to the fatherland. "Never," cried Gustav to his subjects, "will I yield my right to speak directly to my people." He must abdicate, according to liberal dailies in Europe; but with his spiritualized obstinacy he must struggle long and desperately before finding the flavor of defeat. No sovereign of the temper of Gustav V.—stern, summoned, as he thinks, to a high destiny, pure in heart, inflexible of will—could act otherwise.

Suggestions by his critics that Russia's implied designs upon Scandinavia are taken by the King as a pretext to play the despot on the plea of patriotism—these, are dismissed by papers so diverse as the *London Post* and the *Berlin Tageszeitung*. His Majesty is, as the German strategists say, Frederician. His disposition is to militarism; but his soul is chivalrous and his purposes noble. Russia means to extinguish Sweden. God has called on Gustav to save his people from the fate of Finland. This analysis is that of the *Indépendance Belge* (Brussels) among many others.

Gustav V. is in spirit a replica of his mother, pensive, perhaps mournful, imbued with that form of piety which strengthens the soul but lends it little beauty. Like his mother, King Gustav is neither showy nor vain. He has a religious detestation of the pomps of this world. Observers see very little of his father in him—that Oscar who was so famous for his charm, his gifts of voice and manner and appearance. The King who died some few years since was a poet and a charmer. His son is a saint and a crusader.

No other procedure in the whole career of King Gustav so misled the world respecting his character as his refusal to endure a coronation. While the act seemed democratic, notes the

Paris Temps, and indicated a modern mind contemptuous of ancient pomp, the truth is that the spirit of the King of Sweden is a survival from the sixteenth century. No one accepts more completely the call of God as a message to himself. His is an instrument of the Divine Will, like that king who led the crusade or that other who became defender of the faith.

This fanaticism is not violent or devoid of intelligence. Europe feels already for Gustav the cold respect inspired by many natures formed by self-discipline and prayer. Few even attempt to turn the King into an object of ridicule, seriously as he takes himself. Yet the constitution seems to him an obstacle to a purpose implanted in his breast by Deity itself. The attitude is unfamiliar and incredible in a Bernadotte. His great-grandfather commanded the guard that saw to the decapitation of Marie Antoinette, and stood beneath the scaffold when the head of Louis XVI. was cut off. These Bernadottes, as the *Figaro* reminds us, have prided themselves upon their democracy, upon their deference to the constitution, their emergence from the people. Gustav V., consequently, is what the botanists would call a "sport," an unexpected departure from type. "He is that most unfortunate of men," says the well-informed A. G. G. in the *London News*, "a constitutional monarch with an absolutist temperament."

Gustav is of that estimable order of

austere people whose aspect chills and whose manner represses. He is an emotional extinguisher. His fifty-five years have served to grizzle his hair and beard, worn close. The tall figure suggests the ascetic in its thinness. But the face is that of a man of good habits, abstemious and in excellent health. The eyes are large and glittering, of the mutability admired by some old masters. The original Bernadotte had such eyes, which in the Napoleonic circle were assumed to indicate a high destiny. Conversation with him is difficult, affirms our British authority, and in the course of the staccato talk there will come trying halts. "He has no sense of beauty and no care for it," we find a former tutor asserting of His Majesty in the *London daily*. "He has," it is added, however, "the most transparent, truthful, simple, loyal character I have known."

The austerity of the King of Sweden has had a profound influence upon the life of his court. No indulgence in alcoholic beverages is countenanced, His Majesty being the only total abstainer on any throne except the Sultan's and the Amir's. Gustav's zeal for propaganda has converted him into a species of temperance lecturer to the officers of his army. There is seldom promotion for a drinker. The court is robbed, hence, of the conviviality so obvious in the circle of William II. The difference is emphasized by the simplicity of Gustav.



THE WEDDED AFFINITIES ON THE SWEDISH THRONE

Gustav V. and his consort are alike in their Christian piety, in their devotion to one another, and in the respect they have won for the domestic virtues they always exemplify.

There are no regal parades, no royal robes borne by pages, no escort of aides-de-camp. The court seems silent, monastic, severe, like the sovereign himself. There is a military promptness at meals and every function is regulated by the clock.

Gustav V. has a patriarchal conception of his position. He stands above constitutions, above any law but God's. That law he obeys so scrupulously as to have escaped the slightest insinuation against the purity of his private life. His consort, Queen Victoria, daughter of a Grand Duke in Germany, seems a confirmed invalid. One of the royal lady's recreations is listening to the perusal of edifying treatises in the rather agreeable elocutionary voice of the sovereign. The King is the sort of husband that her devotional temperament requires—subdued, attentive, considerate. Her Majesty has little diversion, apart from the festivals improvised for the four young children of the Crown Prince. The King and the Queen occasionally have a little tennis together, a sport in which His Majesty is proficient. They play bridge. The Queen of Sweden of to-day is not like

the old Queen Sophia, whose piety, as we read in *London Truth*, jarred the old King Oscar terribly. Queen Victoria and King Gustav tick, in the matter of religion, like two clocks. She reveres him as the noblest as well as the wisest of mankind. Her invalidism and his faith between them render the court like a cloister.

The strong sense of justice for which Gustav is famed had its most striking illustration when the palace servants went on strike. He summoned the malcontents to his presence, as the *London News* tells the tale, and commanded each in turn to lay bare a grievance. The cook, the groom, the butler, the chauffeur, the laundress and the whole valetaille were heard through one by one. Gustav is the finest royal listener in Europe. "You are all quite right," declared His Majesty at last. "You should have told me this before. I shall see that your wages are raised." The promise was redeemed generously. The King has none of the "nearness" which so often spoils the religious disposition. He is, if anything, too ready to lend. His liberality takes the pious turn usually

—donations of money for such things as the Swedish church in the Rue Guyot at Paris.

Between Emperor William and Gustav V. are temperamental resemblances upon which our contemporaries abroad dwell. While the two sovereigns are at opposite poles in natural endowments, William has the same point of view as his Swedish brother with reference to the kingly power. He has the same Lutheran attitude to God. Both have inflexible wills. Each regards the limitations of an organic law as an anomaly in Christian experience. Jesus and not the people, as both profess, is the only King of Kings. Demos is the heresiarch. The admiration of Gustav for William has never been concealed. Many letters pass between the pair. Hints at some obscure dynastic compact bearing their signatures appear from time to time. It is unthinkable to those who know the King of Sweden best that he has not consulted his friend in Berlin before risking the throne of Sweden in so acute a conflict as that now raging with his Parliament.

LOUIS BOTHA: THE BOER GENERAL WHO DEPORTED THE SOUTH AFRICAN LABOR LEADERS

WHEN General Botha, in his capacity as Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa, denounced the labor outbreaks at Johannesburg as a war against society, as an excuse to create a revolution, he revealed, London dailies think, two unsuspected aspects of his character. The hero of Colenso has always won recognition for gifts of conciliation. "Botha, full of the spirit of comradeship and kindness," says the *London Mail*, "hates a row." His enemies have flung his soothing speeches back at him with taunts that he never could be bold. Energy was denied him, yet this man of fashion, reviled as a demagog, stunned all Europe by packing a party of labor leaders out of the country.

The next surprise was the eloquence with which Botha, demanding a bill of indemnity from his parliament, justified his course. There was Roman grandeur in the gesture, according to the *Paris Débats*, with which Botha emphasized his charge that the revolutionists deported to England had allies in the House he was addressing. He had seen, he said, many tragic things in war, but the state of affairs in Johannesburg during the strike was worse than all these. Had he not taken his drastic measures, South Africa would to this hour be bathed

in blood. With a quarter of a million native blacks breaking out in rebellion, with fire and anarchy everywhere, the land had barely escaped scenes unparalleled since the Goths entered Italy.

Never was orator more inspired, affirms a looker-on in the *London Post*. The effect was enhanced by the lack of eloquence from which, as all observers agree, Botha has heretofore suffered. For some rare moments, we read, this Boer caught the fire of Cicero. His usually unready tongue electrified a great audience. His large, heavy, ungainly hands developed a capacity for gesture really Greek. His quiet, almost dull, face was transformed, transfigured. Botha, the prosaic, the matter-of-fact, the unready, had been vouchsafed divine, inspired moments. Botha had been made articulate in the supreme hour of his career. For once no effort was made to turn him into ridicule—an unusual circumstance.

For some years past the native Boer elements in Botha's country have seen in his personality the consequences of too hopeless an Anglomania. He is Dutch racially, declare the organs of his enemy Hertzog, but in ideals he has become English. He has put from him, they fear, the habits of his fathers, as well as their provincial patriotism, their faith. His visits to

London have proved ovations. He dined with peers and bankers—with royalty itself. His speech acquired an exotic flavor. His tailor had to turn him into a denizen of Mayfair. He wore a rose in his coat and a ribbon on his breast. He sang "God Save the King." He learned to loathe the simple society of the veldt, and to despise the rude farmers who made so much of De Wet and Hertzog. His intimates are found at the court maintained by Lord Gladstone. The fierce and stubborn burghers whom De Wet had sjamboked into action at one famous battle have been taught to behold in Botha a renegade who has accepted the British supremacy and put from him forever the dream of Kruger. Up and down the land the fiery Hertzog has gone holding Botha up to native scorn. Such is a partisan picture. There are other portraits.

Foes of Botha, of whom he has plenty at home, are accused in the *London Post* of taking unfair advantage of his sensitiveness. A cartoon investing him with long ears wounds him unspeakably, for his dread of ridicule is almost morbid. He is thought at times to discern slights where none are intended. A reference to him as a "pappabreek" or "slack breeches" filled him with fury, for the implication, in the Boer tongue, is that the man must be a coward. Few speakers are so easily

disconcerted by interruption. He addresses an assembly with the sort of fiery zeal that lends volume to the voice. His gestures are strong, but a trifle monotonous. He can not sparkle. No witticism of his is on record in any parliamentary report. To him speech is a weapon rather than a medium for the communication of an idea or of a principle. These traits make the conciliatory spirit of the man a riddle. He seems a bundle of contradictions, for in the fury of a fight he will pause to compromise, to win over an opponent, to discuss a peace. His instinct has been described as that of the policeman, eager to prevent a breach of the peace, yet ready to make arrests when blows fall. His conception of himself is affirmed to be that of a policeman. He has never discovered the existence of statesmanship. Large general principles are beyond so primitive an intelligence.

Big physically, yet gentle, spectacular in the joviality of his manner, loud and expansive, the heart of Botha is "soft," says a writer in the *London Mail*. He will wait long and patiently before plunging into a fight. The fact has led to some fatal misconceptions of his character. The foundation of that is the Boer obstinacy, only the superstructure being pure sensitive-ness. How well his political opponents have studied this man is shown in the uproar over his knee breeches. He was induced to don them for a levée at Buckingham Palace. The opposition press in South Africa has never permitted Botha to forget that indiscretion. He was tactless enough to attempt a reply on one occasion to the innumerable innuendoes inspired by those unfortunate breeches. His remarks were lost in wild laughter, not at the words, but at the fury of the man. There was something veritably cruel in the advantage taken by Botha's enemies of his notorious incapacity to parry a jest, his defenselessness on the point of a lampoon. The allegation that he has cried over such things is merely an opposition libel, of course. Spiteful Boers refer to him as a "Ja, broer," by which they mean something more or less of a "cry baby."

Botha has had even worse luck with his famous uniform. It is that of an honorary general in the British army. The circumstance that Benedict Arnold's treason won him just such a distinction proved irresistible to the native Boer press inspired by Hertzog. Hertzog, it should be explained, is the general for whom a South African cheers whenever hatred for Botha grows overpowering. Hertzog hit upon the idea of referring to Botha in debate as "that British general." Half the Boers imbibed the idea that the hero of their war, taking his cue from



THE HERO OF COLENZO AT FIFTY

General Louis Botha is gray and grim in aspect but cordial in manner even to the labor leaders who were deported from South Africa by his order.

Benedict Arnold, had enlisted in the British army.

The intensity of the hatreds Botha has managed to inspire among influential sections of the Boers would, the *London News* says, be difficult to explain. His conciliatory attitude to Great Britain naturally alienates the patriotic. His great failure embodies itself in Hertzog, that fiery general who with De Wet was so long unable to understand that peace had come to South Africa. Hertzog, the little, dark, bespectacled fighter, was ejected from the Botha ministry for making speeches that contradicted those of his chief. Hertzog is a master of that fluent, eloquent, euphonious High Dutch so seldom heard outside of church on a Sunday; Botha talks his native tongue rudely, if simply. Hertzog has exquisite courtesy of manner; Botha, when one meets him socially, is the bluff farmer. Hertzog is a scholar in the severest sense, knowing his Homer and his Horace; Botha reads science and popular novels. Hertzog wants the veldt for the Dutch settlers; Botha regards South Africa as an integral portion of the British Empire. Hertzog, on a platform, has the aspect and the tongue of the orator; Botha

halts awkwardly, being no man of words. The feud between these men keeps the politics of the union in such difficulties as to render the government a series of pauses between breathless crises.

Many a prayer has issued from the lips of Mrs. Botha that her husband abandon the political career so trying to him, for the ease and happiness of his countless acres. The farm has almost the amplitude of an eighteenth-century principality on the Rhine. The Botha children, nearly all grown up, delight the *Paris Figaro* by blending the Irish traits of their mother with the Dutch qualities of their father. They exhibit the auburn hair and the freshness of complexion inevitable from the maternal strain, but the eyes of the girls are dark, like the general's. The boys resemble him in being big. All speak English. Old Boers detest the governesses imported from London and the dinners in honor of English army officers which form such a feature of the domestic atmosphere. Botha is fond of social life, but its tone becomes too alien for the men who followed De Wet. They accuse him of affecting London hats and Scotch tweeds. Even his golf infuriates them.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

"THE SECRET"—BERNSTEIN'S STUDY OF A WOMAN'S MENTAL OBSESSION

THE new play by Henri Bernstein, adapted by David Belasco for Frances Starr, is a powerful study of a woman's mental obsession. If Mr. Bernstein's heroine had lived in the Middle Ages, it would have been said of her that she was possessed by the devil. Priests would have mumbled exorcisms over her to drive out the demons. In the twentieth century we call upon the psychologist to explain the ailment of the lovely Gabrielle Jannelot who has the gentle demeanor of the dove, but in whose heart dwells the serpent. Will Gabrielle's husband be able to heal with his love the strange mental lesion that turns his beautiful wife at times into a pitiless fiend? We do not know, for the final curtain falls before an answer is vouchsafed.

The first act of the play takes us to the luxurious Paris apartment of the Jannelots. Constant Jannelot, a celebrated painter, is estranged from his once dearly loved sister. Gabrielle urges a reconciliation, but, with apparent artlessness, she manages to impart a drop of poison to every word she speaks. The conversation drifts to Denis Le Guern, who seems to be in love with Gabrielle's dearest friend Henriette, a piquant young widow. He has asked for an interview with Gabrielle, who suspects that he is too shy to reveal his affection for the object of his passion. Shortly afterwards, Denis, hat in hand, makes his appearance. He is small of stature, utterly lacking in self-confidence, but insanely jealous. He is jealous even of Henriette's past. The thought of her first husband who died in an accident is unendurable to him, whereas the idea that some other man may have been in her life seems to madden him. Gabrielle assures him that Henriette loathed her first husband and that she is the most straight-laced woman of her acquaintance. She asks him to return a little later for a heart-to-heart talk with his innamorata. The moment the door closes behind him, Henriette, who has been waiting anxiously, enters.

HENRIETTE. (*Quickly.*) Why? What did he say?

GABRIELLE. O, he loves you. He wants to marry you. He's mad over you. There's no doubt about that, only— (*She stops.*)

HENRIETTE. What? You frighten me!

GABRIELLE. Henriette, look at me. (*She takes a step towards Henriette.*)

HENRIETTE. Yes.

GABRIELLE. Look me in the eye, look me in the eye. (*She places her hands on Henriette's shoulders, just as she did with Le Guern.*)

HENRIETTE. I am looking at you.

GABRIELLE. My dear Henriette, you can't get out of it. You've got to tell everything, everything that's happened, to Denis Le Guern.

HENRIETTE. Everything? Everything that happened before I—

GABRIELLE. Everything that happened, the whole affair with Charlie Ponta.

HENRIETTE. Oh! (*With an involuntary gesture, she lays her muff on the little table against which she is standing.*)

GABRIELLE. I know that I'm taking a great responsibility upon myself when I give you this advice, but—

HENRIETTE. But, Gabrielle!

GABRIELLE. I don't hesitate to say that it's the only thing to do. I'm convinced of it.

HENRIETTE. But why? Why? (*Henriette goes a step towards Gabrielle.*) Gabrielle, I don't see any reason in the world why I should humiliate myself by—

GABRIELLE. Henriette, don't let's waste time arguing over this. He'll be back in a quarter of an hour. You must make up your mind.

HENRIETTE. Does he expect to see me?

GABRIELLE. Yes, I told him that you'd be here.

HENRIETTE. O, tell me all that—

GABRIELLE. Yes, but let me speak first. I've found out the sort of man Le Guern is. First and last, he's jealous, insanely jealous. Jealousy's an obsession with him. And he's concentrating particularly on everything that happened before you met him.

HENRIETTE. And you want me to tell—

GABRIELLE. Wait; he cross-examined me just now. (*She retreats another step.*) O, he didn't question me directly, but he beat about the bush. (*With an expressive gesture.*) It was dreadful. I never felt so uncomfortable in my life. He has a way of—Wh!

HENRIETTE. I hope you kept my secret.

GABRIELLE. (*Reproachfully.*) Henriette!

HENRIETTE. I mean, I hope you knew what to say, that you were very careful.

GABRIELLE. Have I ever blundered or been indiscreet where you were concerned?

HENRIETTE. No, Gabrielle dear. Please forgive me. I'm so upset that—

GABRIELLE. I understand that. Yes, I lied to him and I lied splendidly. It's nothing to be proud of, of course; but I had to do it. You're my friend. But

you don't have to do it; and, for your own sake, you'd better tell him the truth

HENRIETTE. You want me to tell him everything?

GABRIELLE. Absolutely everything. Keep nothing back. That's my advice. I'm advising you for your own good.

HENRIETTE. But, Gabrielle!

GABRIELLE. My dear girl, here is a man you love, who loves you. You're planning to spend the rest of your lives together; to be happy and trust one another; yet at the very first question he asks you, you're—

HENRIETTE. My life before I met him belongs to me. It's my own.

GABRIELLE. You mean by that that you're going to begin by lying to him?

HENRIETTE. It's impossible for me to tell him. No, Gabrielle, I can't do it. Listen; when Charlie Ponta-Tulli and I, when we were in love with one another, I was free, absolutely free, absolutely, absolutely.

GABRIELLE. Absolutely.

HENRIETTE. I believed with all my heart that we were going to be married.

GABRIELLE. Of course you did.

HENRIETTE. And I didn't know that such a man as Denis Le Guern existed.

GABRIELLE. Say all that to him, word for word, just as you're saying it to me.

HENRIETTE. (*On the verge of tears.*) He wouldn't even listen to me. You say yourself he's insanely jealous.

GABRIELLE. But, my dear girl, doubt—doubt, that would be positive torture to him, doubt to a jealous man. He feels in some roundabout, mysterious way that you've had a love affair. Don't let him hunt it up and make the worst of it; tell it to him yourself. When he hears the whole story from you—

HENRIETTE. (*Crying.*) No, I can't.

With tearful eyes Henriette finally promises to tell everything, but when Denis appears her courage deserts her. She accepts him without revealing her past indiscretion. Gabrielle's husband is delighted with the match. He tenderly recalls the early days of his own engagement. "Henriette," he says, "is just like a young girl who doesn't know a thing about love, isn't she? She makes me think of you when we—" Something in what he says arouses the ever-dormant demon of jealousy in Gabrielle's heart and brain.

GABRIELLE. You're exaggerating a little, Constant.

CONSTANT. No, I'm not. She's one of the most innocent and purest-minded little—

GABRIELLE. (*Moving away, laughing*

half-heartedly without raising her voice.) O don't, Constant! I don't care what anybody else says, but don't you begin it.

CONSTANT. But why shouldn't I say it?

GABRIELLE. Leave that to the rest of them to talk about. As for Henriette's innocence— (With a deprecating gesture.) O pooh!

CONSTANT. What do you mean? Isn't she an innocent woman?

GABRIELLE. Well, she's had a lover.

CONSTANT. What?

GABRIELLE. There! I've let it out! I've told! Well, I can't help it when I see you being humbugged. I simply can't help it.

CONSTANT. Henriette!

GABRIELLE. Yes, Henriette. She was Charlie Ponta-Tulli's mistress for over a year.

CONSTANT. Oh!

GABRIELLE. Well, don't faint!

CONSTANT. I'm simply dazed. Ponta!

GABRIELLE. Ponta—yes. Charlie Ponta. Charlie Ponta-Tulli!

CONSTANT. But when was this?

GABRIELLE. I don't remember now. It must have happened when she was at Biarritz about four years ago, when Henriette rented that villa where she stayed so long for her health. Well, her health was Charlie Ponta-Tulli. He lived at the hotel and visited her late every night.

CONSTANT. That's awful! After that,—I— Well, there it is. Why should it upset you so? But did you know of this at the time?

GABRIELLE. Yes, I knew all about it and did my best to end it. Of course, I didn't approve of it. I found it out by accident. Of all people in the world, I couldn't imagine Henriette involved in such an affair. If I hadn't loved her so,—I—I should have ended with her at once. Instead, I tried to help her. I used to shudder, wondering how it would end, and at last I pointed out to her that—well, I prevailed upon her to give him up.

CONSTANT. And you never told me a word of it.

GABRIELLE. It wasn't my secret.

CONSTANT. Hum!

Constant is very much put out by this confession, especially since he, on his own initiative, had vouchsafed for Henriette's immaculate life in a previous conversation with Denis. Complications ensue quickly. The second act, a few months after the first, takes place at Madame de Savegeat's country house. We find here Gabrielle and her husband, Denis and Henriette, who are now married, and, much to the distress of Henriette, her erstwhile lover, Ponta-Tulli. Gabrielle had prevailed upon her aunt, Madame de Savegeat, to invite Ponta-Tulli, by telling her that it was Henriette's wish to meet her old sweetheart again. When Henriette expresses her dislike of the situation, she places the blame entirely upon Madame de Savegeat. The growing friendship between Ponta-Tulli and Denis is especially painful to Henriette, because she resents the covert insult to her husband in Ponta-Tulli's familiarity. The situation is too tempting for Gabrielle's love of



BELASCO'S MOST LOVABLE STARR

Belasco's favorite star spells her name with two r's. In Bernstein's "The Secret," a play adapted for her by Mr. Belasco, she masterfully portrays a beautiful woman whose mind is poisoned by a malevolent obsession.

mischievous. She artfully arouses the jealousy of Denis by telling him that Ponta-Tulli greatly admired Henriette before their marriage. She asks Ponta-Tulli to go, but he flatly refuses, for reasons which she alone understands, for it was she who was responsible for the break between him and Henriette. Ponta-Tulli insists on an interview with Henriette before he will even think of going. There being no other way out of it, she grants it. When he is alone with her, he asks her to tell him at last why she threw him over. Henriette is aghast. The whole miserable past wrought by the little demon in Gabrielle's brain is luridly projected into the conversation:

PONTA-TULLI. I was heartbroken—prostrated. And to cap the climax, when

I got back, they handed me three big envelopes, addressed in Gabrielle's handwriting, my letters and telegrams to you, begging for an explanation, returned to me unopened. That cut me to the quick, that finished me. I lay on my back three months in the hospital. Then when I was able at last to take the journey to Paris, you were not there. (With a bitter laugh.) Where were you?

HENRIETTE. In Isbach in the Tyrol. I was there for a long time.

PONTA-TULLI. Hidden away, I see. And I was so broken down that—

HENRIETTE. Charlie, be generous. Don't say any more. What's the use? I love my husband now with all my heart. I can't even acknowledge that I have the right to be sorry for you.

PONTA-TULLI. O, I'm not trying to make you sorry.

HENRIETTE. But there is some mystery here which I must clear up.

PONTA-TULLI. I'll help you with all my heart. But the mystery of it all? Won't you explain that to me?

HENRIETTE. Oh—

PONTA-TULLI. I've thought it over and over and over. Henriette, why did you treat me so?

HENRIETTE. (Impatiently.) Oh, you know as well as I do?

PONTA-TULLI. Was it because I—I confessed to Gabrielle on the night I went away that—

HENRIETTE. Of course. I wasn't the only woman.

PONTA-TULLI. O, that's only an excuse.

HENRIETTE. That's easily said, but—

PONTA-TULLI. That old, dead and past affair? That—

HENRIETTE. No! Don't pretend that!

PONTA-TULLI. That ghost of my youth? Why, the unfortunate woman lived in Nice and I scarcely ever saw her.

HENRIETTE. It was not a question of that.

PONTA-TULLI. Gabrielle asked me and I told her. I told her the whole story from A to Z.

HENRIETTE. I know. I know. And Gabrielle promised you to explain to me.

PONTA-TULLI. Yes. I was afraid you might hear of it and she said she'd tell you without letting you know that I had explained it to her.

HENRIETTE. Well, she kept her promise. And I was ready to forgive you for it. What I couldn't forgive was the other lie, the unpardonable, contemptible—

PONTA-TULLI. What lie?

HENRIETTE. The real lie, the lie you lived every day you were with me.

PONTA-TULLI. What lie?

HENRIETTE. What lie? You seem to take a delight in hearing me—

PONTA-TULLI. (Angrily.) What lie? What lie?

HENRIETTE. Did we or did we not plan to be married?

PONTA-TULLI. Of course we did.

HENRIETTE. And we fixed the date?

PONTA-TULLI. Why, certainly.

HENRIETTE. Well then?

PONTA-TULLI. Well?

HENRIETTE. And did you not tell Gabrielle that it was impossible for you to keep it?

PONTA-TULLI. I?

HENRIETTE. Yes—yes—you?
 PONTA-TULLI. Oh!
 HENRIETTE. And that you were forced to postpone it until—God knows when?

PONTA-TULLI. What are you—
 HENRIETTE. Because it might upset the other one. The woman in Nice might break her heart. Ha! your friend for fifteen years whose very existence I never heard of until Gabrielle—

PONTA-TULLI. Stop, Henriette! Don't say anything more—it's all a lie.

HENRIETTE. What is?
 PONTA-TULLI. Everything you're saying about me is a lie. Everything!

HENRIETTE. O, you deny it, do you? That's the easiest way out of it.

PONTA-TULLI. I'd deny it with the last breath in my body. It's nothing but lies from beginning to end—and malicious lies.

HENRIETTE. O, it's no use! It's your word against Gabrielle's. I take Gabrielle's.

PONTA-TULLI. Bring her in here. Let me face her.

HENRIETTE. O, you're making fun of me.

PONTA-TULLI. Henriette, it's not true. I'll say it and say it until you believe me. It's not true and it's not true—not true. I'll prove it to you. I can't conceive what motive your friend Gabrielle had, but she told you things I never said.

HENRIETTE. O, but—

PONTA-TULLI. Never! It's not true. I postpone, break off our marriage? When it was all I thought of? My own wish was to be happy with you.

HENRIETTE. So happy that you wanted to postpone it.

PONTA-TULLI. Not for one day. That's a lie. I'll prove that. I have proof of that. Yes, and I'll find it. *(He goes two steps towards the stairs.)* A thousand proofs. Wait! Yes. Here's one now—here's positive proof for you. The letters you sent back to me—unopened. I've got them. They're in one of my desk drawers in Paris. I'll bring them to you. We meant to announce our engagement at Christmas, didn't we? You see that I haven't forgotten the date. Of course, I can't remember the exact words, but that date—December 25th, the date which meant so much to both of us and which it breaks my heart to think of now, is written in every letter, on every sheet of paper.

HENRIETTE. But Gabrielle told me over and over again—

PONTA-TULLI. On every page. Read my letters.

HENRIETTE. She didn't lie.

PONTA-TULLI. She did.

HENRIETTE. Gabrielle is honesty itself.

PONTA-TULLI. She has lied to you. I wanted you. I wanted to marry you and I never changed my mind, not for an instant. Henriette, my dear little woman, look at me—As God's in heaven, I'm telling the truth.

HENRIETTE. I see that you are. I believe you. But what could have happened? There must have been some misunderstanding—

PONTA-TULLI. That is impossible! There was no misunderstanding. I told Gabrielle over and over again—*(He stops in the middle of the sentence. He sees Denis, who has entered quickly.)*

DENIS. Am I disturbing you?

PONTA-TULLI. *(The first to recover.)* No.

DENIS. Oh—*(A pause.)*

PONTA-TULLI. *(His voice not ringing true as he speaks.)* You didn't go to Deauville, after all. *(He turns towards the garden trying to pull himself together.)*

DENIS. No. *(He has complete control of his feelings, but the brevity of his words and his stern face shows the state of his mind. A pause. Then speaking to Henriette.)* I want to talk to you, Henriette.

HENRIETTE. Yes? What is it? *(She takes a step, then seats herself on sofa, facing Denis.)*

DENIS. *(To Ponta-Tulli.)* I want to speak to my wife.

PONTA-TULLI. Does that mean that I am not wanted? *(Denis makes a slight gesture of assent with his hands.)* I don't care to be told that I'm in the way, Le Guern.

HENRIETTE. No, you're not. Why, Denis, what's the matter? *(She rises quickly, turning towards Denis.)*

DENIS. *(Cutting her off, curtly.)* Will you please! *(He doesn't move and looks fixedly at Ponta-Tulli.)*

PONTA-TULLI. Don't be uneasy, Madame Le Guern; it doesn't matter. I'll do just as you say. If you wish it, I'll go at once. *(A pause.)* Do you want me to go? *(He indicates by a respectful gesture that he will go upstairs, if she wishes it.)*

HENRIETTE. Well, yes. *(Ponta bows respectfully and goes up the stairs walking deliberately. At the same time, before Ponta has disappeared, Henriette has said to Denis, who is watching Ponta.)* Denis, do you know what you're doing? *(As soon as Ponta closes the door, Denis turns to Henriette and very coldly but firmly says:)*

DENIS. What were you two talking about?

HENRIETTE. Why, what do you mean?

DENIS. What were you talking about, I say?

HENRIETTE. Will you answer my question?

DENIS. No; I'm waiting for you to answer mine. What were you talking about when I came in?

HENRIETTE. Oh nothing of any importance. You acted so strangely when you came in that I—well, I really forgot what we were saying.

DENIS. I want to know, all the same. You'd better try to remember.

HENRIETTE. Oh! don't speak to me like that.

DENIS. Oh, you can't frighten me!

HENRIETTE. *(With vehemence.)* Why, I—

DENIS. I've always been very, very careful, very considerate of your feelings. I loved you so that— But just now, I'm not thinking of your feelings. Come! what did that man say to you? What were you two talking about?

HENRIETTE. O—I remember now. It just came to me. Ponta was telling me of his trip. Yes, yes! His trip to the Argentine Republic. How stupid I was to forget. When he came back, he was taken sick at Bordeaux, that was it.

DENIS. *(Curtly.)* No.

HENRIETTE. Don't you believe me?

DENIS. You're not telling me all, not the whole truth.

HENRIETTE. Call Ponta! I'll ask him to repeat every word of it in front of you. *(Denis makes a violent gesture of refusal.)* Won't you call him?

DENIS. Certainly not. I'll talk to Monsieur Ponta-Tulli alone. I'm asking you, for the last time, to—

HENRIETTE. You frighten me. What do you mean by acting like this? Why are you so agitated, so—

DENIS. *(Sternly.)* Henriette!

HENRIETTE. Yes, yes, you are! *(She takes a step towards him.)*

DENIS. The truth. I want the truth.

Denis refuses to credit Henriette's explanations. Stung to the quick by the ridiculous position in which he finds himself, he determines to divorce Henriette and to fight a duel with Ponta-Tulli. In the last act from various hints, a glimmer of the truth dawns upon Constant. He questions Gabrielle, who breaks down and confesses her secret malice.

CONSTANT. Did you really plan—scheme—to have Henriette, Ponta and Denis meet here in this house? Did you really do this? *(She is mute and he shakes her arm violently to force her to speak.)* Answer me.

GABRIELLE. Yes, Constant.

CONSTANT. And did you know what would happen? Did you want it to happen?

GABRIELLE. Yes. *(Constant makes a tragic gesture of hopelessness and leans against the balustrade.)* At first, I did. Then I was sorry. I was very sorry; and then I couldn't stand it and a feeling came over me and I had to make trouble again. It's terrible to want to do something very cruel, then the next minute to— Listen! I did try, I tried *(she rises and goes a step toward Constant—she is desperate)* to save Henriette to-day. I fought for her as hard as I could. I did. I really did. But he asked me such questions and so fast that I—I got confused. I didn't have time to think—and I kept making it worse and worse and saying more and more. I did try to get her out of it, but it was too late.

CONSTANT. Dreadful!

GABRIELLE. And if you only knew! I've been deceiving that poor Henriette for a long time. I hated the idea of that marriage, that perfect marriage match.

CONSTANT. Why?

GABRIELLE. Because it was such a perfect marriage. I tried to do everything I could to break it off.

CONSTANT. But why did you want to break it off? What was your motive? You, a woman with everything on earth—a happy home, a husband who adored you, why did you begrudge your friend her happiness? You had no reason to be jealous of her. Why?

GABRIELLE. Well, I—

CONSTANT. Tell me.

GABRIELLE. Because I can't help it. I can't help it. That's why. Because I thought they might be as happy as we were. It cut me to the heart when you said they'd be perfectly happy together. And her little shining face, beaming with

hope and happiness, I couldn't bear it. I couldn't look at her. I almost hated her. I felt as tho little knives were cutting at my heart. I smiled and smiled without saying a word. I was afraid of the sound of my own voice.

CONSTANT. (*In a low voice.*) Dreadful!

GABRIELLE. And before that, when she was married (she was married before you and I were), and she used to tell me that they were happy, and I was jealous because—well, if we'd been married first, perhaps—and when she loved Ponta—and they *did* love one another—they were mad over one another, and so happy! Oh! And she laughed at our love and said we were an old married couple and that we weren't lovers any more like she and Ponta—that the feeling only came at first and had to go. So I—yes, I was waiting for a chance to—

CONSTANT. No! No! Stop! I don't want to know any more, not another word.

GABRIELLE. Constant! (*She follows him.*)

CONSTANT. No! I don't want to know it. (*He continues moving away from her until he is at the door, always followed by Gabrielle.*) Keep your filthy actions to yourself. Don't dirty me with them. Oh! It's despicable. And I—my wife—! (*He turns towards Gabrielle.*) And I adored you! (*Gabrielle, who has come near the chair, back of the card table, falls into the chair. Constant, extending his hands towards her, repels her, saying:*) My wife!

GABRIELLE. There! I've lost you now. All your love for me has gone. It went then. I felt it go.

CONSTANT. You're sticking to that part of it at least, aren't you? I don't know now whether to believe *anything* you say. Are you deceiving me about that, too?

GABRIELLE. No.

CONSTANT. You've been such a hypocrit— (*He goes towards Gabrielle, who rises and retreats from him.*)

GABRIELLE. It isn't because I'm a hypocrit that you haven't found *me* out. You never understood me because you've seen the other side of me, the good side. There are two sides to me. I've always known that. Yes. There *is* good in me. I want to be good. (*He sneers.*) Don't laugh! I've longed to be good and kind and honest. I've fought and fought and fought to be, but I never could because—because something bad in me always conquered me and I had to suffer for it. Yes, Constant, a person may do dreadful things and suffer for them all the while. My conscience has made my life—oh, what a hell! Oh, what a hell!

CONSTANT. You don't mean that!

GABRIELLE. Constant, I do, believe me. I do! I admit that I've been vile; that I've let my lowest instincts conquer me. But I've suffered for it. I've suffered horribly. (*Constant sits on the cushioned bench, never looking at Gabrielle.*) You said just now that I was charitable. Well, that's real. Miserable, unhappy people have always appealed to me, always touched me and I exaggerated my sympathy purposely. I thought, I'll give up my life to the poor. And I gave myself up to that idea, with my whole heart and soul. And when I did kind things



THE SKELETON WALKS OUT OF THE DOMESTIC CLOSET

Frances Starr, as the heroine of "The Secret," reveals to her husband the nethermost region of her tortured mind.

and saw that it made you happy, I was so proud! When people praised me to you, I almost loved them. You remember how I worked and—and then one evening I came out of a dispensary where I'd been playing with some crippled children. I didn't mind their being disfigured. I was kind and good to them. I was so contented that I really wondered at myself. When I got home they told me that you were upstairs with your sister, so I went up. I looked into the studio. It was very quiet, and there you were, among all the antiques and beautiful things, you and Pauline (*Constant turns his head towards Gabrielle*)—and you looked so happy. It was like a knife in my heart to see you two there. You were sitting by the fire and laughing, you were so friendly, so familiar, so satisfied. I can see you now. Oh, how it hurt me! The old feeling of—rage—came back over me. I hated her. I said to myself, "Does he love her more than he loves me? Does he love her as much?" I forgot my sick children and the pleasure I'd had that day. I forgot all the good I'd done in the past few months. An idea got possession of me and gripped me—that you had loved one another since you were little children. And *I*, your wife, was the outsider. I had never had any part in your friendship. So I thought I'd break it up. I'd make you detest your sister.

CONSTANT. Do you expect me to listen to this? (*He rises and strides towards Gabrielle, who retreats.*) How dare you admit your vile, deceitful conduct to my face?

GABRIELLE. I've tried to keep it away from you. I've tried to leave *you* in peace and happiness. But I can't do it any longer. It's got beyond me. It's grown and grown—grown till it's bigger than I

am. It's more than I can bear alone. I give it up! To-day I give it up! (*She falls on the sofa and sobs, her hands hanging down helplessly.*)

CONSTANT. You seem to take a venomous pleasure in telling me these revolting details, don't you? A venomous pleasure, a pleasure—

GABRIELLE. Oh, Constant, I had to tell you! There wasn't any other way. You're my last hope. You had to know.

CONSTANT. Very well, then, be satisfied. I know. Oh, not everything. I don't know everything. Your genius must have suggested a good many more pretty things to do. You don't deny it. Never mind, I've found out enough to tell you now—here—that I'll never forgive you. And I want you to understand what I mean when I say "never." Think back over the happiest moments, the tenderest moments we've had together. (*He lifts her head by putting his right hand under her chin.*) And then— (*A short pause. Constant looks Gabrielle in the eye.*) Look me in the eyes. You'll see what I mean. You'll never see the ray of kindness or love in my face again.

GABRIELLE. (*With a cry.*) Constant!

CONSTANT. Never! Never! (*Constant recoils from her.*) You're utterly repellant to me and I shall never get over the feeling. You've deceived me in the past; well, you know what you have to expect in the future, Gabrielle. (*He has gone as far as the door and now comes back towards her.*)

Constant, humiliated, reveals everything that has passed to Denis. Henriette and Denis make their peace. They are about to depart for their own home in Paris when Gabrielle, in the attitude of a penitent Magdalen, calls

back the friend she betrayed. Henriette draws her husband away. Gabrielle pleads: "Henriette!"

HENRIETTE. I'm not angry, Gabrielle. I shall do my best to forget the unpleasant memories and think of the times when you were good to me, when I was sure that you loved me.

GABRIELLE. Thank you, Henriette. My dear little Henriette, I thank you. (She seizes Henriette's hand and kisses it humbly, fervently, and still holding it, slips down to her knees, murmuring:) Thank you, thank you, thank you!

HENRIETTE. (Starts to bend over Gabrielle, but changes her mind, and without any show of sympathy, says coldly:) Goodbye, Gabrielle. (Then she goes out quickly as tho escaping from Gabrielle. She closes the door after her. Constant has come in just as Gabrielle has dropped to her knees. He has seen the scene to the end, but the two women have not noticed him.)

GABRIELLE. (In a heap upon the floor,

continues to repent, amidst her tears:) Thank you, thank you! (For a brief moment, he looks at her. Then as she crouches helplessly on the floor, utterly repentant and broken-hearted, he comes forward to her and without any show of affection, only moved by pity, he stoops and tenderly raises her to her feet, saying:)

CONSTANT. My poor wife. You mustn't bear this alone. I'm here. (They stand face to face without moving.)

GABRIELLE. Oh! What have I done, Constant! I haven't even been decent enough to keep my unhappiness to myself. I shouldn't have told you. I'm a coward and bad to the end. I've spoiled your whole life.

CONSTANT. No! No! It was better to have told me, better for the other two.

GABRIELLE. You're so good and generous. Oh, take me back! I know I don't deserve it. I haven't any right to ask you, but give me another chance, just one more chance and—Constant, I'm going to watch you and—and to try to copy

you. I'm going to make myself a better woman. Yes, just as children learn to read I shall try to—Constant, do you believe that a person can change his whole nature? Do you believe that by trying to do good things, somehow, one could really grow to think good things and to be good? Do you? Tell me, Constant,—tell me! Do you believe that?

CONSTANT. I hope so. I don't know. I— (Abashed, he retreats little by little from Gabrielle.) I'm only a poor devil of a man—

GABRIELLE. But you'll help me, won't you? I couldn't do it all by myself. (A pause. He looks at her, unable to fathom the enigma before him. He shakes his head as tho to say: "What can a man do?" Then with tenderness and sorrow:)

CONSTANT. Why, of course, I love you. (She goes to him like a baby and lays her head on his shoulder. Up to this moment, he does not embrace her. She takes his hands and puts them round her. We hear a faint little sigh as the curtain falls.)

PUTTING GOOD PLAYS ON A "WHITE LIST," A NEW MOVEMENT TO CLEANSE THE STAGE

UNDER the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church, Mgr. Lavelle has initiated a movement that may be powerful in turning the golden profits of indecent plays into dreary deficits. The organization formed more than a year ago, under the name of the Catholic Theater Movement, will publish a regular "white list" of the plays which deserve such approval. In announcing a few of the plays, the officials say that a complete list will shortly be issued. Among the plays that are now running in New York only two, "Peg o' My Heart" and "The Things that Count," are approved. Other plays favored are: "Buntz Pulls the Strings," "Disraeli," "Liberty Hall," "Officer 666," "Milestones," "Pomander Walk," "The Poor Little Rich Girl," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "The Governor's Lady." Six, or more than one-half, of the plays on the "white list" have been reprinted in the dramatic department of this magazine.

There will be no black list, no *index expurgatorius*, for an assault on an immoral play is apt to stimulate the

attendance. With regard to unworthy plays, the *Bulletin* will consequently maintain a golden silence. This also is the principle of the Drama League; but whereas that organization is actuated primarily by artistic considerations, the Catholic Theater Movement will emphasize mainly ethical values. "In a most subtle manner and under many disguises," a writer in the *Bulletin* explains, "indecentry upon the stage is exploited and made profitable. There are those who steal the livery of heaven in which to serve the devil and with specious pretexts put forth a propaganda in behalf of doctrines subversive of morality and religion. So insidiously are such positions assumed, with attractive shibboleths like 'art for art's sake,' that Christians of intellect and position are often deceived."

Copies of the *Bulletin* will not only be distributed in Catholic churches but sent broadcast with printed forms of a pledge that theater-goers are asked to sign. The signers promise "to avoid improper plays and exhibitions and use their influence that others do likewise." Cardinal Farley asks for the unquali-

fied support of all people, irrespective of religious denomination, in a concerted effort to save themselves and their children from the contamination of perverted drama. Commenting upon the letter of His Eminence, the *Bulletin* says that there will be no attempt, in judging plays, to set up pharisaical standards. "Whatever sympathy there may be for generous dreams and aspirations, the purpose of the Catholic Theater Movement at this time cannot be diverted to such laudable enterprises as the creation of a Catholic drama or the founding of a Catholic theater."

A similar movement will shortly be launched in Chicago. The press seems to approve of the idea that animates Monsignor Lavelle. "No possible harm to art that is worthy of the name," remarks the *New York Times*, "can come from the movement. Other newspapers, such as *The Sun* and the *Evening Post*, express themselves in a similar vein. Whatever may be the ultimate development of the Catholic Theater Movement, as a temporary reaction against sex hysteria on the stage, it is undoubtedly wholesome.

THE BITTER CREED OF GUSTAVE CHARPENTIER'S NEW OPERA, "JULIEN"

THE fourth operatic novelty of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House, Gustave Charpentier's lyric drama, "Julien," strangely disturbed and bewildered his audience. Charpentier is responsible for the words as well as the music, and into both he has poured out the bitterness of his heart. On the score of the opera he has writ-

ten the pessimistic words of De Musset: "We search about us hoping, hoping; and Destiny, in bitter mockery, answers us with a bottle of the people's wine and a light o' love."

"Julien, or the Life of a Poet," is a fantastic continuation of "Louise," that remarkable study in musical and dramatic realism which a few years ago electrified the metropolis. But

"Julien," as M. Charpentier makes clear, is not a continuation of the lives of the two lovers of the earlier opera. Charpentier has intended to give an allegorical representation of the soul, so the *New York Times* remarks, of an artist passionately possessed of an ideal and continually in collision with the realities of existence; of "the disintegration of the ideal, the destruction

of the high purpose, the downward course from burning idealism through doubt and despair to utter ruin." A text more strange, more weird, says the *New York Herald*, has never been set to music by an opera composer. Pessimism, fantasy, socialism, idealism and mockery are all combined in this strange verbal woof, a dream opera.

"It is, in brief, the battle of ideals waged by the poet Julien, who, in the same composer's earlier opera, 'Louise,' spent several acts in winning the love of Louise. When 'Julien' opens, the first scene being the prolog, the poet and Louise are together in Rome, at the Villa Medici. He falls asleep to dream of his great poem and his ideals, and the four acts which follow are episodes in this dream."

"First Julien and Louise approach the Holy Mount, which is capped by the Temple of Beauty—the latter being his goal. They sing of love and beauty. The scene changes to the Valley Accurst, which is half way to the Temple of Beauty. This valley is peopled with disappointed mortals, and Julien consecrates himself to the happiness of the world as he proceeds, arriving with the next scene in the Temple of Beauty. Here Louise is taken from him and in the following episodes she appears in four different reincarnations. Julien announces to the assembled multitude of Poets, Dream Maidens, Priests and Dreamers that he is about to devote himself to universal happiness, and the High Priest, accepting his declaration, tells him his Calvary is about to begin. The temple grows dark and there are lightning flashes. Julien prostrates himself at the altar, from which rises the Goddess of Beauty, an incarnation of Louise. He addresses her and she sings the cryptic injunction: 'Love! Fear Pride and—Human Reason.'"

The entire first act is labeled "Enthusiasm." The second act is called "Doubt." Julien awakes and recites his failure to convert the world to his esthetic creed. A peasant's daughter, who is another reincarnation of Louise, offers him her love, but her voice awakens sad memories, and he repuls-



CARUSO AND FARRAR IN THE TRAGIC CLIMAX OF CHARPENTIER'S NEW OPERA

In the last scene of "Julien," Charpentier depicts the utter degradation of the disenchanting artist.

es her and continues his wanderings. Louise, now in the guise of his grandmother, tries to restore to him the faith of his childhood, but a chorus of hapless poets searching for the lost ideals shatters his latent belief. This act is called "Impotence." "Intoxication" is the label of the fourth and final act:

"Julien is in Paris in a deserted street of the Montmartre district, seeking distraction. Louise appears in the guise of a street girl, while in the background there is a procession of dream maidens, dishevelled and sad-looking creatures. Julien attempts to catch the street girl, but she eludes him, and the dark, deserted street is suddenly transformed into a brilliant spectacle of the Place Blanche, with its Moulin Rouge, its side shows, cabarets and boisterous crowd. Every one is singing ribald songs and drinking. A faker in front of a theater—none other

than the High Priest in the earlier Temple of Beauty—sings the priest's solemn air transformed into a banal boulevard waltz. Julien and the street girl dance and revel. The crowd attacks the theater and wrecks it, while Julien and the girl go into a cabaret. The stage becomes dark, there are coarse shouts from the cabaret and Julien and the girl totter out into the street, sodden with drink. Before the poet's eye rises a vision of the Temple of Beauty, and he in delirium sings a ribald song and falls dead at the feet of the courtesan, who laughs cynically as the final curtain falls."

Such is the plot. Its philosophy, the *Herald* writer goes on to say, "if such it be, may be summed up in: Search ideals. If you fail, turn brute and glorify the beasts in humankind. It is a bitter creed, the belief—if the poet is sincere—of a disappointed and broken man. There is, if the work is to be taken seriously, little of uplift in the preaching, for the idealistic episodes are like straying dream pictures, while the sordid last act is grim, 'mocking realism.'"

The music of "Julien" is governed by no system. Its design, as St. John Brennon remarks in the *Morning Telegraph*, is not clear, but there is a certain undercurrent of passion underlying it all. Caruso interpreted the part of Julien with only moderate success. He was obviously handicapped by the histrionic and psychological demands of the poet's conception. Miss Farrar gave the various incarnations of Louise. She was most successful as the grisette. Her interpretation, according to the *New York Tribune*, was as powerful as it was horrible. In common with most critics the *Tribune* critic is disappointed in the musical quality of the play. In the last act, we are told, the fallacy of Charpentier's scheme becomes suddenly apparent. He has violated the primal law of the theater—instead of giving us thought through emotion he has striven to give us emotion through thought.

GERHART HAUPTMANN PAINTS A FAITHLESS PENELOPE

THERE is a certain femininity in all of Hauptmann's heroes. This is evident especially in his latest play, "Der Bogen des Odysseus" (The Bow of Ulysses), one of the literary curiosities of the season in Berlin. Hauptmann has dared to venture the same theme as Homer, and has succeeded merely in

portraying his own limitations. He has divested of heroic strength every character in the epic. Ulysses, his son, Telemachos, his father, Laertes, all evince symptoms of neurasthenia. Penelope, the noblest figure of antique womanhood, does not appear at all in the play. But, not content with eliminating her from the action, the poet insists on

making her faithless. That, as Paul Goldmann remarks in the *Vienna Freie Presse*, is a contradiction in terms. The woman who is called Penelope in Hauptmann's play has no right to that name. The poet may freely shape his material, but he must not change the fundamental characteristics of accepted historical types. In a "Don Juan" play,

Don Juan must not be a languishing worshipper of feminine virtue; in a new version of "Hamlet," the melancholy Prince must not appear as a jovial *bon vivant*; and in a new *Odyssey*, Penelope must not be painted as a nymphomaniac.

Hauptmann does not say in so many words that Penelope has violated her marriage vows; but there are constant insinuations to that effect in the speeches of her suitors and her maids. Ulysses himself seems to share this opinion, altho he expresses it less drastically than the others. Instead of Homer's hundred suitors, Hauptmann introduces only four. The fidelity of Ulysses himself is not beyond doubt in the play. He seems more interested in Leukone, the beautiful grandchild of his faithful pigherd Eumaios, than in Penelope. If

Hauptmann were logical, remarks the Viennese critic, Ulysses would marry the girl and Penelope would marry one of the suitors whose presence seems to kindle her passionate imagination. Telemachus, the son of Ulysses, takes in Hauptmann's drama the part that Penelope plays in the epic. He at least is faithful, but he, too, is a weakling. When he meets his father he behaves like a hysterical girl. Laertes, the father of Ulysses, is pictured as a senile, almost imbecile, old man. When Ulysses reveals himself to the father, the old gentleman, failing to understand him, asks him to dance with him. The dance that follows is intended as pathetic, but the effect on the stage is both disgusting and painful.

Ulysses himself is divested of his Homeric stature. He swoons, he sobs,

he feigns madness, and goes through a variety of emotions, but somehow he fails to touch the heart as deeply as two simple lines of Homer touch it. He groans and talks and trembles and shakes with epileptic tremors. Homer's Ulysses weeps but once, Hauptmann's hero makes his lachrymal glands exude constantly. He is a weeping willow; he cries when he sees his father; he cries when he meets his son; he even cries when he sees the shepherd's dancing. In short, the Ulysses of the dramatist is weakly, neurasthenic and lachrymose, the type of most of Hauptmann's heroes. He also lacks the guile of his prototype. Tho he feigns madness to disguise himself, he continuously blabs out his secret. The Ulysses of Gerhart Hauptmann deserves no faithful Penelope.

ANN SWINBURNE'S DEFENSE OF MUSICAL COMEDY ON ESTHETIC GROUNDS

CAN musical comedy be defended on purely artistic grounds? Anne Swinburne, who is indebted to this species of art for her popularity, thinks it can. She even voices her conviction that a renaissance of musical comedy is at hand. The *Comic Spirit*, to which George Meredith has paid so glowing a tribute, expresses itself in music quite as brilliantly as in other arts. This is a truth, declares the young prima donna (in *Harper's Weekly*) that is but little recognized. It has become the belief that popular or light music must mean bad music. Yet, she insists, one may point out innumerable spontaneous expressions of the *Comic Spirit* in music, many of which are to be found in the field of light opera. More than a half century ago Rossini composed an album for "shrewd children" which was filled with delightful and sardonic humor. One of the waltzes was even called "Castor Oil."

One need not go as far back as Rossini, however, to find glorious expressions of humor in terms of music. Miss Swinburne reminds us of Liza Lehmann's "Nonsense Songs from Alice in Wonderland" and her delightful "Precautionary Tales for Children"

in which we find expressed the bizarre humor of Hilaire Belloc's verse. In the same field we must mention an American composer, John Carpenter, whose "Improving Songs for Anxious Children" are the embodiment not only of whimsical humor but of a subtle understanding of child psychology as well.

The beginning of musical comedy goes back to the days of Molière. In its construction and appeal, "*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" can be compared only to our own modern musical comedy. The music, consisting chiefly of dances, was composed by Lulli, the most distinguished composer in the reign of Louis Quatorze. Other examples of musical comedy, such as the imperishable "*Barber of Seville*," are nothing less than classics to-day. Says Miss Swinburne:

"As for the expression of the *Comic Spirit* in the purest sense in the musical comedy of our own day, it is not necessary to hark back even to the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan to find a justification of this genre. Even if only as a sort of *jeu d'esprit*, the great composers of nearly every country have tried the composition of what we ought to call, to be logical and consistent, musical comedy. Even Puccini's '*La Bohème*' is in a cer-

tain sense musical comedy. Wolf-Ferrari's '*Le Donne Curiose*,' '*Il Segreto di Susanna*,' and '*L'Amore Medico*' are frankly so. Surely in the large sense we must consider Strauss' '*Rosencavalier*' as musical comedy. Even so gloomy and revolutionary a figure in music as the Russian composer Moussorgsky displayed a wonderful sense of humor in his unfinished musical comedy '*Le Mariage*,' which was inspired by and based on one of Gogol's comedies."

In America, Miss Swinburne goes on to say, some comic operas and musical comedies have been produced of which we ought in no way to be ashamed—many of Victor Herbert's works, for instance, particularly "*Babes in Toyland*" and "*Mlle. Modiste*." "*The Madcap Duchess*," she thinks, marks a turning point toward a new art of musical comedy, and the success of such a fantasy as "*Prunella*" indicates such a renaissance.

There is, however, in Miss Swinburne's opinion, still another esthetic justification of musical comedy in the sphere of color and movement. Is there, she asks, any other type of theatrical production that is so rich in possibilities for the judicious and artistic selection of colors, for the creation of amazing color schemes?

FRED STONE, THE SUPERCLOWN OF THE AMERICAN THEATER

A REPORTER, after interviewing Fred A. Stone, wrote of him: "He looked sad. He did it with his legs." Hats off to that reporter, exclaims Peter Clark McFarlane, for his acute powers of observation. Given a musical comedy, Mr. McFarlane goes on to say in *Everybody's*, theme threadbare, lines

commonplace, music so-so, chorus the usual twinkling shapeliness, chaste, simple, innocuous—the whole in keeping with that innocent appeal which the story of Cinderella makes to childhood, and nothing much beyond—what should happen? The thing should die before the town finds out that it is here. What does happen is that it goes for a

year on Broadway and another year outside.

The play referred to is called "*The Lady and the Slippers*," and it is illumined by no less than three theatrical stars—Elsie Janis, David Montgomery and Fred A. Stone. Montgomery is a clown whose art is modest and passive. He is a sort of runner-up to his part-

ner. Upon the latter Mr. McFarlane confers the title of Superclown; and, for good measure, lavishes upon him the following language:

"Eccentric comedian, grotesque acrobat, drollest of dancers, most accomplished of pantomimists, singer of songs, juggler of feet, shover of the anatomically queer—getting a laugh by the twiddle of a thumb, the twirl of a finger, or the twitch of a cheek; with India-rubber vertebrae, elastic voice, ebullient spirits; with inexhaustible enthusiasms; with poses that interrogate naïvely, gestures that titter at his own apparent perplexed crudities, and grimaces that scream with infectious self-satisfaction at his own successes; contortion without awkwardness, exaggeration without offense, mirth without meanness, fun without a taint; a mind that is clean, a heart that is kindly, and a personal character that is sound; an athletean artist, a husband, father, partner, friend!"

All these things, Mr. MacFarlane continues, you may say about Fred Stone and still not bring him into focus. "Stone's genius undoubtedly has a distinctly physical basis. Half of the charm of his dances lies in the seeming ease and perfect rhythm with which he does the anatomically impossible. He is very sure to bring some phase of his performance to its climax with a startling muscular exploit. But these feats of the acrobat are polished off with the art of the mime and seasoned with the unctuous drollery of the born clown."

Stone's first public appearance was as a volunteer in a wandering circus. He forced himself on the attention of the manager of a four-wagon show by walking on a high wire outside of the



HE BUILT A SKY-SCRAPER WITH HIS FEET

The Pullman Building, a huge office edifice in New York, bears witness to the material success of Fred Stone, the Superclown of the American Stage.

circus while the performance was going on inside. Everybody began looking up. The manager followed the general gaze to see a slip of a lad in the crudest tights he had ever looked upon, disporting himself in the air.

"The manager was stunned with surprise. He was also scared cold. Visions

of suits for damages if the boy got hurt rose swiftly, and angry exclamations gurgled in his throat; but before he could speak the admiring small boys holding the guy ropes shouted:

"This is the manager, Fred. Show him what you can do!"

"You come down, you little smart Aleck; that's what you do!" bawled the manager.

"But Fred's opportunity had come. He refused to let it slip. Before the manager's astonished eye there was successively reeled off every trick of his adult professional performer, to which Fred then added one or two inventions of his own. When he did descend it was to stand before the amazed showman, his chest puffed out, his head conceitedly on one side, as he asked:

"Do I go with the show?"

"You bet you do, kid, if your daddy'll let you," gasped the manager; and that was the beginning of the professional career of Fred A. Stone."

From such modest beginnings Stone climbed to the very pinnacle of clownish fame. At one time the vaudeville trust, with which he was at odds, cancelled his bookings, and he accepted Frohman's offer to go to London in a musical comedy. The musical comedy failed, but not so Montgomery and Stone. "Who is the stout party in the box, hammering so hard with his cane?" asked Stone of the stage manager one night. "Sir, it is the King of England," breathed the manager in awed accents. Stone collapsed into the arms of his partner. "Dave," he whispered hysterically, "have we arrived?" "The Scarecrow" offered Stone the first chance to use his brain as well as his legs.

THE DARKEST SPOT ON THE AMERICAN STAGE TO-DAY

THIS designation is not intended to characterize the White Slave Drama; it may be applied, without prejudice, to the production of "My Friend from Kentucky," by J. Leubrie Hill, at the Lafayette Theater, on the upper part of Seventh Avenue in New York. For every one connected with the play, from author-actor-manager Hill to the least important member of the chorus, is of the duskiest complexion. Booker T. Washington speaks of Bert Williams as one of the greatest assets of the negro race. Without wishing to filch any jewels from Mr. Williams's crown, remarks J. Chapman Hider in *The Theatre Magazine*, one may venture to name Mr. Hill as another such asset.

"Apart from the intrinsic value of their medium, the Darktown Follies, as Mr. Hill's players are called, owe their success to enthusiasm. It is stimulating to

find a company whose members, especially in the chorus, show an intelligent interest in their work; and in 'My Friend from Kentucky' there is a pleasant absence of that narrow-lidded, sophisticated languor so common in your average chorus. A refreshing spontaneity pervades the entire performance. These people are young. When they sing and dance they do it whole-heartedly. When they laugh, they really laugh, and their spirit is quickly transmitted to the audience—which, by the way, is probably the most appreciative in New York."

The plot of a musical comedy is usually a pretty flimsy affair. That of "My Friend From Kentucky" is not over-subtle or deep; but it is more coherent than the plot of many vaunted musical successes:

"Jim Jackson Lee, a moral weakling, led by a boyhood friend, Bill Simmons, mortgages half the plantation of Jasper Green, his venerable father-in-law, and flees to Washington in search of high

society, the presidency of the Colored Men's Business League, and freedom from the iron hand of Mandy Lee, his six-foot wife. Jim Jackson's freedom, however, is short-lived, as his justly indignant wife and her father, warned of his defection by the village lawyer, give chase, and catch him on the point of entering into matrimonial relations with a certain Lucinda Langtree, of the élite. Having been ruthlessly exposed by the avengers, Jim Jackson Lee, a sadder and we hope more responsible husband and father, returns to his Mandy and the old homestead."

First honors, the writer goes on to say, must go to Mr. Hill for his acting in the part of the outraged Mandy and for the conception and production of the piece. His dialog is clean and sufficiently witty. The musical numbers are tuneful, altho, for the most part, they lack the insidious but rather necessary quality that invites the ready whistler.

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

DIFFICULTIES OF THE BACTERIOLOGIST IN GETTING MOVING PICTURES OF THE MICROBES

WHEN the earliest films combining the work of the microscope with that of the cinematograph were shown to the French Academy of Sciences, it was realized that a new and reliable means of studying bacteria had been found. A little later, when the films were displayed to the public, there existed a fear that such things might not interest the man in the street. To the surprise of the moving-picture makers, the interest of the patron of the "movies" in "micro-cinematography" is scarcely less eager than that of the scientists themselves. Good films of bacteria never fail to please a "picture-palace" audience. The commercial possibilities can not be fully realized because the preparation of such films must be confined to a small band of expert investigators. From the standpoint of bacteriology alone it is expert work, and it must be supplemented by unusual skill in the photographer as well.

In working with the microscope, explains that moving-picture expert, Frederick A. Talbot, whose account we follow,* it must be remembered that the objects are seen by transparency. That is, the ray of light passes directly through or around the object, causing it to stand out darkly upon a luminous

background. From this arises one of the limitations of the microscope. If the subjects themselves are wholly or nearly transparent, they become wholly or nearly indistinguishable in the illuminated field in which they are placed. In still-life microscopical study, this disadvantage is overcome by coloring the glass slide on which the subjects are deposited. In cinematography this operation is ruinous to the work because the aniline dye used to color the slide kills the microbe whose life and movements are to be observed.

"It must not be forgotten that very small organisms, as a rule, move at a speed which is quite disproportionate to their size. Some will dart hither and thither across the field of the microscope with the speed of lightning, while others will move with great deliberation. In the first case a photographing speed of sixteen pictures per second will scarcely suffice to give a faithful record of movement. The result will be a series of disconnected jumps. On the other hand, if the object moves slowly, a photographing speed of sixteen pictures per second may be too rapid. In this event the phase of movement between two successive pictures will be so slight that the projection on the screen will appear tame unless the express object is to indicate the slowness with which the organism moves. And, indeed, this object can be achieved with almost equally good results by taking the pictures at a slower speed, say eight, four, or even two images per second, and thus saving a good deal of film.

"In most cases the micro-cinematographer works in a state of ignorance. He does not know whether he is obtaining a good or a bad film. His subject may be moving, or it may be quiescent, or it may hover round the extreme edge of the luminous field, in which case the pictures will be useless."

Another difficulty is the selection and control of the light. Attempts have been made to concentrate solar light

by means of a parabolic reflector or lens and then to throw it through the microscopic slide. The great drawback to this system is that intense heat is thrown upon the slide containing the organisms, and for these small creatures heat spells death. The same difficulties arise with acetylene and electric light. What is necessary is either to extinguish the light at intervals, simultaneously with the closing of the lens, or to intercept it so as to keep it off the subject until the exposure is to be made.

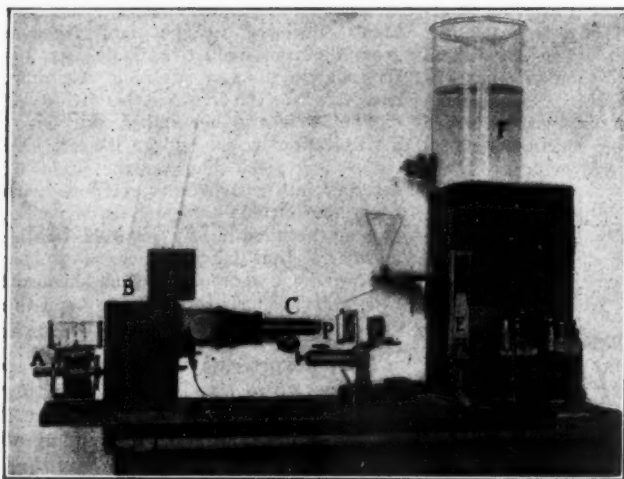
Not long ago, when French savants of the noted Marey Institute were engaged in the micro-cinema study of a colony of marine organisms, a microscope was attached to a cinematograph and the latter was driven by a clock. In this case, it was only necessary to make exposures at relatively long intervals and to continue them through several days and nights, so as to obtain a complete cycle of the phases of the development of the organisms. Consequently the clock was introduced in order to make the exposures at the right intervals.

"The organisms were placed in a small flat glass tank or vessel D, and were illuminated by the light from an incandescent gas burner. As it was unnecessary to keep the burner alight during the periods when the shutter was closed, Messrs. Bull and Pizon introduced a means of turning the light up and down. This was effected by a small electric magnet, working in synchrony with the clock and controlling the light so that the subject was illuminated only during exposure.

"As the studies were prolonged it was essential that the water in which the organisms were placed should be kept fresh and sweet. A glass jar F was introduced to serve as a reservoir, and from this a tube extended to the vessel D. A constant flow of water was thus provided. Its circulation was insured by another glass tube extending from the vessel P to the waste. The flow of water was controlled to a nicety by means of a tap without the production of bubbles or any other disturbance in the vessel D. In this manner the colony was preserved to the best advantage and in full activity. Some such system of circulation is necessary in all cases where the investigations are to last a long time."

The microscope is now carried, for some experiments, in a vertical position in front of the support which holds the camera. The camera is fitted with

* PRACTICAL CINEMATOGRAPHY AND ITS APPLICATIONS. By Frederick A. Talbot. J. B. Lippincott Company.

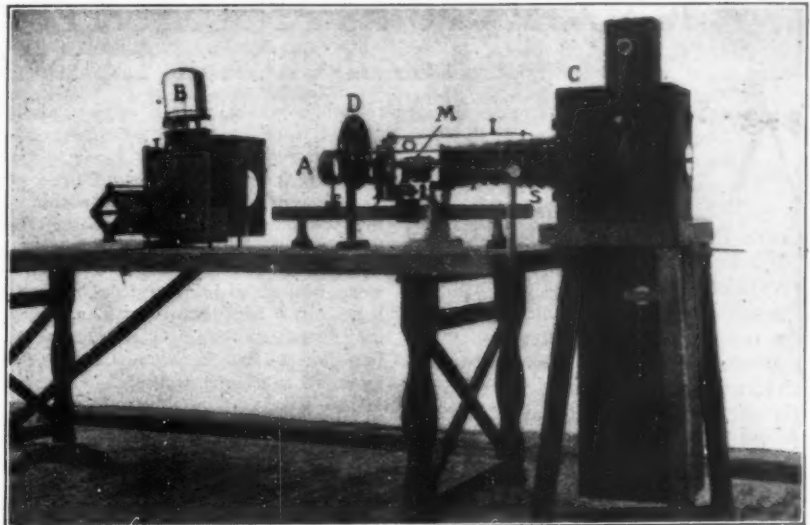


By Courtesy of the Marey Institute and the J. B. Lippincott Company.
MICRO-CINEMATOGRAPH USED AT THE MAREY INSTITUTE FOR INVESTIGATING MINUTE AQUATIC LIFE

A. One turn one picture control mechanism. B. Camera. C. Microscope. P. Small tank in which organism is placed, through which a stream of water from tank F runs continually. E. Incandescent gas jet for illuminating object.

an external bellows which carries a prism at its outer extremity. The prism is brought over the eyepiece of the microscope. The rays of light striking the turning mirror on the base of the microscope are projected upwards through the object side or vessel and then through the eyepiece to the prism. Here the rays are bent at right angles and are thus directed upon the traveling film in the camera.

"The character of the illuminant also can be varied. Sunlight may be caught by the mirror of the microscope and projected through the instrument as well as the beam from an electric light, incandescent gas burner, or what not. With this effective and compact apparatus many marvelous microscopic experiments have been carried out at the Institute, such as the filming of the heart-beats of minute insects, and so forth. One very fascinating investigation was that carried out by Dr. J. Ries, of Switzerland, whereby he secured a cinematographic record of the different phases of the union of the sperm and the egg, as well as the separation of the membrane and segmentation of the sea urchin. The difficulties of such a delicate study were extreme, but the films obtained were of the utmost interest. They enabled the investigator, to reconstruct upon the screen the complete phenomenon of fecundation. For this study the subject had to be photographed while immersed in a small vessel containing artificially prepared sea-water, which was



THE MICRO-CINEMATOGRAPH USED AT THE MAREY INSTITUTE

A. Special condenser. B. Electric arc light. C. Camera. D. Shutter between light and object. M. Microscope. O. Object under examination.

renewed as required. The clock control enabled the camera mechanism to be so turned as to secure a regular series of exposures at the rate of seven per minute."

When Doctor Jean Comandon set himself to cinematograph the most minute microbes, which are so small that two million may be found in a cube measuring only one twenty-fifth of an inch, he appreciated the limitations of

the ordinary microscope and the impossibility of obtaining images clearly and distinctly with it. He resorted to the ultra-microscope. With this instrument the light is not thrown directly through the slide containing the object but is directed upon it by reflection from a light which stands on one side. Beneath the object to be examined is placed a glass prism or condenser set at right angles to the optical axis.

A SENSATIONAL ANTICIPATION OF DARWIN BY AN OBSCURE AMERICAN

FEW have heard of the extraordinary delay in the promulgation to the world of science of the discoveries known as Mendelism. For some thirty years a crucial truth concerning heredity was sealed up from the world in a forgotten pamphlet written by the monk Mendel, now a scientific immortal. In a fashion no less extraordinary, the discoveries of the great chemist Cavendish were not all revealed until his family permitted the publication of his papers many years subsequent to his death. These discoveries laid the foundation of modern physics, according to a writer in the *Paris Cosmos*. Now, however, the scientific world has just been excited by an anticipation of Darwin and of the modern germ theory of disease by an American. His name was G. W. Sleeper. His work was published in Boston in 1849.

So astonishing is the insight into natural selection, into the nature of micro-organisms and into the behavior of toxins displayed by the American obscurity that the genuineness of the pamphlet has been suspected in England as well as in France. It was at first

pronounced a clever hoax. The work, a small affair of some thirty-six pages, was sent, according to London *Nature*, by an American, Mr. R. B. Miller, to the late Alfred Russell Wallace. The latter seems to have forwarded it to Professor Poulton with the observation that the author's "anticipations of diverging lines of descent from a common ancestor and of the transmission of disease germs by means of insects are perfectly clear and very striking."

This question of the authenticity of the Sleeper pamphlet has been carefully discussed by the distinguished Professor E. B. Poulton, President of the Linnæan Society, in an address to that body. After weighing the evidence brought forward by Poulton respecting the work and its author, says a writer in London *Nature*, few will doubt that Sleeper's studies were really printed and published at the time stated and that they contain one of the most remarkable anticipations of modern views and forms of expression respecting evolution and the germ theory of disease that have yet come to light:

"The present treatise goes far beyond most, if not all, previous attempts at solving the problem of evolution. The clear

grasp shown by the author of the Darwinian principles of the struggle for life, and origin of fresh species by the preservation of those forms best adapted for their environment, his advocacy of the persistence of germinal characters, and the very terminology that he uses, might well suggest a doubt as to whether the pamphlet is really what it professes to be, or whether it is not, in fact, a cleverly devised fabrication with a falsified date. We find, for example, such expressions as the following: 'Life owes its faint beginning to primal germs . . . pervading the entire terrestrial atmosphere; and, perhaps, the entity of the Cosmos'; 'everywhere about us we see waged the pitiless battle for life . . . the useless perish, the useful live and improve'; 'Man and the Ape are codescended from some primary type'; 'The life germ resident in Man transmitted to his descendants goes on existing indefinitely.' Here are anticipations, not only of Darwin, but also of Arrhenius, Galton and Weismann. Not less surprising are his enunciation of the germ-theory of disease, his experiments on the cultivation of streptococci from a sore throat, with the use of a germ-filter of cotton wool sterilized by heat, his suggestion of the action of phagocytes, and his recommendation of metal gauze protective frames for doors and windows in order to ward off infection carried by insects."

BLACK MAGIC AS AN UNSUSPECTED SOURCE OF THE INCREASE IN INSANITY

AN unprecedented increase in the occult tendencies of the age has resulted from the words spoken by Sir Oliver Lodge in his address to the scientists of Great Britain that revealed his own belief in "manifestations." Something very like a "craze" for "psychism" is spreading through all ranks of society, the result being an accentuation of the increase in morbidity, in neurasthenia and in downright insanity. Such is the gist of a warning uttered by Doctor J. Godfrey Raupert, who has investigated psychical subjects in Europe and America. The tendency to occultism has been encouraged, he says, by men of science, by exalted personages at various courts and by disinterested inquirers. The "fad" has spread to the humbler ranks of society. The end of these studies and experiments is in many cases, Doctor Raupert says, the sanitarium or the asylum. "Yet, in spite of the frightful danger, there is no attempt to check the propaganda." It is given a standing with the layman by the eminence of those who encourage it, thus inducing men and women to "adopt a passivity of mind which opens the mystical doors of the soul." This authority is even disposed to accept the theory put forth by R. H. Benson, who thinks there are spirits of evil, or emanations from an immaterialized realm, which must be held responsible for the facts accumulated by experiment under the auspices of the London Society for Psychical Research.

From his own investigations and from the evidence supplied by those who can hardly be disbelieved, Doctor Raupert, as quoted in a bulletin of the London Society, is convinced that spirit agencies are at work in these manifestations. To quote from a report of one of his lectures in the *London Chronicle*:

"During many private séances, at which I invariably adopted a critical and sceptical point of view, I exacted tests that admitted of no fraud on the part of those present. It was always necessary, for instance, to guard against words and actions arising out of the subconsciousness of the medium or his companions. Thus, in automatic writing, when someone present finds the arm violently agitated and beginning to write under the apparent dictation of spirits, it is always conceivable that the sentences which he scrawls on the paper come from the subliminal self and are not due to independent spirit actions.

"On one occasion, therefore, I put the paper in the center of the table beyond the reach of all hands, which were plainly visible. In the middle of the paper I placed the point only of a lead pencil. Presently the paper became luminous and began to move about in a zigzag fashion. Then,

suddenly, it was wafted up into the air and we could hear faint scratchings on it. When it came down again I seized it and saw that it was covered with little pencil smudges which conveyed nothing to my mind. But upon examining these 'smudges' under a magnifying glass it was seen that each little dot of lead was a word written so minutely that no human hand could have done it. They formed into sentences—ethical platitudes without importance—such as those which are often given in automatic writing."

Doctor Raupert was present at many séances where all the usual manifestations took place—such as musical instruments played without visible agency, materialization of forms and faces (recognized by those present as in the likeness of dead friends and relatives) and flowers and fruit brought into the room despite closed doors and windows. On one occasion a lot of lilies were deposited in a room which had been thoroly searched and locked against all intruders and the spirits declared that they had been plucked from a neighboring greenhouse. The party instantly searched and saw where the flowers had been broken off from the stems. In this country Doctor Raupert himself was photographed and, upon development of the plate, he saw his portrait surrounded by faces of vague outline. He recognized them as those of people, living and dead, with whom he had been closely related.

One curious fact impressed him. Among the faces was one in the likeness of a lady whom he had known many years before in England. It was a portrait of her in her young womanhood as he best remembered her and not as she looked at the time the photograph was taken. It was obvious that in some unexplained way the plate had produced the images not of the actual faces but of the memories of them in the subconscious mind of Doctor Raupert himself.

It was this, among many similar experiences, which led Doctor Raupert to believe that the spirits of the dead are not actually materialized. "The spirits of evil draw upon the subconscious or subliminal self of those who invoke them and use the knowledge so gained to imitate the personality of the departed." Spiritualists have utterly failed to prove identity. The spirits are able to give some facts relating to a deceased person with whom they claim identity. These are generally of a superficial and trivial character and are apparently gathered from the minds of the experimenters themselves. The spirits can not give important or evidential facts which might at least tend to establish their

identity. An experienced investigator found that the errors which he detected in a spirit's attempt at establishing identity were always in the details which he did not know himself and which he was not able to correct at the time. In one case a fact was given as tho it had actually happened to a deceased wife while it was really connected with a deceased mother. It has been proved beyond the possibility of doubt, according to Doctor Raupert, that poor people, duped into the belief that they have been brought into touch with deceased friends, have really been having intercourse with "evil powers impersonating the spirits of the dead." Upon which a psychical expert, vouched for by the *London paper*, thus comments in the columns of that daily:

"The spirits seem to draw upon the material substance of the medium in order to clothe themselves, as it were, in the human form or phantasm. Experiments, for instance, with the famous medium Eusapia Palladino, who was weighed during her trances, showed that she lost exactly half her weight, and experiments with another medium named Miss Wood showed that the weight of the phantasm conjured up by her was exactly half that of her own weight, which had been correspondingly reduced.

"While not denying the extraordinary phenomena of spiritualism, Mr. Raupert denounces the practice of them as belonging essentially to the Black Art. Throughout the whole of his experience he obtained proofs that the character of these spirits is immoral and of blighting influence upon their victims. Altho for a time they dictate high moral principles, especially to those who indulge in automatic writing, these invariably degenerate into sinister, blasphemous, or obscene suggestions. Hints are thrown out that morality is a matter of conventionality, that certain instincts are implanted in us in order to be gratified. Mr. Raupert asserts that he has known many women ruined utterly in body and soul by these debasing immoralities, urged upon them when their will-power had been destroyed by opening the doors of their mind to evil suggestion."

The ravages of such an experience upon the nervous system are well known to those who investigate the causes of insanity. The growth of a morbid tendency among persons addicted to amusements of the mediumistic sort has long been familiar to psychologists. The subconscious associations seem to usurp the functions of the normal processes in those addicted to a haphazard pursuit of "black magic." The case would be very different if the attitude were that of the scientist, able to refer his experiences to the now familiar processes of the subliminal self. The average

person, on the other hand, has a nervous system liable to break down as a consequence of such shocks as it receives in "psychic" experiment. All classes of society dabble in these mysteries, which would baffle a Freud of Vienna. Among the intellectuals, we read further, are thousands of men and women who, after abandoning Christianity, have, in the search for some kind of spiritual life, plunged into "occult science." Society women and shop-girls, clergymen in large numbers, city clerks and young men with a smattering of self-taught culture, are rushing to séances, crystal gazing and the invocation of spirits to an extent incredible to one who has not kept track of this cause of emotional disturbance. For this reason Sir Oliver Lodge has been censured in some organs of science abroad. Having risked the scorn of the sceptic, he has given encouragement to the charlatan without convincing anyone on the subject of occult manifestations. A defense of his attitude in *Science Progress* (London) by Doctor F. C. S. Schiller, however, makes these points:

"The logic of science substantially justifies his attitude, even tho those who see this may not all agree that the evidence accumulated up to date by psychical research is such as to generate in themselves a positive and assured belief that immortality has been proved.

"An impartial logician, i. e., one who is aware of his personal bias and endeavors to counteract it, would I think at present feel unable to attribute such high value to the evidence in question. Not because he personally disbelieves it or fails to recognize that it is a considerable improvement on the evidence that was in existence when the Society for Psychical Research began its operations and for the first time in the world's history attempted to investigate the most momentous of all questions in a scientific spirit and by scientific methods, but because he sees that the scientific conquest of this dim region of experience is only just beginning. The science of psychology is not yet sufficiently advanced to gauge with any confidence the limits of insanity, hallucination, error, self-deception, and fraud. Even where the good faith of the experience is not to be questioned, it is impossible to exclude a great variety of interpretations. The evidence is not yet recorded much better than that which we

have for the ordinary occurrences of life, tho its quality is appreciably rising. Its quantity also has increased, tho it is still miserably insufficient for scientific requirements. But the most fatal defect in it is that it has not yet been really subjected to experimental control. It is still mainly observational in its nature, and so the conditions of the phenomena under investigation cannot be explored.

"The result is that it has little or no logical 'cogency' as against those whose bias impels them to disbelieve it, even tho it has become dangerously attractive to many who merely wish to believe, and not to know. Disputes about 'what Psychical Research has proved' must at present end in a drawn battle. For each disputant, by looking at what favors his own interpretation and viewing the evidence in the light of his bias, can justify his belief in his own eyes, tho he usually fails to do so in those of his opponent."

No development in modern science is so subtle, declares a writer in *London Nature*, commenting upon all this, as the evidence accumulated to indicate that while there may not be ghosts, there are essences that seem at times endowed with personality.

"CUT OUTS" FROM SOLID ARMOR PLATE IN 6,000 DEGREES OF HEAT

MORE extraordinary than any demonstration of the powers of acetylene gas yet recorded is one which in London recently seemed to prove that steel plates can be utilized without rivets. Solid blocks of armor plate were cut into patterns as if they had been sheets of paper. Well-nigh incomprehensible temperatures were realized—running to thousands of degrees of heat. These triumphs are practical, not experimental, according to *London Engineering*. They are part of the system of the great furnaces established in Norway in which the possibilities of acetylene have proved quite revolutionary. Engineers from everywhere in the world formed the audience before which these wonders were exemplified by cinematograph films at London.

"No more rivets" was the title of the first picture showing the uses of acetylene. It revealed a workman welding together two pieces of steel by means of an acetylene blower. The heat generated was 6,300 degrees, at least, and by its means the two pieces of steel were simply welded together. There followed a picture showing a workman cutting out designs in steel by means of an acetylene blower, as easily as cutting paper, with the advantage that he mechanically followed the draughtsman's plan. The draughtsman's design on paper is laid on a machine.

Over it the workman simply runs a wheel, following the drawing. By a mechanical arrangement, the blower moves exactly with the wheel, but over a sheet of steel. With almost inconceivable ease fantastic designs are cut out of the solid steel. The most intense heat with the blower is secured when oxygen is mixed with the acetylene.

An example of the uses to which this combination can be put was shown in the cutting of a solid block of armor plate sixteen inches square. The actual cutting took four minutes. Cutting boiler tube holes was another of the uses to which acetylene is applied. By means of the compass torch the holes were seen to be cut with absolute exactitude. This operation is seemingly simple, for it can be mastered by any intelligent workman in a few hours. Here is a description from our British contemporary of how the work is done:

"The edge or surface of the plate at the point to be cut is first heated by the mixed jet of oxygen and any suitable fuel gas. When this spot has been brought to a state of incandescence, a fine cutting jet of oxygen is discharged upon it. This immediately produces combustion of the metal, with the resulting formation of iron oxide. The jet of oxygen is made sufficiently strong to blow away this iron oxide in front of it, with the result that a clean, narrow cut is effected through the metal at a speed of travel which is comparable with hot sawing. The metal on each side of the cut is neither melted nor

injured in any way, as the action proceeds too rapidly for the heat to spread; in fact, the edges present the sharp and purely metallic surface of a saw cut.

"The cutting may be made to follow any desired line, executing circles, curves, or profiles, as desired, for which purpose guides and other mechanical contrivances are supplied. Bevel cuts can be made, and the process can be employed for the cutting of all grades or conditions of steel, as the action being chemical rather than mechanical the quality of the metal does not materially affect the results.

"The process may be employed for cutting sections of any thickness up to and exceeding twelve inches, and the same cutter can be employed without any structural alteration on plates varying in thickness within wide limits; all that is necessary is to increase the velocity and quantity of oxygen used for cutting to correspond with the increased thickness of the plate."

Popular as acetylene has become within the past fifteen years as a gas, the uses of the medium are really in their infancy, according to this authority. Some eighteen years ago calcium carbide—the principal source of acetylene—was prepared for general use. Nevertheless, the gas has as yet been employed mainly for lighting. Engineers all over the world have of late applied themselves to the problem of extending the application of the gas with results that seem likely to revolutionize industries requiring a high degree of heat.

IS THE MONTESSORI SCHOOL BASED UPON A MISCONCEPTION OF THE CHILD MIND?

SOME educational authorities take it for granted that, as Doctor Montessori has had a modern scientific training, her ideas on education are necessarily more scientific than any that were within the reach of Froebel. But that conclusion seems to the noted English psychologist and educator, Doctor E. R. Murray, to call for reconsideration. He sees reason to fear that the famous Montessori "system," hailed with such rapture in this country as well as abroad, may be based upon a psychological blunder.

The public has been led to infer that educators accept the Montessori ideas as established. The layman forgets that there are no statistics of successes and failures. He does not ask whether the children were normal or deficient. There are, for instance, children deficient in other respects who learn to read with comparative ease. There are many children perfectly normal who learn to read with the utmost difficulty. Practical educators as well as psychologists are generally agreed that different methods must be used with different children. Yet Doctor Montessori uses only one method, the phonic. The point peculiar to the Montessori system is the emphasis laid, and rightly laid, upon the muscular memory. Still, the power to read and to name each separate sound is but a small part of reading. Only with certain children does the cry of "faster, faster" produce the desired result. To quote further from the paper which Doctor Murray prepared at the request of a body of

British educators and which we find in the *London Telegraph*:

"All scientific education must take account of human instinct, and every one who deals with the education of young children must investigate the meaning of play. Froebel dealt wisely with these even as early as 1826, but Dr. Montessori hardly mentions instinct, while to her, alas! 'balls and dolls' are 'futilities,' and 'plastic work serves for the study of the psychic individuality of the child in his spontaneous manifestations, but not for his education.' The Montessori psychology, in fact, appears to be almost entirely the psychology of the laboratory. This was totally unknown to Froebel, but he never made the mistake of thinking that one could educate the senses at one time and the intellect at another; he never imagined that 'the directress must intervene to lead the child from sensations to ideas, from the concrete to the abstract,' or that 'after we have offered to the child such didactic material as is adapted to provoke the development of the senses, we must wait until the activity known as observation develops.'"

"Froebel's way of stating the intellectual position of a young child is more psychological, for he speaks of passing 'from perception of a thing joined with thought about it, up to pure thought.' Dr. Montessori has justly made much of the fact that we only learn form through muscular perceptions. This point is fully emphasized by Froebel, but his psychological insight goes much further, in that he recognizes that a young child learns everything through action, and that this is the reason for his constant imitation of his surroundings."

To combat the over-emphasis laid by Doctor Montessori on sense perception

for its own sake, one has to recall arguments which Doctor Murray says ought to be more familiar than they seem. No one could minimize the importance of a well-developed brain and nervous system and of well-formed eyes and ears. It is, none the less, just as necessary now as it was fifteen years ago to remember that the eye and ear are but instruments whose defects may be cured by spectacles and ear trumpets—that neither eye nor ear is incapable of what we call perception and discrimination—that it is according as we direct mental activity towards that which is perceived through the instrument, whether ear, eye or hand, that differences are perceived or retained. Human beings do not direct human activities without a purpose. Professor Dewey's objection to lessons "calculated to train the senses" is that "they have no outlet beyond themselves and hence no necessary motive." Professor Adams, writing as long ago as 1897, told the teacher to "give up attending to the keenness of an eagle's sight and the delicacy of a dog's sense of smell and turn to consider interest and knowledge." Each in his own field, he says, we can do wonderful things not because our senses are keener but because our knowledge is fuller and better arranged in our special directions.

"Dr. Montessori, in extolling the virtue of trained sense-perception, instances how valuable it would be to the cook in recognizing fresh fish. Now, I have a friend who complains that, like the Dottressa's cook, she cannot select fresh fish in London. Why? Not from deficiency in



EMPLOYMENT OF THE MONTESSORI METHODS AT A LONDON SCHOOL

The main principles of this method are summed up recently as follows in the *Illustrated London News*: The liberty of the child to do as he pleases so long as he does no harm to himself or to others so that he may acquire the power to think for himself. Certain critics insist that the freedom of the Montessori method is not free, that its spontaneity is not spontaneous.

sense-perception—her senses are all acute, some of them painfully so—but, having kept house near the sea, where fish was recognized as fresh by being stiff to rigidity, she finds that as regards London fish that sign is of no use whatever, and she has not gained knowledge of the appropriate kind. Or, as Dr. Montessori makes much of isolating each sense, take this illustration: Said Mr. Venus to Silas Wegg, 'Mr. Wegg, if you was brought here loose in a bag to be articulated, I'd name your smallest bones blindfold equally with your largest as fast as I could pick them out, and I'd sort 'em all, and sort your vertebrae in a manner that would equally surprise and charm you.' No one had blindfolded Mr. Venus in his childhood in order to isolate and train his sense of touch, but he had 'gone on improving myself in my knowledge of anatomy till both by sight (and touch) and by name I'm perfect.'

"Mr. Venus had a purpose, a need; it was to his interest to know the 'vertebrae,' and 'separated from real needs and motives,' writes Professor Dewey, 'sense-training becomes a mere gymnastic, and easily degenerates into acquiring what are hardly more than mere knacks or tricks in observation, or else mere excitement of the sense organs.' Now Froebel is right

in insisting that the 'creative and expressive needs are the most essential needs of little children.' Professor Dewey expresses the same idea when he says that during the 'play period' of life 'the child is taken up with direct and outgoing activity, on the basis of the images and emotions that possess his mind . . . the whole bent is toward acting out of images.'

With the Montessori didactic material no such acting out of images is possible. It can best be described as a series of puzzles, mostly geometrical. There are cylinders and tablets to get into their respective holes, there are colors to sort out according to their shades, but there is nothing with which a child can satisfactorily carry out any purpose which has originated in his own mind. True, children are not always acting out images. They spend much time in spontaneous investigation and experiment. These puzzles do appeal to this side of their natures. But the investigation over, the purpose is accomplished. One reason for Doctor Murray's recent visit to the Montessori schools in Italy was that, having studied the material, he was unable to

conceive how any children could find it as absorbing as was alleged. Doctor Murray says he did not find the children absorbed. He found them bored. He found them weary.

All champions of Doctor Montessori are agreed that she objects to the material being used for any other purpose than that for which it is intended. The little Italian children are for all that just like other children. They are possessed by the desire to build houses and to make and play with trains. It was pitiful to Doctor Murray to see them constantly trying to construct with such poor material. Here and there one saw a child thoroly interested in setting out the colors or in sorting them or in matching the geometrical insets. As a rule, if left to themselves, the children performed the given exercise and then made trains or houses out of silk winders or weight tablets—even cylinders were pressed into service as building material.

To sum his point up, Doctor Murray tells us that the spontaneity of the Montessori system is not spontaneous and its freedom is not free.

LACK OF LIGHT AS A PREVALENT CAUSE OF CANCER

STUDY of the ultra-violet ray, the X-ray and radium has caused physicians to feel some apprehension respecting the subtler effects of light upon the tissues. Some effect or other was always traceable, to be sure, but the effect now appears to be really physiological—that is an effect from which modern civilization and modern clothing isolate us to our detriment. Thus writes Doctor Thomas S. Blair, who has had experience with radium therapy, and whose paper we quote from *The Medical Council*. He reminds us that the aborigines of regions like New Guinea, Yucatan, South Africa and Central America, as experts attest, are amazingly free from cancer.

Now, adds Doctor Blair, comes Professor Daniel Berthelot, of Paris, with a declaration that the skin of the modern human race differs much from that of our ancestors, a change characterized by great whiteness. While the skin of the more primitive races absorbs the violet end of the spectrum to a greatly increased degree, they also absorb most of the other rays of the spectrum as well—the primitive negro skin reflecting back no color at all. The skin of the red races absorbs all but the red and orange rays. The yellow races absorb all but the red, orange and yellow. The white skins of the races of to-day absorb none but the ultra-violet and possibly a little of the

violet, reflecting back almost the whole visible spectrum:

"Professor Berthelot prophesies that the present evolution of the human skin, if continued, will finally be such as to reflect back even the ultra-violet, thus developing an ultra-white race of people.

"Such a race may find itself frightfully decimated by an almost universal scourge of cancer.

"If it is indeed true that the X-ray and radium are effective in staying the progress of a cancer, may it not be that they do so by reason of their ability to penetrate the white skin and supply to the deeper tissues a substitute for the light-food for which the tissues and the cells have been starving?

"If this be true, how insufficient are these agencies at best! The X-ray, with an excess of short-length emanations and no long ones, brings its own train of troubles, while the available, or likely to be available, supply of radium allows but a mere glimmer of light where floods of it are needed.

"To our view, these agents are of value in cases where the light-starvation has been so long continued that a sudden influx of deeply-penetrating rays may be viewed in the light of an emergency remedy, occupying a place akin to the oxygen tank when fresh air is hardly strong enough to tide the subject over. But the oxygen tank can not take the place of fresh air; neither can radium and the X-ray the place of sunlight.

"Tropical experience confirms the view that the white skin absorbs such qualities from sunlight as to irritate the nervous system, and all manner of devices have

been resorted to to prevent this menace of the tropical sun to the white man. No persons can conceive what the tropical sun is until they are under it. But we have personally seen white men in southern Florida who, by long tanning on the beach, became almost as immune as the negroes to whatever dangers the sun there presents. Our own view is that the white skin absorbs too undiluted ultra-violet rays, while the negro or white skin which has been deeply tanned has these ultra-violet rays diluted with violet, indigo and blue rays, all of which penetrate the dark skin."

American statistics indicate as much cancer in sun-bathed California as in other states and that the American negro is subject to cancer. This would seem contrary to the theory here presented. Clothing, however, is so worn and so designed with us as to insulate nearly the whole surface of the body from the light rays of the sun. Man is the only animal with this propensity and, aside from rats and burrowing animals in a wild state and domestic animals kept away from the sun, man is almost alone in suffering from the ravages of cancer. We all know how lack of air is productive of tuberculosis and other diseases. Why should not lack of light be productive of an equally definite pathology? The remedy seems to be such an exposure of the body to light as the old Greeks practiced. There is no history of much cancer among them even in the records of Galen.

TRANSMISSION OF LIFE TO A DEAD WORLD IN SPITE OF THE ULTRA-VIOLET RAY

SOME years have elapsed since the famous physicist, Svante Arrhenius, formulated his theory that life is transmitted from world to world by vital germs traveling through space. The idea was held untenable owing to the influence of the ultra-violet ray, which, as a writer in the *Paris Cosmos* pointed out, seems fatal to the conception. The deadly effect of ultra-violet radiation on living germs seems an accepted fact of physics. It is known, as Professor Alphonse Berget says in the *Paris Biologica*, that this fatal action exists. It even exists so certainly that drinking water is sterilized industrially by utilizing microbicide action of ultra-violet rays.

Now these rays, absorbed in great part by the atmosphere of the planets, travel freely through interstellar space. Will they not kill wandering germs in the course of their voyage from one

world to another? Paul Becquerel's experiments seem to support this possibility of the death of germs through the action of ultra-violet rays. Nevertheless, Professor Berget insists that the contention is not proved. Svante Arrhenius, he says, is right notwithstanding the notion of the world's physicists that he must be wrong. First of all, it must be noted that the death of the germ under the Becquerel treatment was not instantaneous. Several hours were needed to destroy it, even under the action of a powerful light brought into immediate proximity with the tiny organism subjected to its effects. Now, the intensity of radiations varies in inverse ratio with the squares of the distances. Therefore at the distance of the orbit of Neptune solar radiation is nearly a thousand times weaker than at the distance of the earth from the radiating body. At half the distance of the star Alpha of the

Centaur this radiation would be twenty thousand million times weaker. A man resists the heat of a furnace before which he stands when he would die if he were thrust into the fire.

The work of the illustrious Doctor Roux seems to have shown that it is an oxydizing action due to the constitution of the atmospheric medium that causes the deadly effect of the light on the germ. He has made a series of researches in the course of which spores in a vacuum have resisted for several months the illumination of a very strong solar light which, had they been in the air, would undoubtedly have killed them. So one can conceive, insists Professor Berget, that a living germ, wandering through space and coming from a body on which life has already been manifested, can arrive at a world still devoid of life where conditions of temperature are such that life begins to be possible there.

POULSEN'S CLAIM TO HAVE REALIZED PRACTICAL WIRELESS TELEPHONY

ALTHO fourteen years have elapsed since that famous Danish inventor, Valdemar Poulsen, devised the telegraphone—an apparatus for recording telephone conversation and repeating it at will—its development is a matter of dispute. He has won renown as an expert in wireless telegraphy, but his discoveries in the field of wireless telephony have been somewhat neglected. The two spheres are, nevertheless, observes a writer in the *Paris Cosmos*, interdependent to an extent requiring notice in any statement of what Poulsen has recently achieved. There is little doubt to our contemporary that his genius has been too little appreciated in view of the towering renown of Marconi. Nevertheless, Poulsen is the inventor who worked his way through the telegraphone to a system of wireless telegraphy and then on to wireless telephony. The statement that his devices are not "practical" is altogether erroneous.

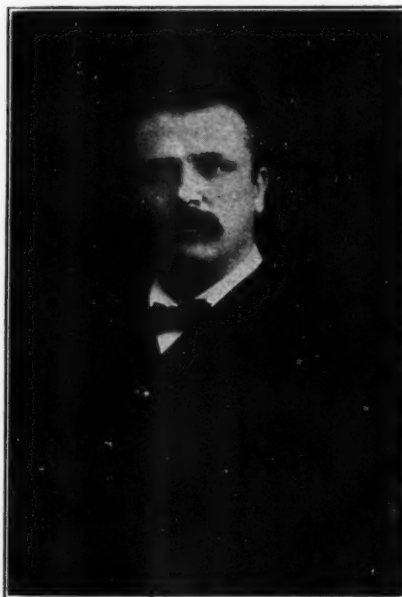
Experiments some years ago led the Danish inventor to the discovery of the so-called Poulsen arc and Poulsen waves, upon which his system of radio-telegraphy is based. The Marconi system, it must be noted, is essentially a spark system, being produced by intermittent electrical discharges. Altho it has now developed into what is called a pitch spark system, in which the explosions occur with great rapidity, it is still incapable of producing the continuous wave so desirable and indeed so necessary in radio-telegraphy.

Poulsen's work was from its commencement directed towards this latter end. He has succeeded in producing continuous waves and a higher kilowatt power for a much less expenditure of energy than in any other wireless system. This has been achieved by utilizing the arc formed by a current passing between two carbons in an atmosphere of hydrogen. Poulsen in a lecture before the Electrotechnischer Verein of Berlin has demonstrated the possibility of using his arc and waves in radio-telegraphy and telephony. Marconi works in electric explosions, the effects of which do not last long and which require to be repeated many times per second at a great expenditure of energy. Poulsen works with a continuous wave at a less expenditure of energy. Marconi requires a thousand horse-power to bridge the Atlantic. Poulsen is said to be able to accomplish the feat with forty horse-power.

It has been shown, according to experiments reported in the British press, that Poulsen waves render possible a much finer "attuning" than can be obtained with any "spark" or "intermittent wave" system. It follows that a larger number of stations can be operated within the same area without interference. Greater secrecy in the transmission and receipt of messages results, an important point in view of the increasing use to which wireless telegraphy is put. The speed of telegraphing between Poulsen stations is much more rapid than between the stations of any other system. Three hun-

dred words per minute have been received over a distance of 145 miles. Doctor Poulsen says he can soon send words across the Atlantic at the rate of two hundred a minute.

With no other system, according to some experts quoted in the *London Chronicle*, is real wireless telephony possible—a wireless transmission of speech over long distances.



A NEGLECTED GENIUS IN THE PHYSICAL SCIENCES

Valdemar Poulsen is perhaps better informed than any man alive regarding the principles that underlie wireless telegraphy, but his attainments have not met with the recognition they deserve.

RELIGION · AND · ETHICS

THE FUTILITY OF THE WHITE SLAVE AGITATION AS BRAND WHITLOCK SEES IT

A PROBLEM which has perplexed the thoughtful for thirty centuries" is what Brand Whitlock, publicist, novelist, ex-Mayor of Toledo and our new Minister to Belgium, calls prostitution. In his latest contribution to the discussion that at present swirls about the so-called "white slave," Mr. Whitlock writes with intense earnestness and with moral fervor. He sees very clearly the evils complained of, and he wants to end them. But he feels that repressive regulations in the past have been futile and that most of the current discussion on the subject is beside the mark.

Speaking, first of all, of his own experience in Toledo, Mr. Whitlock tells an anecdote regarding his predecessor in the mayoralty chair, the eccentric and lovable "Golden Rule" Jones. It happened, not so many years ago, that a committee of ladies and gentlemen called on Mayor Jones with the demand that he obliterate the social evil in Toledo. They were simple, brief and to the point. They informed him that the laws providing for chastity were being broken, that there were prostitutes in the city, and, in short, urged him to put a stop to it.

"But what am I to do?" he inquired. "These women are here."

"Have the police," they said, a new, simple and happy device suddenly occurring to them, "drive them out of town and close up their houses!" They sat and looked at him, triumphantly.

"But where shall I have the police drive them? Over to Detroit, or to Cleveland, or merely out into the country? They have to go *somewhere*, you know."

"It was a detail that had escaped them, and presently, with his great patience, and his great sincerity, he said to them:

"I'll make you a proposition. You go and select two of the worst of these women you can find, and I'll agree to take them into my home and provide for them until they can find some other home and some other way of making a living. And then you, each of you, take one girl into your home, under the same conditions, and together we'll try to find homes for the rest."

"They looked at him, then looked at each other, and seeing how utterly hopeless this strange man was, they went away."

Going on (in *The Forum*) to record his own experience with Mr. Mooney,

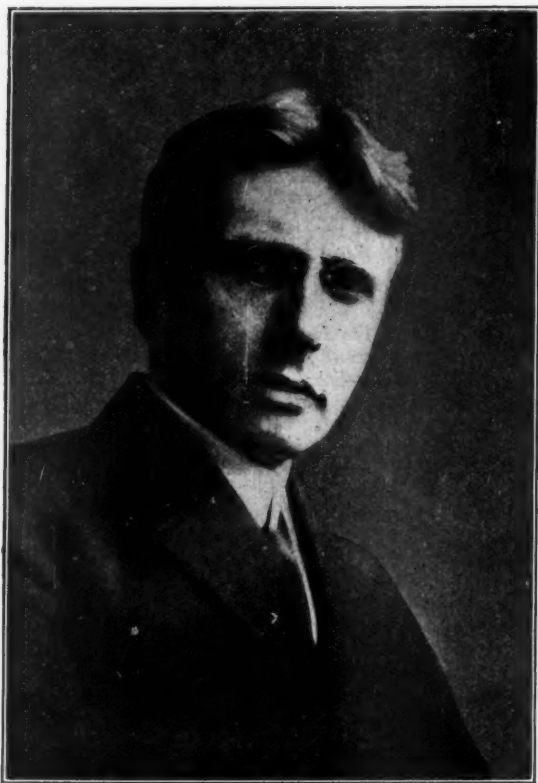
the Director of Public Safety in Toledo, Mr. Whitlock tells us:

"We found that the police, if they were brutal enough, could drive the girls off the streets. It seemed to me always a despicable sort of business—the actions of the police, I mean; I didn't like to hear the reports of it; I don't like to think of it, or write of it even now. It is not very creditable to make war on women, whatever the puritans may say. But the streets would show an improvement, even they would admit; much as they might linger and loiter and leer, the most seductively pure of them could not get himself 'accosted' anywhere down-town at night. Of course, after a while, the poor things would come back, or others exactly like them would come. Then the police would have to practise their brutalities all over again. Perhaps they were not brutal enough; I am not sure. To be sure they were not as brutal as Augustus with his sumptuary laws, or as Theodosius, or Valentinian, or Justinian, or Karl the Great, or Peter the Great, or St. Louis, or Frederick Barbarossa, or the Empress Maria Theresa in Vienna, or as John Calvin in Geneva, or Cotton Mather in Massachusetts, or as the English Puritans, with all their tortures and floggings and rackings and brandings and burnings. And even they were not brutal enough, it seems, since prostitution went right on down the centuries to our times. I suppose that we might have learned from their failures that prostitution could not be ended by physical force and brutality. However, when the girls were driven from the streets, inasmuch as the police did not despatch them, they still had to go somewhere, and the brothels remained. They had their own quarter, and if it was not a segregated quarter it was something very like it, since the police bent their efforts to rid other portions of the city of such places. It was perhaps a tolerated rather than a segregated district, and after a while the Director of Public Safety wished to try the experiment of making it a regulated district as well. I felt that the world was too old and I found myself too much of its mood to hope that any good could come from any of the efforts of policemen to dispose of such a problem, but I was glad of any experiment conducted in sincerity which might make for the better, and accordingly the Director of Safety put his scheme into operation. It was not *règlementation* in the exact European sense, since the temper of our American people will not acquiesce in that, and, as I discovered by some inquiries of my own in the principal cities of Europe, it is not of very valid effect over there. But the Director adopted most

of the familiar requirements of the Parisian *règlement*, except the medical examinations, and the registration of those not *en maison*; he required the proprietress to report at police headquarters the presence of new inmates; he forbade them to have minors or male parasites in the houses, and as far as possible he separated the business from the saloon business. Any house which ignored his orders found a policeman posted before it; then it came to time. The result was, as Mr. Mooney could report in the course of a year, that the number of brothels had been reduced from over two hundred, to less than forty, and the number of prostitutes, of whom the police had any knowledge, in an equal proportion. He was very proud when General Bingham complimented his policemen and their policing, as he was at similar compliments from the Government's white slave agents.

"Superficially this was a very gratifying report, but only superficially. Nearly three-fourths of the brothels had been closed, but their inmates had to go somewhere, just as Jones said, and the police found that clandestine prostitution had proportionately increased; the women had gone into flats, or hotels, or residences which on occasion could be made to serve as assignation houses. It may perhaps have improved the life of the prostitute, made it freer and more human, and perhaps it indicates that prostitution in America is showing a decadent tendency toward refinement. But while they had reduced the number of houses of prostitution, the police discovered that they had not reduced prostitution in the least, and when, after a trial of four years, I asked the Director and the Chief of Police what the result of the experiment had been, they said that aside from the fact that it seemed to make for order in the city, and simplified the work of policing, it had done no good."

This experience, Mr. Whitlock thinks, is probably universal. "Regulation" in Paris and Berlin is just as much of a failure as "regulation" in Toledo. In England, where there is no "regulation," the problem of prostitution is equally far from any satisfactory solution. "Other lands," Mr. Whitlock observes, "have made other experiments, but everywhere and in all times the same failure has been recorded, from the efforts of Greece to regulate the *hetairae* and *dicterides* and the severe regulations of ancient Rome, down to the latest reform administration in an American city. Nothing that mankind has ever tried has been of the slightest avail."



A PESSIMISTIC ANALYST OF THE SOCIAL EVIL

Attempts have been made in all lands and in all times, says Brand Whitlock, our new Minister to Belgium, to solve the problem of prostitution, but "everywhere the same failure has been recorded, from the efforts of Greece and the severe regulations of ancient Rome to the latest reform administration in an American city."

What, then, is to be done? Shall we simply let prostitutes go and not do anything to them? Mr. Whitlock replies: "Well, yes, if we can't think of anything better to do to them than to hurt them a little more, push them a little farther along the road to that

abyss toward which we have been hustling them. Why is it constantly necessary to do something to people? If we can't do something for them, when are we going to learn to let them alone? Or must this incessant interference, this meddling, this mauling and manhandling, go on in the world forever and ever?"

But what are we going to do about it? Mr. Whitlock believes in repealing all the criminal laws on the subject. He believes in stopping the commerce in vice, and he thinks it can be done by fiscal laws. He believes, above all, in a change of moral attitude. "The first step in any reasonable and effective reform," he says, "is an entire change of attitude on the subject, and about the only good to be expected from the agitation about white slavery, with all its preposterous exaggera-

tions and absurd sensationalism, is that it is perhaps making for a changed attitude, a new conception; if it will accomplish nothing more than to get the public mind—if there is a public mind, and not a mere public passion—to view the prostitute as a human

being, very much like all the other human beings in the world, it will have been worth all it has cost in energy and emotion and credulity." Mr. Whitlock concludes:

"The solution will come, if it ever comes at all, by slow, patient, laborious, drudging study, far from the midnight session of the legislature, far from the ear and the pencil of the eager reporter, far from the platform of the sweating revivalist, far from the head office of the police. Our fondly perused pornography might expose the whole of the underworld to the light of day, the general assembly might enact successive revisions of the revised statutes for a hundred years, we might develop the most superb police organization in all history, achieving the apotheosis of the Puritan ideal with a dictagraph in every bedroom and closet in the town, and it all would be of no avail. The study must survey the whole field of social and domestic relations, until the vast mystery of life is understood, and the relation between its vast antitheses established as Tolstoy adumbrates them in his story of the poor mother who took her daughter to the public house in the village, and the rich mother who, at the same time, took her daughter to the Court at St. Petersburg.

"It will be found perhaps in the long run, for which so few are ever willing to remain, that the eradicable causes of prostitution are due to involuntary poverty, and the awful task is to get involuntary poverty out of the world. It is a task which has all the tremendous difficulties of constructive social labor and it is as deliberate as evolution itself. And even if it is ever accomplished, there will remain a residuum in the problem inhering in the mysteries of sex, concerning which even the wisest and most devoted of our scientists will confess they know very little as yet and have not much to tell us that will do us any good."

ANTHONY COMSTOCK—AN HEROIC SUPPRESSOR OR AN UNCONSCIOUS PROTECTOR OF VICE?

IT was Bernard Shaw who said, not so long ago, that "Comstockery" is "the world's standing joke at the expense of the United States." His characterization met with storms of dissent, as well as with some indorsements. Mr. Comstock has never lacked either friends or foes. At the present moment, a number of circumstances have pushed his name to the front—among them his unsuccessful prosecution of Mitchell Kennerley for the publication of "Hagar Revelly" and the appearance of an authorized biography* by Charles Galaudet Trumbull. The whole problem presented by Mr. Comstock's activities is still very much in solution.

To his new biographer, the son of the late Henry Clay Trumbull, of *The*

Sunday School Times, Mr. Comstock's life seems one of "moral and physical heroism" and "incomparable achievement." For upward of forty years, now, he has been carrying on his crusade as secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice and as Post Office Inspector invested with the specific power of preventing the use of the mails for circulating obscenity. He is a staff officer of the Postmaster General, and he draws a salary from the Government, altho he did the work for nothing for over thirty years. Mr. Trumbull speaks of his ceaseless energy; of hardships endured in the performance of his duties; of wounds received; of infernal devices and hairbreadth escapes from death. He quotes and indorses the tribute paid to Mr. Comstock years ago by a writer in a monthly magazine, *The Bohemian*:

"It is doubtful if there are many men in the world whose integrity has withstood closer scrutiny. For considerably more than a quarter of a century the brains, the wealth, and the energies of all the criminal classes have been enlisted against him. They have tried to lead him into temptation, but he has resisted the most seductive traps that they have been able to set for him. The Louisiana Lottery people dangled the bribe of 'independence for life' before his eyes, practically allowing him to name the conditions under which he would agree to let them alone, but he dismissed them with a wave of the hand. . . . They put detectives on his track, hoping that they might discover that he had at some time been guilty of some act of which he might now be ashamed, and great sums of money were offered to the man who should supply them with information that could be used as a club to drive Anthony Comstock into a corner. To earn this

* ANTHONY COMSTOCK, FIGHTER. Fleming H. Revell Company.

reward, many of the sharpest investigators in the land searched the record of his life from the very day he left the cradle in his mother's arms, but not one of these smart Paul Pry's was able to put his finger upon a single deed of moral iniquity. Where most of us ordinary individuals would have been driven to the 'tall grass,' Anthony Comstock accepted these most searching investigations as a matter of course, actually aiding rather than attempting to retard them. As the result, it is reasonably safe to assert that there is at least one man in the United States who has no skeleton concealed in his closet, and that man is the Secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice."

"Through all the failures of others to stop his work, or kill his body, or ruin his name, or destroy his character," Mr. Trumbull writes, "he has pushed steadily on, making a shining mark for himself for deadly attacks from many a death-dealing human creature because of his relentless and successful purpose to put just as many of such creatures as he could out of their sphere of activity while God gives him life and opportunity." The "tangible evidence" of the result of Mr. Comstock's work is summed up by Mr. Trumbull as follows:

"Since he commenced he has destroyed something over fifty tons of vile books; 28,425 pounds of stereotype plates for printing such books; 3,984,063 obscene pictures; 16,900 negatives for printing such pictures; 3,646 persons have been arrested, and of these 2,682 have been convicted or pleaded guilty, and 2,180 have been sentenced. If the matters which have been seized were to be transported this would require sixteen freight cars, fifteen loaded with ten tons each, and the other nearly full. If the persons arrested were to be transported, sixty-one passenger coaches would be needed, each with a seating capacity of sixty persons, sixty cars filled, and the other nearly full."

Mr. Trumbull has only praise for Anthony Comstock. He seems unaware of a growing resentment not only of Mr. Comstock's methods, but of the whole policy of repression. The "other side" of this important question is voiced by a number of writers. We find, for instance, the *Rochester Post-Express* declaring editorially:

"The principal fault to be found with Anthony Comstock is that he does not always use good judgment in his work. He would destroy a Raphael or a Titian or a Rubens as promptly as he would burn an objectionable photograph. If he could have his way he would emasculate Shakespeare, bowdlerize the Arabian Nights and annihilate Rabelais. If he possessed absolute authority in the world of art, he would put Aphrodite in a Mother Hubbard, clothe Pan in evening dress, and crib, cabin and confine the Muses in unimpeachable gowns. The trouble with Anthony Comstock, in spite of the good work he has done, is that he has sought so long for impurity that

he finds it in everything he looks into. For this reason he is no longer able to judge things impartially. He should give up his work as special investigator of the purity league to some younger man—to some one who is not so satisfied with the muck that he cannot see beauty in a 'September Morn,' or appreciate the grace of a Pavlova dance. We heartily agree with his biographer that he is a fighter. Comstock is a veritable Du Guesclin when it comes to battle; but when he lays about him with his battle-axe he cares not whom he hits."

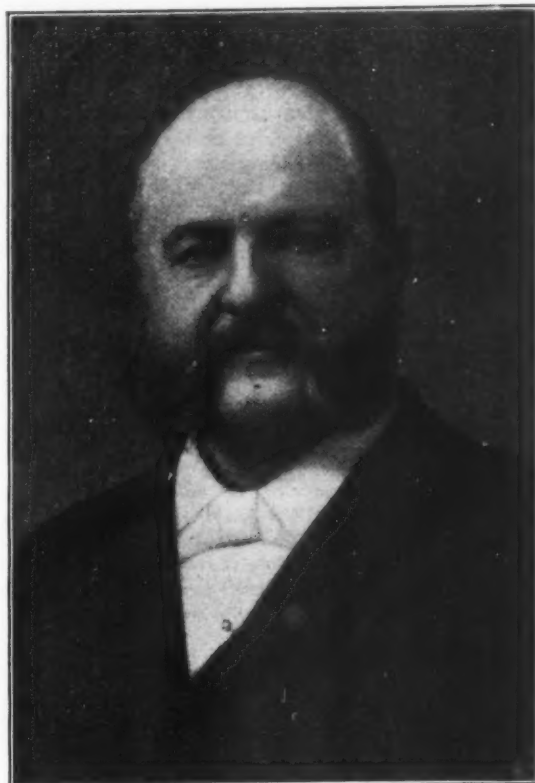
The *New York American* goes so far as to intimate that Mr. Comstock is in danger of becoming the protector, rather than the suppressor, of vice. It speaks, in particular, of his opposition to some of the new sex plays and of his threatened prosecution of such books as Christabel Pankhurst's "Plain Facts about a Great Evil." Then it says:

"The question suggests itself: 'Who is this man whom crusaders against the forces of evil are forced to defy? Why does he set himself squarely across the path of an intelligent attack upon an evil which, tho sheltered behind a conspiracy of silence, is notorious, and menaces the vitality of individuals, the integrity of the family, and the foundations of the State?'"

"Comstock is the head of a society created for the suppression of vice, but which is in grave danger of continuing as the protector of vice. For vice, like noxious vermin, flourishes best, nay, flourishes only in darkness. . . ."

"It is quite idle (more than that, it is utter folly) to look upon the growing tendency to discuss problems of sex freely and frankly as either a passing craze or a symptom of morbid decadence. It is an evidence of returning sanity, of new enlightenment. Sex is the great fact of nature. Upon its impulses the continuance of the human race devolves. But to the abuse or misdirection of these impulses are due many of the gravest diseases, physical and mental, with which mankind is cursed. Shall the facts concerning the origin and dissemination of these evils be kept secret, that in utter and needless ignorance men and women may innocently, or even with guilt, contract them?"

"Concealment of vice is not suppression of vice. Mr. Comstock, through misdirected and unintelligent zeal, is not doing his immediate cause a service, while he is working irreparable hurt to the public health."



HE HAS ALL THE DIGNITY OF AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION

Anthony Comstock has been the secretary of the Society for the Suppression of Vice for upward of forty years. He is also a staff officer of the Postmaster General, and is entrusted by the Government with the specific duty of preventing the use of the mails for circulating obscenity.

Mr. Comstock himself is convinced that he has a divine mission to perform. "I believe that the Great Master gave me this work to do on behalf of the young children of this country," he recently told Alleyne Ireland, of the *New York Sunday World*. He also told Mr. Ireland that he believes in a personal devil. "Just what do you mean when you speak of the devil?" he was asked. He replied: "I mean exactly what I say; a real, personal devil who is working in these things. I have been working against this devil for forty-two years." He said further:

"The last census of the United States discloses more than ninety million persons enrolled in the United States. More than one-half of this number are twenty-one years of age or under. These latter are in the plastic stage, when the walls in the chamber of imagery in the heart are being decorated; when the commissary department of the soul is being stored with good or evil influences,

"If through eye or ear—the portals of the chamber of imagery—the sensuous book, picture or story is allowed to enter the thoughts will be corrupted, the conscience seared, the heart hardened and the soul damned.

"I almost shed tears sometimes when I see improper poems and pictures in the hands of children. I am appalled by the wickedness of debauching the minds of the young for a money consideration. It is the devil's work."

THE MORAL HAVOC WROUGHT BY MOVING PICTURE SHOWS

THE psychological danger involved in the exhibition of moving-picture films is strikingly described in the New York *Outlook* by Mrs. Barclay Hazard, head of the New York Branch of the National Florence Crittenton Mission for unfortunate women. It seems that *The Outlook*, in connection with recent discussion regarding so-called "white slave films," sent two of its editors to see the picture drama entitled "The Traffic in Souls." They made, on the whole, a favorable report. *The Outlook* editorially said that this particular film was false in some particulars of fact and out of proportion in the presentation of others. Even the best of such films, the same paper continued, could not teach morality to the immoral, could not by themselves inculcate high ideals. But, in spite of that, "they might be made of tremendous value in destroying the glamor of baseness." To the mind of *The Outlook* the question whether a moving picture portraying some phase of the social evil should be permitted presentation or not depended entirely upon the last point mentioned in the previous sentence. Did it make vice attractive? Did it make virtue seem foolish and evil a means to pleasure and quick reward?

In face of all this, Mrs. Hazard writes to *The Outlook*: "I fully realize your point of view, but it seems to me that you only touch upon the fringe of the subject." "We protest," she says, "against an exhibition to young, immature and easily influenced minds of pictures which suggest a life which, tho it may apparently end tragically, is extremely alluring to the youthful mind." She writes further:

"Let us take, for example, the analogous case of films showing holdups, railway wrecks, cowboy fights, etc., the heroes of which are occasionally led even to the electric chair. But their final destination

does not in the smallest degree discourage their would-be imitators among the boys of the community. Hardly a week passes that some enterprising boys are not arrested as runaways, having started out to capture and annihilate the wild Indians with the somewhat inadequate equipment of two dollars and forty cents and a rusty revolver. Did their activities end there, the amusing interest might be the one most obvious; but these same children have been known to tie younger and weaker comrades to the stake and light bonfires, which have so injured the victims that several deaths are the record of this species of entertainment. Now, these boys are not necessarily either foolish and simple, as shown by the rusty revolver; nor are they inherently bloodthirsty and wicked, as might be indicated by the fire and stake. They are simply normal adventurous boys on whose minds the films made no impression except such as they chose to have made upon them. The human mind, even at a very early period of life, is intensely selective. There is much psychology in the Bible text, 'What went ye forth to see?' For what we go forth to see is what we do see; and what impression we take from pictures, from plays, from books, and even from music, is the impression that we choose to take."

This argument, Mrs. Hazard continues, applies with even greater force to the subnormal. "No one," she tells us, "could have been for any number of years in the work of helping unfortunate young women without realizing very forcibly what a very large percentage of them are what we used to call 'not just right,' or, as they say in New England, 'not all there.'" Two types, in particular, need to be noted, namely, the so-called "border-line cases" and the neurasthenics. The border-line class comprises girls who have very little active mentality. They are weak and unmoral, rather than immoral; they live for the moment only. The neurasthenic is identified by Mrs. Hazard with the hysterical person, and suffers from a disease "re-

quiring as much patience and skill in controlling as it would were the malady active mania." To quote further:

"Bearing these two cases in mind, it is not difficult to see where the danger lies in exhibiting films such as were recently censored out of Washington, but are freely exhibited in other cities, and the untold harm they can do. The girl of the border-line type, the type first named, goes to see these films. To her untrained, unbalanced and extremely susceptible mentality the only appeal made by such pictures is one of allurements. Vanity, love of luxury, and craving for excitement are almost always present in this class of women. They therefore feel, if they can be said to think so far ahead, that they are willing to run any risks to attain the immediate result. Consequently what the psychologists call suggestion plays a much larger part in the lives of the border-line class than it is easy for ordinary people to comprehend."

"As to the effect on the neurasthenic, it is perhaps not best to go into it here. Suffice it to say that any physician with experience among such cases will testify to the immediate and serious physical results of this auto-suggestion."

Mrs. Hazard states that she makes her objections to the exploitation of the social evil by sensational representations in no narrow-minded spirit, in no desire to shut her eyes to unfortunate facts and then say that they do not exist. She concludes:

"Were it possible to show what was the real after-life of these girls, there might possibly be some excuse for their exhibition. It is not a sudden nor a dramatic end which comes to the great majority. The films cannot show the slow disintegration of nervous tissue; it cannot show the insidious advance of anemic diseases, even tho those incidental to the profession are avoided; it cannot show the hopeless, helpless longing for a return to normal conditions after it is too late; and these things constitute the real and unavoidable tragedy."

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF CHINA'S RETURN TO CONFUCIANISM

A FEW years ago, the Japanese Government seriously considered the advisability of adopting a national form of worship. It looked into the conflicting claims of Shintoism, Buddhism, Confucianism and Christianity, and it almost decided on Christianity. Then the whole scheme fell through. Japan decided that it could get along better without adopting any national religion.

Now China, confronted by the same

problem, has come to a different conclusion. It has selected Confucianism. In January last a bill prescribing the worship of Heaven and of Confucius was submitted to the Administrative Council of the new Chinese Republic by President Yuan Shi Kai. One of the most remarkable debates in the world's history ensued. Authorities thousands of years old were freely quoted. An eminent scholar asked, "What is Heaven?" and contended that it must be defined be-

fore it could be generally worshiped. There was much discussion also concerning the worship of Confucius, one delegate asking: "Is he a god or a human being? If the latter, how can he be worshiped? And if he is to be worshiped by the schools, how can the scholars of other religions maintain equal standing?" All objectors were finally overruled, and the bill was passed with the understanding that the questions at issue were to be regarded mainly in a political light.

The formal adoption of Confucianism as the State religion of China has come as something of a shock to the Christian world. One commentator regards Confucianism as "a deadly philosophy of conduct." *The Christian Herald* (New York) speaks of China's four hundred millions being "given back to idolatry." *The Congregationalist and Christian World* (Boston), however, takes a more cheerful view of the situation. It comments:

"The determination of President Yuan to restore the Confucian practice as the established religion of China rests, apparently, on three considerations. One is the observed relaxation in the popular moral code since the revolution. The Confucian ideal of the ruler as parent of his people and so responsible for their correction and instruction in righteousness would make a strong appeal to any educated and governing man of China. Yuan is of the North, where Confucianism is strongest, and he commits himself to the least possible amount of dogma in adopting it as a national religion, while he restores to full authority the traditional codes of practical morality. Another motive seems to be a desire to strengthen his position by an appeal for popularity in identifying himself with the most Chinese of all Chinese products. A third, we may guess, is the opportunity the great annual festivals and offerings at the worship of heaven give him to appear in the place as high priest of the nation once occupied by the emperors and to secure to himself the prestige that nationally representative character will give. He is not to wear the crown, but otherwise he will be in the sight of all China as his former master, the Manchu emperor.

"We have never desired or expected

that Christianity would be made the legally established religion of China. We do not believe in established religions. Christianity must make its way into the love and loyalty of the Chinese people. The practical question is of the effect which this reestablishment of Confucianism will have upon that forward march of the faith. Confucianism is certainly less objectionable than religious anarchy. It may be treated, aside from the sacrifices, as the mere code of public ethics which it really is. If there is no withdrawal of free worship and confession and no state compulsion put upon Christians in the service of the government, we hardly see how the work of the missions can be seriously hindered by this decision of the government. Chinese Christianity will ultimately be Chinese, not Western, and it will be sure to appropriate for its own use all that is best in Confucian thought and ethics; just as Christianity in the West appropriated festivals and symbols from the Greek and Northern faiths. That is a process that takes time. We are sure that the innate vitality of Chinese Christianity will use that time to good advantage and we may be thankful that the restored faith has no inherent tendencies toward persecution. The real struggle of the faith of Christ in China will be with Buddhism and, perhaps, in the West, with a revived Mohammedanism."

Unity, the Chicago religious weekly which aims to synthesize all religions, takes a similarly optimistic view, but for different reasons. It says:

"State religion' of any kind is to be distrusted, possibly, for it is apt to be interpreted in terms of intolerance towards all other religions, but the teachings of Confucius, and perhaps still more the practice of the wise old prophet of politics,

the man who lifted statesmanship into a devotion, has done much for China in the past, and there is much yet to be done. . . .

"Next to Socrates, of all the great teachers of religion, Confucius has escaped the obscuration of miracles, the entanglement of supernatural claims, theological dogmas and ecclesiastical formulas. An intelligent, loving, devoted Confucianist is preferable, in China or out of China, to a shallow, unintelligible, unappreciative and formal Christian, because the former is a better 'Christian' than the latter. There is more spiritual potency in a movement which seeks to elevate and perfect the religious life from within than in trying to graft upon the people an exotic in religion with a foreign phraseology. As in economics and commerce, it is wise to encourage home industries and improvements. When China brings its democracy up to the standards of its great lawgivers, when the analects of Confucius, of Mencius and the philosophy of Lao-Tse are widely circulated and intelligently studied and popularly loved, then, like Felix in the New Testament, the Chinaman will be moved to say 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian,' and the Christian missionary can respond in the words of Paul, 'Not almost, but altogether I would thou wert as I am, save these bonds,'—the bonds of prejudice, the bonds of blindness, the bonds that still obscure the truth that is to be found in all religions. The holy life is the same under all systems of religion and all the great teachers of religion have taught one gospel in varying forms, and that is the gospel of love and loyalty, of justice and reverence. Our chief anxiety should be that China should have a religion. If it can be made more potent let it be a 'state' religion. Let us not be too anxious about the label."

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN "HUMAN" AND "FEMALE" FEMINISM

HERETO we have had only the antagonism of feminists and anti-feminists with which to puzzle our brains.

Now it appears that there are two emergent forces in the feminist movement itself, not only distinct but opposed,—"Human Feminists" and "Female Feminists," thus producing a kind of three-sided warfare. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, in her magazine, *The Forerunner*, calls attention to this division, and she writes: "The one holds that sex is a minor department of life; that the main lines of human development have nothing to do with sex, and that what women need most is the development of human characteristics. The other considers sex as paramount, as underlying or covering all phases of life, and that what woman needs is an even fuller exercise, development and recognition of her sex." Between the two extremes, of course, there are many shades and degrees of opinion; nevertheless the real struggle lies

between these sharply defined forces. Mrs. Gilman continues: "The Human Feminist holds that woman's grave injury is that she has been debarred from this human development; that she has been so preoccupied with being a woman, so happy or so miserable in the range of her feminine relationships, that she has failed to notice her painful deficiencies as a human being. The Female Feminist, on the other hand, holds that woman is preeminently and most valuably a female, and as such she should be indulged, honored, paid, and allowed full and free activity."

Mrs. Gilman herself, according to a writer in the *Nineteenth Century*, is the present "inspiration and authority" of Human Feminism. "Our Humanness" is the keynote of her entire philosophy. Ellen Key is the high priestess of Female Feminism the world over. In a series of articles appearing recently in *Harper's Weekly*, and entitled "Woman in a New World,"

Madame Key reaffirms her belief in this doctrine. She presents a great paradox. Radical and extremely dangerous to present-day morality in all that concerns marriage and the sex relations, she is yet profoundly conservative, even reactionary, in all that pertains to motherhood. Her ideal of womanly self-sacrifice is very like the anti-feminist's; only it contains more. To the duty of self-sacrifice she would add the power of maternal self-assertion. She believes in a consecration and an exaltation of motherhood which amounts to the predominance of the woman over the man, a maternalization of life. "The greatest danger to feminism and to humanity," Ellen Key now writes, "is that so many of the best women do not realize that the duty of motherhood is the most valuable to the nation, the race, and humanity, and that it is all important to reach again on a higher plane the union of self-assertion and self-sacrifice which only motherhood can bring. . . . It is woman's

wisdom which the ancients worshiped. It is this wisdom which must be again respected and followed, in order that humanity may rise to the moral and spiritual height to which it has already risen materially, intellectually and scientifically. She concludes her argument with one of her glowing paragraphs:

"Motherhood, which is the fountain head of unselfish ethics and which is woman's special field of action, must become her highest responsibility in thinking, feeling and acting. This is meant not only in a direct sense. When women in youth and early middle age have fulfilled their highest moral duty, to bear and rear the new race, and when in this work they have used all the culture which

their new freedom has given them, then the time for spiritual motherhood arrives and occupies their later years. All we dream of for the future may yet be realized, and realized through the women, if the mothers of the next thousand years will consider it their highest happiness to promote through their children the evolution of the race toward a higher humanity."

THE LIMITATIONS OF THE MONTESSORI METHOD FROM A RELIGIOUS POINT OF VIEW

ON the ground that "an education which simply permits, or at most invites, children to learn something, is an education essentially incomplete," the Chicago Presbyterian weekly, *The Continent*, makes a strong attack on the "Montessori system" so brilliantly expounded by its founder in this country during recent weeks. Madame Montessori's main conception is stated by *The Continent* as follows:

"A child is primarily entitled to freedom. There are forces implanted in the soul of every normal child which, if given a chance to develop unhindered, are bound to produce in manhood or womanhood the highest value of which that particular individuality is capable. There is no better thing to do for a child than for a plant—let it grow. The only advantage which a child's elders can really afford him is the same advantage that a plant needs—a weedless garden to grow in."

Thus in direct opposition to the ancient proverb, "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined," the Montessori teaching declares it a crime to try to bend the twig. Now what, asks *The Continent*, shall the conscientious Christian mother say to this? Is this indeed a better way to raise children than her mother's way? The Presbyterian paper replies:

"Like most innovations, this Montessori doctrine deserves something to be said in its favor and something in disapproval. But since its praise is spoken by many

voices, it will not be ungenerous here to dwell on the dispraise that for fair judgment must go to balance the approbation.

"The criticism can for the main part be summed up in one sentence:

"The Montessori method falls short because it does not recognize that for a child's complete education two diverse developments must work out in his life—the development of his own individuality and the development of his adjustment to other lives.

"Madame Montessori has had her eyes so exclusively fixed on the first that she has neglected the second of these necessities.

"And that is the reason why she asks for the child freedom only. Developing the child's personality does require freedom. In that aspect freedom is a sacred right for the child.

"But developing social adjustment is every whit as important; indeed, from the standpoint of the common interest of humanity it is more important. Now note this well:

"The condition for educating a child into right social reactions is authority. And Madame Montessori, discarding authority, eliminates the most of the social element in education."

The reason why social discipline for the child must needs be provided by authority appears obvious to *The Continent*. The world, it observes, will improve from generation to generation only as teachers and parents—parents especially—transmit to their children the accumulated social experience of generations gone before. To fail in

that "is not granting the children a new privilege of liberty, but denying them a heritage." And the transmission of social experience is not the work of a passive onlooker. "It demands positive molding action—action of the artist, moreover, as well as the gardener." *The Continent* adds:

"In practical terms all this heads up into the question of requiring obedience from the children in the home. A dread has come on many mothers lest making children obey may some way stunt their growth or malform their lives—stamp on them the arbitrary impress of wills other than their own.

"But no fallacy could be more averse to real parental duty. . . .

"The years of childhood form habits. Through those years the mother is under bounden obligation so to exercise over her children the authority God intrusts to her that their habits, shaped out of actions which she controls, shall be those habits that she knows will contribute to the world's peace and justice and brotherhood.

"The world prizes freedom in society and politics. But nobody is fit for that freedom who has not learned to make room for the well-being of others by accepting limitations on the exercise of his own impulses.

"That is, in a word, nobody can be a good citizen who has not learned to obey.

"And the modern world still is depending on mothers to furnish it citizens who know how to obey. The mother who relaxes obedience in the home is, so far forth, a traitor to the coming common weal."

WOMAN'S SELF-SACRIFICE REGARDED AS A SIN

THAT woman's self-sacrifice is a "sin," not a duty, and that under certain conditions her selfishness may become a "supreme virtue," is the doctrine preached by the latest exponent of feminism, Rebecca West. Miss West is sometimes called the *enfant terrible* of English journalism. She is astonishingly youthful. She likes to shock us and show how much she knows. She can tilt a lance with Shaw or Wells or Chesterton. She is a "human"

feminist, and she has read Charlotte Gilman. For the luminous ideal of Ellen Key, Miss West shows little respect. She professes to find it no different from the anti-feminist's. "According to these folks," she declares in the London Socialist weekly, *The Clarion*, "a woman should pass automatically through a serenely sentimental adolescence to a home; there the tranquil flame of her unspoiled soul should radiate purity and nobility upon an indefinitely extended family. . . .

Inconceivably incandescent, inconceivably economical, like the advertisement of a motor lamp come true." This amounts to a claim to haloes for women, Miss West continues, for a halo is about the only thing that gives out light yet needs no fuel. To quote further:

"Unless a human being is inspired with wisdom by some supernatural power he can only gain wisdom by an experience compounded of his sensations. . . . We are dependent for the value of this basis

of wisdom on the extent to which we lean out of our selves and adventure among alien things. The only times when a woman's physical feelings are concentrated within herself are when she has indigestion and appendicitis; when she is well she is thinking how warmly the sunlight lies on her face or how sweet the wet leaves smell. Similarly, when a woman's mental feelings are concentrated within herself she must have inflammation of the brain. Only the mad wonder continually whether they are men or poached eggs, and discuss whether the world uses them well or ill. The sane look round on their fellow-men and delight to see who will help them in their work of making the world less madly governed; they walk the earth to choose their battlefields, and touch all it contains to find the substance most fit for the forging of weapons. Then they glow with the exhilaration of wisdom and radiate glory. So might many women were they given freedom; but they must remain tinged with no clearer light than the reflection of the

kitchen-range so long as they are made to ape the self-sufficiency of the maniac."

If women are ignorant of the world of life outside the home, how then is it conceivable, Rebecca West asks, that they can inspire the men who are not ignorant of it? The home-keeping woman—the devoted wife and mother, she further asserts, has signally failed to radiate purity and nobility. Otherwise our social conditions would not be what they are to-day. Men alone have not been able "to fight the forces we have in an honest quest for civilization called up from hell; all the energy of the world is needed to battle with them." The woman who remains in the home caring only for her own children is by her very "softness" encouraging the conditions that may some day destroy them. Miss West concludes her argument with the following passage:

"The fact is that this idea of sacrificing the individual to the race never works. . . . There is nothing behind the race but the individuals. If half the individuals agree to remain weak and undeveloped, half the race is weak and undeveloped. And if every alternate link of a chain is weak it matters not how strong the others are: the chain will break all the same. Every nation that has contained a slave class has fallen to dust and ashes in spite of all its military glory and its pride of brains. And I cannot remember that any individual has ever benefited the race by self-sacrifice. . . . The people who draw down salvation to earth are the people who insist on self-realization, whether it leads to death or gaiety. Florence Nightingale saved war from its worst disgrace and helped the sick because she hated disorder, not because she thought she ought to do something toilsome. . . . Darwin uncovered the significant eyes of Truth because he enjoyed zoology. . . . And truly these are among the saviors of men."

THE MOST IMPORTANT CONCLUSION THAT HAS EVER BEEN REACHED BY MEN

IT was Lord Acton, called the most learned Englishman of his day, who said that he found the greatest inspiration in history when he viewed it as a growth toward a larger freedom. And now J. B. Bury, Regius Professor of Modern History in Cambridge University and one of the first scholars of our age, tells us in a new book* that he regards the establishment of free thought and of free discussion as the most valuable achievement of modern civilization. This conclusion appears as the climax of a historical argument that begins with Greece and Rome, passes through the Middle Ages, interprets the Renaissance and the Reformation, and traces the progress of Rationalism through the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

At present, in the most civilized countries, Professor Bury remarks, freedom of speech is taken as a matter of course and seems a perfectly simple thing. We are so accustomed to it that we look on it as a natural right. But "this right has been acquired only in recent times, and the way to its attainment has lain through lakes of blood. It has taken centuries to persuade the most enlightened peoples that liberty to publish one's opinions and to discuss all questions is a good and not a bad thing." Human societies, Professor Bury continues, with a few brilliant exceptions have been generally opposed to freedom of thought, or, in other words, to new ideas, and it is easy to see why.

"The average brain is naturally lazy and

tends to take the line of least resistance. The mental world of the ordinary man consists of beliefs which he has accepted without questioning and to which he is firmly attached; he is instinctively hostile to anything which would upset the established order of this familiar world. A new idea, inconsistent with some of the beliefs which he holds, means the necessity of rearranging his mind; and this process is laborious, requiring a painful expenditure of brain energy. To him and his fellows, who form the vast majority, new ideas, and opinions which cast doubt on established beliefs and institutions, seem evil because they are disagreeable.

"The repugnance due to mere mental laziness is increased by a positive feeling of fear. The conservative instinct hardens into the conservative doctrine that the foundations of society are endangered by any alterations in the structure. It is only recently that men have been abandoning the belief that the welfare of a State depends on rigid stability and on the preservation of its traditions and institutions unchanged."

The true argument for freedom of speech and of the press, according to Professor Bury, is rooted not in so-called "natural rights," but in recognition of the fact that there cannot be progress without it. The advancement of knowledge, he says, and the adaptation of habits and institutions to new conditions depend upon it. He continues:

"To advance knowledge and to correct errors, unrestricted freedom of discussion is required. History shows that knowledge grew when speculation was perfectly free in Greece, and that in modern times, since restrictions on inquiry have been entirely removed, it had advanced with a velocity which would seem diabolical to the slaves of the medieval church.

"Then, it is obvious that in order to readjust social customs, institutions, and methods to new needs and circumstances, there must be unlimited freedom of canvassing and criticizing them, of expressing the most unpopular opinions, no matter how offensive to prevailing sentiment they may be. . . .

"Once the principle of liberty of thought is accepted as a supreme condition of social progress, it passes from the sphere of higher expediency which we call justice. In other words, it becomes a right on which every man should be able to count."

It is not so much criticism of old ideas as the appearance of new ideas and interests, Professor Bury tells us, that changes the views of men at large. "It is not logical demonstration but new social conceptions that bring about a general transformation of attitude towards ultimate problems." We read further:

"Those who have the responsibility of governing a society can argue that it is as incumbent on them to prohibit the circulation of pernicious opinions as to prohibit any anti-social actions. They can argue that a man may do far more harm by propagating anti-social doctrines than by stealing his neighbor's horse or making love to his neighbor's wife. They are responsible for the welfare of the State, and if they are convinced that an opinion is dangerous, by menacing the political, religious, or moral assumptions on which the society is based, it is their duty to protect society against it, as against any other danger.

"A long time was needed to arrive at the conclusion that coercion is a mistake, and only a part of the world is yet convinced. That conclusion, so far as I can judge, is the most important ever reached by men."

* A HISTORY OF FREEDOM OF THOUGHT. Henry Holt & Company.



LITERATURE · AND · ART



The Visit of William Butler Yeats.

FOR the third time within recent years, William Butler Yeats, the Irish poet and dramatist, has come to this country to expound his faith and to interest us in his work. He was entertained, on his arrival, by the Poetry Society of America. He is speaking in many cities. The Irish players from the Abbey Theater in Dublin—the same who brought to these shores, two years ago, the fiercely fascinating and provocative “Playboy of the Western World”—are also here, but are acting independently of him. Mr. Yeats has lost none of his enthusiasm for the theater as “the most popular and powerful of educators.” County Cork, he says, has given the Abbey its best plays of late. “Only the other day,” he tells us in an interview published in the *New York Times*, “Lady Gregory and I accepted a play which in my opinion is a masterpiece. I found that the author was a rural postman in County Cork. We have five very strong and competent dramatists in that county, where a school has grown up, all the members of which resemble one another in their way of looking at life—frankly and sincerely, but with no idealization.” The one regrettable feature of the new school, in Mr. Yeats's view, is its over-seriousness. He is “sorry we are getting hardly anything but tragedies, for it is comedy we want.” He adds: “For a long time Ireland produced nothing but plays, but during the last few years we have had James Stephens's ‘Crock of Gold,’ a beautiful fantastic story of Irish life and wild humor. It is the latest literary event in Ireland, and it is a great comfort to me that Stephens is giving us the other side of Irish life. He is not a popular novelist, but he is trying to write the finest literature.”

Mr. Yeats Maintains That Propaganda Cannot Take the Place of Art.

THAT the world will have to go through a period of violent realism, of dragging into the light what is hidden, before it can return to a literature of beauty and peace, is Mr. Yeats's conviction.

He charges us in America with being still in the Victorian epoch of literature. Our very phrase, “moral uplift,” he says, implies it. Paul Verlaine once said to Mr. Yeats: “I am trying to translate ‘In Memoriam’ into French, but it is impossible. Tennyson was too noble, too ‘English’; when he should have been broken-hearted, he had many reminiscences.” This is the sort of thing that, in Mr. Yeats's opinion, literature should avoid. For propagandist plays of any kind, whether written in England or America and directed against the white slave trade, or in Ireland directed against the British Government, Mr. Yeats has little taste. He declares:

“A great artist has only one consideration, and that is, reality. If he is a poet, it will be the reality of inner life. If he is a realistic dramatist or novelist, it will be the reality of external life. Which-ever he chooses, he has every right of a

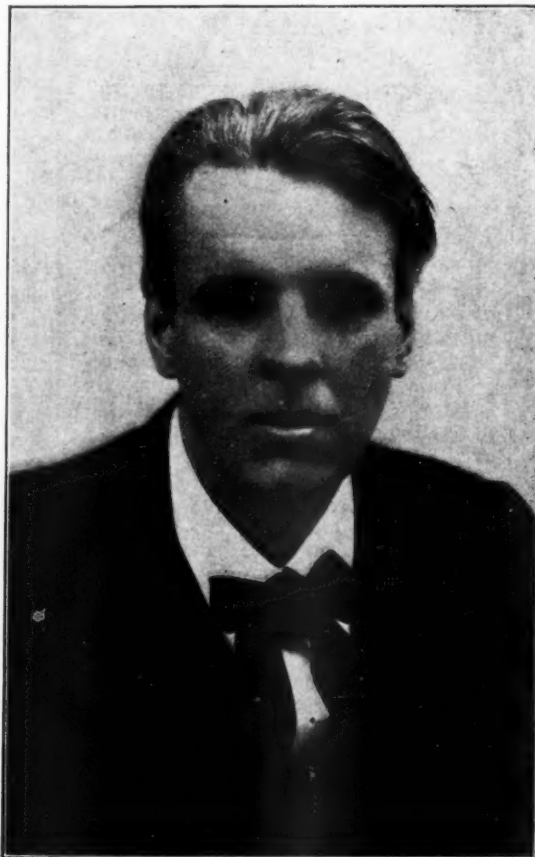
man of science. The latter is as much honored among his fellows for exploring the life history of a beetle as for discovering the history of a star. We do not know which is the more important to the human race.

“It is the history of the more intense states of consciousness that a great artist expounds, and it is necessary to his very existence as an artist that he should be free to make use of all the circumstances necessary for the expression of any permanent state of consciousness.

“If you deny expression to any profound or lasting state of consciousness, you make that state of consciousness morbid and exaggerated. The Greeks had no exaggerated morbidity of sex, because they were free to express all. They were the most healthy of all peoples. The man who is sex-mad is hateful to me, but he was created by the moralists.”

Mr. Yeats's Activities Through George Moore's Eyes.

MR. YEATS'S “background” deserves to be studied in connection with his visit. It has never been portrayed with such insight and with such quaint humor as appear in a series of chapters from the third and unpublished volume of George Moore's autobiography, “Vale,” now running in *The English Review*. Mr. Moore takes a gleeful pleasure in pricking the bubble of illusion, and he chaffs Mr. Yeats unmercifully when he feels like it. He even takes him to task for the “paunch,” the “huge stride” and the “immense fur overcoat” with which he returned from previous visits to America. He tries to show him up as something of a humbug, and he rolls under his tongue the dicta of “Æ” that “Willie Yeats's best poems were written when he was a poor boy in Sligo” and that “Yeats's inspiration is declining.” Mr. Moore objects to Yeats's statement that Lady Gregory has discovered a speech as beautiful as that of Morris and Burns. This is too high praise, he thinks, for the peasant dialect of Mayo and Galway. Apropos of Lady Gregory, Mr. Moore repeats an admonition of years ago: “One thing, Yeats, I have always had in mind, but never liked to tell you; it is that the way you come down the steps from the stage [at the Abbey Theater] and stride up



HE PREDICTS A RETURN TO ART FOR ART'S SAKE

American literature, William Butler Yeats opines, is too much obsessed with “moral uplift” and similar themes. He hopes for a return to what he calls “art for art's sake, the disinterested service of the Muses.”

the stalls and alight by Lady Gregory irritates the audience, and if you will allow me to be perfectly frank, I will tell you that she is a little too imposing, too suggestive of Corinne or Madame de Staël. Corinne and Madame de Staël were one and the same person, weren't they? But you don't know, Yeats, do you?"

A Vivid Picture
of Synge.

FROM this more or less good-natured persiflage we pass to George Moore's haunting description, in the same review, of the tortured and solitary Irishman who wrote the "Playboy" and whose name will always be associated with the dramatic movement that Lady Gregory and Mr. Yeats initiated:

"As I write this line I can see Synge, whom I shall never see again with my physical eyes, sitting thick and straight in my armchair, his large, uncouth head, and flat, ashen-colored face with two brown eyes looking at me, not unsympathetically. A thick, stubby growth of hair starts out of a strip of forehead like black twigs out of the head of a broom. I see a ragged moustache, and he sits bolt upright in my chair, his legs crossed, his great country shoe spreading over the carpet. . . . Yeats had called him out of obscurity for a little while, and now he was to pass from us into the night that never melts into dawn, unless glory be the dead man's dawn. It seemed a cruel fate that decreed that Synge must die before his play could be revived in Dublin, but his fate was cruel from the beginning. . . . He received Yeats's belief in his genius, and that was all."

Robert Louis Stevenson's
Tributes to His Wife.

THE news of the death of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson at Montecito, near Santa Barbara, California, stirs memories of wifely devotion that has seldom been matched. Mrs. Stevenson outlived her famous husband twenty years, but she never failed in loyalty to him. From the first moment that they met, in 1878, at the little village of Grez in the forest of Fontainebleau, there was an understanding between them that nothing could mar. In his wife Stevenson found a critic and secretary, as well as a practical adviser. "She had many of the fine qualities that are usually attributed to men rather than to women," S. S. McClure tells us; "a fair-mindedness, a large judgment." The last book on which Stevenson worked, "The Weir of Hermiston," was dedicated to her:

"I saw the rain falling and the rain-bow drawn
On Lammermuir. Harkening, I heard again
In my precipitous city beaten bells
Winnow the keen sea-wind. And here afar,
Intent on my own race and place I wrote.
Take thou the writing; thine it is. For who

Burnished the sword, blew on the drowsy coal,
Held still the target higher; chary of praise
And prodigal of counsel—who but thou?
So now in the end; if this the least be good,
If any deed be done, if any fire
Burn in the imperfect page, the praise be thine."

Thus Stevenson acknowledged her influence and help in his literary work. He also wrote:

"Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel true and blade straight
The great artificer made my mate.

"Honor, anger, valor, fire,
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench, or evil stir
The mighty master gave to her.

"Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
A fellow farer true through life.
Heart whole and soul free,
The August Father gave to me."

Stevenson as S. S. McClure
Knew Him.

THE death of Mrs. Stevenson gives peculiar timeliness to a late chapter of the rich "Autobiography" of S. S. McClure, now being printed in *McClure's Magazine*. Mr. McClure, it seems, first heard of Stevenson through Charles de Kay, brother-in-law of Richard Watson Gilder. At the time Mr. McClure was starting his syndicate and eager for fresh literary material. He met Stevenson at a hotel in New York in 1887. "Mrs. McClure and I were taken to his room, where he received us in bed, very much in the attitude of the St. Gaudens medallion, for which he was then posing." This led to arrangements by which Stevenson supplied stories for the McClure Syndicate. Stevenson was already famous as the author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and by the time that "The Black Arrow" (under another name) had run through Mr. McClure's hands, he was becoming an international figure. Mr. McClure remarks that he was always ready to listen to suggestions and even to submit to being "edited." He "was not handicapped by the superstition that his copy was divine revelation and that his words were sacrosanct," and in this, Mr. McClure thinks, he was like all writers of the first rank. Mr. McClure goes on to say: "Stevenson was the sort of man who commanded every kind of affection: admiration for his gifts, delight in his personal charm, and respect for his uncompromizing principles. Underneath his velvet coat, his gaiety and picturesqueness, he was flint. It was probably this unusual combination of qualities in him that made one eager to serve him in every possible way."



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S AMERICAN WIFE

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, according to S. S. McClure, "had many of the fine qualities that are usually attributed to men rather than to women: a fair-mindedness, a large judgment, a robust, inconsequential philosophy of life, without which she could not have borne, much less shared with a relish equal to his own, Stevenson's wandering, unsettled life, his vagaries, his gipsy passion for freedom."

Henry James's Admiration of Stevenson.

WHEN Mr. McClure paid a visit to London, about twenty-five years ago, and met Stevenson's "set," he was surprised to find in their conversation a note of detraction. Henley was particularly emphatic. He had a double grievance. In the first place, he despised America and could not bear that a nation such as ours should presume to give Stevenson a higher place than he held in England. In the second place, he had his own personal attitude toward Stevenson which he later voiced and which led to intense controversy. Other of Stevenson's friends united in depreciating him. Some thought that his cousin, R. A. M. Stevenson, was the real genius of the family. It was not until Mr. McClure met Henry James that he found, in England, a whole-hearted admirer of Stevenson's gifts. He writes:

"I had somehow always imagined Mr. James as a rather cold and unsympathetic man, but I now found how greatly I had been mistaken. His tone about Stevenson warmed my heart. His warm human friendship was a delight after what I had been hearing. There was nothing at all critical in his attitude. He was Stevenson's friend, admirer, and well-wisher. His interest in Stevenson's health, his work, his plans for the future, was wholly affectionate, wholly disinterested. His loyal, generous feeling I have never forgotten. He questioned me about everything pertaining to Stevenson. His interest was keen, sympathetic, personal."

Mr. Chesterton as the
Prophet of a New
Crusade.

G. K. CHESTERTON'S latest tale, "The Flying Inn" (John Lane), is having a bewildering reception. We find reviewers flatly contradicting one another in their estimates and their interpretations of this engaging fantasy. It is clear, however, that Mr. Chesterton is once more employing fiction as a vehicle for his whimsical philosophy of life. He is frankly a reactionary, and he inveighs against everything that is modern. Vegetarianism, teetotalism, parliamentarianism, cubism, the higher criticism, model villages for workmen, humanitarianism—are only a few of the things that he attacks. On the strength of this story, the London *Academy* proclaims Mr. Chesterton "the prophet of a new crusade." It sees looming through his fantastic word-play "the new and startling gospel of Common Sense." The London *Outlook* says: "The curious thing about 'The Flying Inn' is its extraordinary suggestiveness. The play that we watch is a burlesque of the trend of things in modern England; but behind this extravaganza we seem to feel a strife of mighty forces, to catch glimpses of a nobler and more spacious world, and to see visions of knights and ladies and men-at-arms, of fierce kings and ecclesiastics, of fat friars, and archers, and craftsmen, of Robin Hoods and merry men innumerable, living in a world of larger lib-

erties, of firmer faith, of nobler ideals, of great dreams and logical conclusions."

"A Book That Makes You
Want to Get Up and
Shout."

MANY readers will be content to accept "The Flying Inn" as a roaring farce. Brian Hooker calls it "a narrative comic opera," and Hildegard Hawthorne says: "It is a book that makes you want to get up and shout yourself, which is a good feeling; a book like a brass band marching and playing over hills, with strong youths stepping to it." The spirit of adventure runs through the whole tale. The very title summons before the imagination a picture of a stalwart Irishman uprooting the sign of a privileged inn and rushing through England with a keg of rum and a huge cheese. "It's all a trifle mad," Miss Hawthorne remarks; "but why not, in this mad world?" She continues (in the *New York Times Book Review*):

"If there is a plot, and it doesn't matter in the least, here it is. There is a concerted movement led by the prize intellectual, Lord Ivywood, to remove all inns and places for the selling of intoxicating drink. Only places specially licensed to display a sign may deal in such stuff, and these, naturally, will be such as are frequented solely by gentlemen. He passes the measure through Parliament, and proceeds to see to its enforcement with all the bitter energy of the fanatic obsessed with the



GERMANY'S MOST POPULAR NOVELIST

Rudolf Herzog, whose "Story of Helga" has just been translated into English by Adèle Lewisoohn, stands out in strong contrast to most of the other great German writers of our day. He preaches a resolute optimism. He portrays the bright side of middle-class life.

vision of his own supreme wisdom. But there is some one in the way—no less a person than the Irish Tom-Jones Giant, Captain Dalroy, who, in addition to many other admirable, even adorable, qualities, is given to bursting into song, extempore as to words and music. Here is one specimen:

"'This is the last inn on this coast,' said Dalroy, 'and will soon be the last in England. Do you remember the Saracen's Head? It has been destroyed by lemonade. I made a song about it, which I'll sing to you now.' And with an astounding air of suddenly revived spirits, he roared in a voice of thunder the following verses, to a simple but spirited tune of his own invention:

The Saracen's Head looks down the lane,
Where we shall never drink wine again;
For the wicked old Women who feel
well-bred

Have turned to a tea-shop the Saracen's
Head.

There are other verses to this song, and
there are many more songs."

The Message of Rudolf
Herzog.

THE books that come to us from Germany are often turbulent and bizarre. Even the great figures of modern German literature, such as Hoffmannsthal, Sudermann and Hauptmann, seem to dwell in a region where all things are unhealthy and hectic, and smaller men, such as Hans Heinz Ewers, deal exclusively with subjects which are more fit for the alienist than for the man of letters. It is refreshing, therefore, to receive the wholesome message of Rudolf Herzog, in "The Story of Helga" (Dutton), translated by Adèle Lewisoohn. Herzog is



SHE WAS MARRIED QUIETLY TO THE GREATEST LIVING ENGLISH NOVELIST

Miss Florence Emily Dugdale, whose portrait confronts us here, was for many years the secretary of Thomas Hardy, and on February 10 became his wife. She is the author of several books for children.

Germany's most popular novelist, and the present book has passed through more than sixty editions. There is in Herzog the joyousness of the Superman, without the morbidity. His heroes feast greatly and suffer greatly, but life never conquers them; they are never degenerates. Tho much of the plot of "Helga" has to do with an unhappy marriage, there is in it, as the New York Times Book Review points out, no touch of the erotic or the morbid. "The Story of Helga" may be, as Cornelia Van Pelt remarks in the New York Bookman, very much on the surface, but sometimes, as she

goes on to say, it is pleasant to spend an hour with the sweeter fallacies of life and to forbear to name in exact terms the depths below. "We have any number of such stories written by our own people. But it does not come amiss to read the same sort of message from another nation at times. If it gives nothing that is absolutely new, it gives a great deal that is very agreeable." This opinion is shared by the literary editor of the Boston Herald. Aside from its own importance as a piece of writing, the story, he holds, is important for the light it throws on a vast number of the world's citizens.

"German philosophy and German literature have trod one path, never far apart. You cannot read a life of Goethe without becoming acquainted with every important thinker of his time. Fichte and Schelling lived together. The heroic pessimism of Nietzsche has put its stamp on half the books that have been written in Germany in the last decade. Herzog is a protest against 'the bleaching light of Nietzschean philosophy.' He stands for the hopefulness ever present in the middle classes. He never paints a cloud so black but that the sun shines through it. Nature, to him, is always beautiful and life worth while at bottom."

NEW LIGHT ON THE EMOTIONAL TRIANGLE IN WHICH THACKERAY FIGURED

NEARLY nine thousand dollars were paid in New York, the other day, for a series of thirty-seven letters written by the famous novelist, Thackeray, to Jane Octavia Brookfield and to her husband, the Rev. William H. Brookfield. Copious extracts from the series have been lately published, for the first time, in New York newspapers, throwing a flood of light on an episode in the novelist's life which has hitherto been in large degree a subject for speculation. We learn that Thackeray, like Dickens, cherished love for a woman who was not his wife. In Thackeray's case, as in Dickens's, the Anglo-Saxon instinct of marital honor finally triumphed over romantic passion. Of the depth of Thackeray's feeling for Mrs. Brookfield the new letters leave no doubt. He shared his ideas and his writings with her, and longed for her appreciation. He said that Amelia, in "Vanity Fair," was a composite of his wife, his mother and Mrs. Brookfield. His friendship with Mrs. Brookfield was broken off with the utmost reluctance on his side. The affair was, in short, of compelling intensity.

It was a very painful affair in many respects, as the new letters make clear. Thackeray, it should be remembered, had married in 1836 and had had three daughters. His wife became insane and had to be confined in an asylum. Mrs. Brookfield seems to have come vividly into his life about the year 1845. She was the cousin of Arthur Hallam, whom Tennyson's "In Memoriam" immortalizes. Her husband had known Thackeray at Cambridge.

One of the first letters of the series, dated 1847, indicates that Thackeray's marked attentions to Mrs. Brookfield were irritating the husband. He assures Mr. Brookfield that his candid

admiration is "not the least dangerous," and goes on to say: "My dear old fellow, you and God Almighty may know all my thoughts about your wife; I'm not ashamed of one of them." He adds: "If I had envy, or what you call passion, or a wicked thought, I should have cut you long ago."

But in spite of his protestations, he was capable of writing letters to Mrs. Brookfield that approached the danger-point. Here is one of them:

"I have written one page of P-and-nn-s, but can't go on because it is very near post time. . . .

"No, dear lady, we will do better; we will love each other while we may here and afterward; if you go first you will kneel for me in Heaven and bring me there; if I, I swear the best thought I have is to remember that I shall have your love surviving me and with a constant tenderness blessing my memory. I can't all perish living in your heart. That in itself is a sort of seal and assurance of Heaven. . . . Say that I die and live yet in the love of my survivors? Isn't that a warrant of immortality almost? Say that my two dearest friends precede me and enter into God's futurity spotless and angelical, I feel that I have two advocates in Heaven and that my love penetrates there, as it were. It seems to me that love proves God. By love I believe and am saved."

Mrs Brookfield's uncle, Henry Hallam, did not like the way in which

things were going. One evening he frankly expressed his disapproval. What he said we do not know; but he must have spoken with unwonted warmth, for we find Thackeray writing:

"When H. Hallam spoke as he did to-night I'm sure he said what has been upon his mind for many months—that he



THACKERAY'S PORTRAYAL OF MRS. BROOKFIELD

A picturesque memento of an emotional crisis in Thackeray's life that for a time threatened to engulf him, but that finally left him unscathed.

was angry at my constant visits to you. But, thank God, I have never concealed the affection I have for you. Your husband knows it as well as I do, and I think I have such a claim to the love of both of you as no relationship, however close, ought to question or supersede."

In 1852 a rupture came. "There have been very high words between me and Monsieur," Thackeray declares, "in consequence of something I said to him that was quite unjustifiable. I am going out of town, and I don't know where." Thackeray kept his resolve to leave town, but he could not forget Mrs. Brookfield. He chafed and chafed until he could contain himself no longer. Then he unbosoms himself to a woman-friend, Miss Perry, thus:

"I don't see how any woman should not love a man who had loved her as I did J.; I don't see how any man should not love a woman so beautiful, so unhappy, so tender; I don't see how any husband, however he might have treated her, should be indifferent at the idea of losing it . . . I'm sure that one or the other on their side were wrong in not dismissing me. . . . I wish that I had never loved her. I have been played with by a woman, and flung over at a beck from the lord and master—that's what I feel. . . . I was packing away yesterday the letters of years. These didn't make me cry. They made me laugh, as I knew they would. It was for this that I gave my heart away. It is 'When are you coming, dear Mr. Thackeray?' and 'William will be so happy,' and 'I thought after you had gone away how I had forgot, etc.,' and at a word from Brookfield afterward it is—'I reverence and admire him and love him with not merely a dutiful but a genuine love'—Amen. The thought that I have been made a fool of is the bitterest of all, perhaps. . . . Good-bye. I wish it was my novel I'd been writing on all these pages."



THACKERAY'S EGERIA WITH HER TWO MAIDS

One of the characteristic drawings with which Thackeray was wont to decorate letters and odd scraps of paper. The picture shows Mrs. Brookfield and her two maid-servants.

Later there came a partial reconciliation with Mr. Brookfield, and Thackeray voices his thankfulness that Jane's "dear little heart" is made tranquil on the score, at least, of his enmity with her husband. Then he traveled. For months his letters are filled with humorous accounts of his visits to New York, Philadelphia, Washington and other American cities. But, in spite of all, he could not crush his feelings. His mind incessantly reverted to the woman he loved. In 1853 we find him writing to two common friends:

"It's happier that we should love each other in the grave, as it were, than that we should meet by sham-chance, and that there should be secrets or deceit. When you see her preach this to her again and again. Many and many a time a friend of mine whispers me (he is represented in pictures with horns and a tail), 'My good friend, à quoi bon all this longing and yearning and disappointment; yonder gnawing grief and daily, nightly brooding? A couple of lies and the whole thing might be remedied. Do you suppose other folks are so particular?' Behold, there are four children put their innocent figures between the devil and me; and the wretched old fiend shirks off with his tail

between his hoofs. Go and wipe away her tears, you dear kind sisters of charity. My girls, I suppose, see all about it; but they love her all the same."

The last definite reference to Mrs. Brookfield relates to the possibility of her joining the Roman Catholic Church. Thackeray thought her quite capable of "skipping into a chapel, popping into a confessional before a priest who would hear her, soothe her, absolve her, baptize her, and send her home engaged to Catholicism before she knew where she was." These fears proved groundless. Mrs. Brookfield, if she felt the lure of Roman Catholicism, did not respond to it. She lived until 1896. Her husband died in 1874. Thackeray died in 1863.

The newly published letters have aroused widespread interest both in England and in America. The *New York World* refers to them as "a remarkable chronicle of the sorrows of another Werther." The *New York Bookman* rejoices that they may serve to destroy what it calls "the Thackeray humbug," and to reveal the real Thackeray "of flesh and blood, and selfishness, and irritabilities." Mr. Clement K. Shorter comments in the *London Sphere*:

"In connection with these [letters] there will always be some silly person who will use the word 'body-snatching'; there will be others not silly, but, as I think, wrong-headed, who will say that these letters ought all to have been burnt. Whether they ought or not is very much a matter of individual temperament. I confess that I am glad they have not been burnt. They reflect infinite honor upon Thackeray as a human being. They will assist to complete the picture of him which some future biographer of talent may give us. They show a very beautiful and affectionate nature."

IS CENSORSHIP USELESS AS A WEAPON AGAINST LITERARY OBSCENITY?

CENSORSHIP as an anti-toxin against obscenity in literature, art, and the theater is evidently proving as great a failure in America as it has in Europe. Many recent attempts at suppression by this means have produced curious and tantalizing effects, thoroly unsatisfactory to the crusaders against vice who have inaugurated them. Remy de Gourmont's ironical comment, "When morality triumphs, nasty things happen," seems to be proved in these instances. Even the champions of purity point out the curious social reaction to the stimulus of an attempted suppression. Commenting on the failure of a federal court to convict Mitchell Kennerley, the publisher, of the crime of circu-

lating obscene literature through the mails, the Roman Catholic weekly, *America*, remarks in a discouraged tone: "A book in which a half dozen professional 'uplifters' who were summoned as 'expert witnesses' and a jury of 'twelve good men and true' have found nothing objectionable, has now had the best possible advertisement and thousands of copies will, of course, be sold. Is the condemnation of silence the only means we have of banning an immoral book?"

While attacking the sincerity of those who are opposing the censorship as throttling "the freedom of art," the *New York Evening Post* points out the consequences of attempted suppressions which are so tantalizing to the inaugurators of them,

declaring that "nothing more fortunate, as regards hard cash, can happen to a book than to be excommunicated by Mudie's or the police." The same paper speaks sarcastically of those censored writers who cry out against a "cruel, cruel censorship which gives them several columns of daily advertising at nothing per agate line."

Obscenity in literature and art, it would seem, is an elusive and evasive quantity. Some critics characterize the official or self-appointed censor as the philosopher once was described—as a blind man in a dark room hunting for a black cat that is not there. But even when discovered, obscenity is a difficult thing to grasp objectively. Still more difficult is it to obtain and sustain a legal effectual suppression of the book.

picture, or film in question. The opinion of the expert, claims the Springfield *Republican*, is practically valueless.

"It is easy to imagine a jury of sensible and well-read men and women, broad and tolerant in their sympathies and with good judgment as to the latitude an artist may rightfully demand, to whom such cases of literary morals could be referred with some confidence. Practically there seems to be no way to constitute such a body: for wisdom we have no tests. Nor can the appearance of the literary expert in such cases be viewed without misgiving; in other fields our experts have not always shone in the court-room. Are we to see battles between one set of witnesses who testify as experts that a book is pure and another set who with equal authority pronounce it vile and debasing? The result, it may be feared, would be to leave the jury worse confounded than ever. The only thing left would be to call in psychologists to give expert testimony as to the effect produced upon samples of the young person by a reading of the book.

"It is time to simplify one procedure a little. We may as well recognize that precise moral judgments are out of the question, and that the only thing to aim at is to put some check on the commercial exploitation of base books, while leaving as much liberty as possible for artistic creation or the advocacy of heterodox ideas.

But for the commercial element such trials need seldom be held; those who advocate for conscience' sake views which the majority hold for dangerous are few, and the world is slowly learning that they should be tolerated. But the men, capital and machinery ready to pander to the baser instincts the moment these get the upper hand, thus making the exploitation of vice profitable, make difficult the application of an unrestricted liberty. Nearly everybody is agreed that there are some books the indiscriminate sale of which should not be allowed. But wherever the line be drawn mistakes will be made, and the 'experts' cannot be trusted to set us right. On the whole, there seems no more satisfactory way than to make the test an appeal to average opinion and feeling as represented by an average jury."

It is to be doubted, we read elsewhere, whether these attempted suppressions ever accomplish anything more than to advertize and boom vicious products, even tho they may sometimes discourage serious art by worthy artists, perhaps in an unintentional but nevertheless stupid fashion. Lucian Cary, the editor of the literary review of the Chicago *Evening Post*, is convinced that the evils of the censorship are certain, even tho its bene-

fits are doubtful. Apropos of the censorship of moving pictures, he wrote recently:

"The attempt to draw a line between what is dangerous to a community in words or pictures or symbols—that is, what is dangerous in ideas—has never succeeded; a good many generations have tried it, but the really thoughtful know that it cannot be done. It is safe to say that there never has been a book or a play or a newspaper which somebody did not want suppressed. The whole history of civilization might be written in terms of the failure of censorships of one sort and another to distinguish between the good and the bad. All well-informed persons know that. But apparently some very estimable persons have never stopped to reflect on it. If they had they would realize that there is no immediate test of ideas which, when applied, has not done harm.

"There is only one way to discover the truth about an idea. That way is to set it free to fight for its life with other ideas. One idea can destroy another; nothing else can. But a dangerous idea is doubly dangerous for being suppressed. There are superstitions which have persisted for ages simply because they have never been permitted to come out in the open and be destroyed."

HERCULEAN TASKS FOR THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVELIST

THE American novelist of the future must face tasks of Herculean proportions. He or she has been brought face to face with human society "in a larger, freer sense than the world has ever known," and it will require a greater novelist—an almost super-human genius, one might say—a "stronger, franker, freer, honester, more human novelist" than we have ever had, to coordinate the physical, social, and spiritual phenomena of this amazingly complex and continuously changing civilization. Yet Robert Herrick, the novelist who points out these difficulties in a remarkable essay on the background of the American novel in *The Yale Review*, is not sure that this changing, ebullient social life of ours can produce a novelist great enough to grasp an opportunity unique in the history of literature. And the Chicago *Dial* points out that such a task "would baffle the powers of a Turgénieff or a Balzac. No wonder that many of our best novelists have given up the attempt, and confine themselves to studies in *genre* and local peculiarity."

Mr. Herrick, however, suggests that our American novelists are shirking a real opportunity. As one of the few American novelists worthy of serious consideration, he is keenly aware of the difficulties—the lack of unity and

stability even in our American geography, as well as in climate, in temperament, in social psychology, and spiritual ideals. Yet in this complex human ferment, the imagination is furnished with fruitful matter to work upon, the Chicago novelist believes. Given a highly diversified people in eager strife for individual survival, brought together in a materially rich environment, what are the results psychologically and spiritually? That is the novelist's exciting problem. Mr. Herrick's inspiring tho stern message to the American novelist is finally stated as follows:

"However vast the field and confusing the voices calling therein, there is always the moving sense of abounding life, vitality. No backwater this! No dead sea of a monotonous and fixed social surface. All is alive and striving for more life. Life seethes in America from one ocean to the other. Changes—physical, social, psychological—are more rapid here than elsewhere. And it is the life of men and women in conflict and in effort that must always produce true drama. Hitherto, it has been, perhaps, too much the mere struggle to get, to subdue, to enjoy,—a satisfaction of appetites. But as the margin of free land grows steadily less, as our people become more compact, and the issues of living together plainer to the masses, the quality of our national life must become more serious, more significant. In the clash of wills that may

ensue before we adjust ourselves to the relentless pressure of economic laws, the profoundest material for imaginative treatment will emerge. Thus far we have been tardy in realizing the new world,—we are behind Europe, especially England and Germany, in reading the writing on the wall. We have been too easily circumstanced to feel the spur of necessity, too jealous of our pioneer individualism.

"But our superiority in wealth will not last forever; sometime there must be enacted the world-old drama of class struggle and readjustment on the stupendous scale befitting the size of our social fabric. The old urge of justice, the old cry of freedom from tyranny—the desire of the individual man or woman to prove life under tolerable conditions,—these are becoming heard more loudly every day. And through it all is felt that splendid sense of will—the power to mould our destiny as we would have it, to create afresh the forms and conditions of our social life—which is the evidence of youth and untamed blood. We shall hear less, let us hope, about the 'captain of industry,' and more about the American ideal, the American will, the American character.

"Something of all this we should rightfully demand of our literature,—flower of the present, seed of the future. But do we get it?"

"Here is an inspiring motive," according to the *Dial*, adding that Mr. Herrick, "albeit with too little patience and too much bitterness, has placed himself in the front rank of those

who practise what he preaches with so much force and insight." The *Chicago Evening Post* declares that Herrick "virtually admits that there are no novelists of any consequence in America." The *New York Evening Post* wishes that the rest of American novelists of to-day, as well as the critics, would realize the situation as Mr. Herrick does.

"Such writers as Henry Sydnor Harrison and Mary S. Watts are held up to us as serious recorders and interpreters of American life, as rivals of such men as Galsworthy and Bennett and Wells, to say nothing of the younger Englishmen, of J. D. Beresford, of Hugh Walpole, of Oliver Onions and of Gilbert Cannan.

"Mr. Herrick comments that occasionally there appears a real novel offering a study of the alien element in our society and instances the 'two good ones' of Albert Edwards. But he feels that 'as yet

this effort is a mere *tour de force*'; and he questions if an American of enough genius will ever arise to do the job."

Even those who attempt to pick a quarrel with the conclusions of Robert Herrick seem unconsciously forced to agree with him in pointing out neglected opportunities for the consideration of the serious American novelist of the future. Thus the *New York Sun* comments in an editorial:

"We shan't follow Mr. Herrick into his apparent laments over the want of homogeneity in the population. There is the charm and there the chance. There are in these United States old 'cultured' native populations, old uncultured native populations, a million varieties of social experience, of race diversity, struggle and development, shock, intermarriage, interdevelopment, adventurers, real 'peasants,' nobles of the robe and purse, decadents,

imposters, conscious and unconscious heroes of the picaresque, victims of the town, ingenuous and sophisticated, pretenders, wills of basalt and gravitators to ruin, the falling and rising characters, 'fathers and sons'; multitudinous variations of race and individuals. Compared with the opportunities of this town alone those of Balzac were as Parsippany to London.

"When somebody comes with 'bow'ls,' as Mulvaney said of his 'little orfcer boy,' somebody content to see and register, to be obscure, to neglect editions by the hundred thousands; when somebody with genius comes there will be some American novels that will not be written for the check book and for silly grown-up boys and girls; novels that will exploit the innumerable riches of some part of a country innumerable diverse; that will stop the drawing of hideous caricatures born of the vapors and conceived out of the folly of muckrakers, prigs and magazine reformers."

A FRENCH NOVEL THAT IS HAILED AS AN INSPIRED REVELATION

IT WAS about four years ago that Romain Rolland's novel, "Jean-Christophe," began to attract attention in the literary world. Many facts conspired to give it importance. The work, in the first place, was immediately recognized as one of peculiar sincerity and power in its expression of all the seething and conflicting thoughts of our generation. In the second place, "Jean-Christophe" fairly staggered the reader by its bulk. Even this age of big thought and big achievement was hardly prepared for a novel eight hundred thousand words long, published in ten volumes.

Among the first critics in the English-speaking world to praise "Jean-Christophe" were H. G. Wells, George Moore and Mrs. A. von Ende. Stefan Zweig and Paul Peippel added tributes in German and in French. And now the great Swedish feminist, Ellen Key, offers, in *Die Tat* (Jena), one of the finest interpretations of Romain Rolland and of his work that has yet appeared. She makes it clear that "Jean-Christophe" is emerging from the region of pure literature and becoming a great popular movement. It is no longer a mere book, but an idea, a particular conception of the world, a gospel.

In 1886, it seems, Rolland became acquainted with the works of Tolstoy. They made a profound impression upon him. Tolstoy, he writes, "was the purest light that brightened my youth, the comforting star in the dusk of the declining nineteenth century . . . my only real friend in contemporary European art." Just such an influence, says Ellen Key, as Tolstoy exerted upon the young author and the generation that grew up with him, he himself is now

exerting upon the present young generation through his "Jean-Christophe." In what he has to teach the youth of to-day lies the significance of the message that he brings to the world.

The young generation, Ellen Key writes, has learned from him that the ephemeral attitude of mind which fashion creates toward great spirits or toward great ideas is unfruitful, that spiritual growth can be attained only through profound devotion, that skepticism toward all greatness spells poverty, that, on the other hand, admiration and love are the strongest bulwarks of life.

"The young generation has learned from him to despise phrases and declamation. It has taken from him Goethe's conception of creation: 'In the beginning was the deed.' It has heard him proclaim that nationalism which means fidelity to what is best in the French people—love of truth and justice, the will to freedom and brotherhood, the courage to suffer for those ideal values, and, above all, the dream of happiness for all humanity. . . . The youth for whom each part of 'Jean-Christophe' was a great event shares Rolland's contempt for the estheticism which turns away from life, and for the finer or coarser pleasures which to weaklings constitute the meaning of life. They have learned to distinguish between the great art and the works of those who think they produce art but who only produce artifice."

Rolland's vehicle for the spread of his gospel being art, the general attitude toward art is a question of the utmost importance to him. But his message, Ellen Key notes, is a practical message and must lead to action. "Art," he says, "the sense of beauty, is the most intense, the most ex-

pansive of emotions, and, like human love, is the great force making for brotherhood. Those who love most do most." The artist combines love with a sense of beauty. Rolland, by the great influence he exerts upon modern life, confirms for Ellen Key the truth of Schiller's saying that the poet is the only true man; beside him the best philosopher is a mere caricature.

The greatest accomplishment of Rolland, in Ellen Key's view, is that he has led France back to the Christian religion, not in any reactionary sense, not because, as has been claimed, science has failed to explain and justify life. Humanity needed a new living source from which to draw sustenance, and the poet seized upon this reactionary backward movement and converted it into a source of life. "The leading motif of his symphonic work is Beethoven's thought: 'Through suffering to joy.' 'We cannot,' he says, 'understand life with all its contradictions, we cannot ennoble its brutality except by living it in the highest and fullest sense. Music, the all-uniting art; love, the all-embracing condition of the soul, are the two highest relations to that God who is life.'"

To a man of Rolland's stature, Ellen Key points out, fame has little to offer. He will be proud only when his work will have borne full fruit, when the French spirit embracing the whole world will have become a reality throughout the world. "Rolland's great book is an inspired revelation. It proves that not only the great ideas that France has given the world still live in French people. It proves further that humanity at large still needs the French spirit to enable it to realize them."

VOICES OF THE LIVING POETS

IN a recent number of *The Dial*, Charles Leonard Moore has an interesting essay on "Poetic Expression." He dwells mainly upon "verbal magic," which he defines as follows: "To use words as if they had never been used before, to impart to them a fresh fragrance, an inexplicable charm, a profundity which makes whole histories or extended phenomena implicit in a phrase,—that is what is meant by 'verbal magic.'" He quotes John Drinkwater to the effect that this magic forms but "an exquisite fragment of our poetry"—a hundred or perhaps a thousand lines. Kipling in his story "Wireless" reduces them to two passages, one by Coleridge, one by Keats. Mr. Moore dissents. He finds this magic "scattered thickly over all English verse of the better kind," and he gives a series of quotations containing it from American poets—Emerson, Poe, Bryant and Halleck. But there is, he goes on to say, "much more to literature, even to poetry, than the extreme wizardry of words,—there are the expression of thought, emotion, personality; the creation of character, the telling of tales, the building up of artistic wholes." Even in the greatest of poets, he insists, "this enchanted apparition of words is only the warp of their work; rhetoric, language raised more or less above the ordinary, is the woof."

We agree. There are two injurious things to which most of our poets are addicted. One is the constant search for the magic word. The other is the conscious effort to express their souls. If they would forget all about their souls and let the magic words come when they will, we would have less strained and artificial verse and fewer pathological poets on our hands. The magic word does not come from much searching and the only soul-expression that counts is that which is unpremeditated and unconscious.

We find no "verbal magic" in the following poem, taken from *The Independent*. But it has a different kind of magic—the magic of poetic vision, of an imagination that sees romance and beauty in ordinary things:

"THE ORIENT, HALF MOROCCO,
8VO."

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL.

SHE bought a book, once, with the butter money—
A wild, undreamed-of, reckless thing to do!
(So much to manage for the winter schooling;
That split in Hannah Mary's Sunday shoe....)

The cover bravely flaunted gold and scarlet,—

Gave hint and promise of the hidden feast,
Fine-grained and limber, sleek beneath the fingers,
Frankly symbolic of the gorgeous East.

She wrapt it up and laid it in the bureau;
She knew she wouldn't get to read it soon,—
Not while she had the harvesters to cook for,
Tho maybe . . . of a Sunday afternoon. . . .

How often, then, her thoughts went winging to it
Through all the cumbered days she had to wait,
Till, in a scanty hour of hard-won leisure,
She entered shyly through the latticed gate:

Dim *harims* . . . *sultans* . . . *yashmaks*
. . . cloudy *nârgilehs*,—
Strange sounding words from far-off story lands;
The farmhouse fades; the Wishing Carpet bears her
To Kairowan, across the golden sands.

Since then, through all the somber woof of living,
For her the mystic Orient weaves its spells;
Faintly, at dawn, down through the dairy pasture,
She seems to hear the chime of temple bells.

Now she can see beyond the piles of mending—
(There is a window in her prison tower!)
Beyond the baking and the baby tending:
The Mueddin cries across the sunset hour.

When the fierce August sun in grudging mercy,
Threatening worse torments for the morrow, sets,
The battered barns, the tanks, the gilded hay cocks,
Are distant domes, and towers, and minarets.

The sullen farmer, summoned in to supper,
Weary and silent as he slouches down,
To her fresh eyes becomes a mighty Caliph
Whose minions tremble at his slightest frown.

Subtlest of all—of course they do not mark it—
She in herself is gently touched with grace—
The swifter carriage of the toil-warped figure,
The ghost of girlhood in her furrowed face.

Sometimes they have to call her twice, and sharply;
(They see her, and they think that she is there!)

Through all the homely clamor, she is hearing
Oh, very near and clear, The Call to Prayer!

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is spoken of recently by an English writer, as "the best-read poet of to-day." It is not hard to see why. She touches the heart. This is from *Good Housekeeping Magazine*:

HUSKS.

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

SHE looked at her neighbor's house in the light of the waning day—
A shower of rice on the steps, and the shreds of a bride's bouquet.
And then she drew the shade, to shut out the growing gloom.
But she shut it into her heart instead.
(Was that a voice in the room?)

"My neighbor is sad," she sighed, "like the mother bird who sees
The last of her brood fly out of the nest to make its home in the trees"—
And then, in a passion of tears: "But, oh, to be sad like her;
Sad for a joy that has come and gone!"
(Did some one speak, or stir?)

She looked at her faded hands, all burdened with costly rings;
She looked on her widowed home, all burdened with priceless things.
She thought of the dead years gone, of the empty years ahead—
(Yes, something stirred and something spake, and this was what it said:)

"The voice of the Might Have Been speaks here through the lonely dusk;
Life offered the fruits of love; you gathered only the husk.
There are jewels ablaze on your breast where never a child has slept."
She covered her face with her ringed old hands, and wept and wept and wept.

The relativity of things is not a poetic phrase, but the thing itself can be made into poetry. George Sterling, in *Ainslee's*, proves this:

PAST THE PANES

By GEORGE STERLING

WHEN I was ill, from my low bed I gazed the little window through
And saw a scanty patch of blue,
Part of the great sky overhead.

And now, grown strong, I climb the hill,
And from my seat so lone and high
I see the wide, majestic sky,
And feel the winds, and look my fill.

But all the clouds of that cool dome,
And all its turquoise far, but clear,
Are not as wonderful and dear
As that blue space I watched at home.

Oh, strange! that humble things should be
Of stature more than mountains are—
The grass diviner than the star,
A teardrop deeper than the sea!

"Beyond the Stars and Other Poems," by Charles Hanson Towne, is a slight offering from so gifted a singer, but the little book is redeemed by "Ballad of Shame and Dread" which need not shun comparison with Rossetti's immortal "Jenny." This ballad is too long for quotation. We select a shorter poem revealing the deftness of the author's touch and the mellowness of his talent.

HOW SOFTLY RUNS THE AFTERNOON

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

HOW softly runs the afternoon
Beneath the billowy clouds of
June!

How brightly every moment slips,
How lightly sail the great cloud-ships!

How slowly all the galleons go
Within that airy sea of snow—

Their white sails set, vast argosies
Bound for mysterious Hebrides!

Ah, let them vanish in the light
Beyond the sun, beyond the night,

Faring to harbors strange and dim
Beyond the great world's utter rim!

I shall not care; I envy not
Their journeyings to lands forgot;

For in the wonder of your smiles
My heart is on enchanted isles;

And in the silence of your soul
I reach love's paradisaal goal;

In the soft pressure of your hands
I touch far magic fairy-lands;

And in the rapture of your kiss
I find the heavenly peaks of bliss.

Beneath the billowy skies of June
How softly runs the afternoon!

There are music and charm in this poem which we find in *The Trend*, but we have taken the liberty of mending a line in the first stanza that could not be parsed:

KYANOMI.

By RENA CARY SHEFFIELD

I CAN see the cherry blossoms
As they bloom in old Japan,
Falling pink and white about her,
Little maid of Yokosan.
I can see the gold of sunrise,
And the silver of the moon,
Hanging like an arch of Eros
O'er the dusk of the lagoon.
I can feel the warmth of summer,
And the drowsy stir of air;
And the slender little fingers
Strumming softly to me there.

And the world's a flood of sweetness
When you play your samisen.
Kyanomi—Kyanomi
I dream of you again.

I can see you as I used to,
With the lotus in your hair
Piled up smooth and dark and shining;
And the robes you used to wear,
Gay like wings of birds and beetles,
Sweet perfumed and flowing free;
And the long, light sliding windows
Where we leaned and watched the sea.
I can feel your soft caresses,
Blossoms of the East they seemed,
Fluttering down so warm and gentle
Like dream kisses I have dreamed.
And the world's a flood of sweetness
When you play your samisen.
Kyanomi—Kyanomi
I dream of you again.

At last Nicholas Vachel Lindsay has given us his poems in book-form (Mitchell Kennerley). The volume takes its title, "General William Booth Enters Into Heaven and Other Poems," from one of the most talked-of poems of the last few years. The author has a combination of the crusader's zeal and the poet's fine instinct, and his best work, such as the Booth poem, "The Trap," "The Eagle That Is Forgotten," "On Reading Omar Khayyam," and "On the Building of Springfield" show the two traits united in a very delightful way. He has, however, a fondness for pure fancy and fantasy. We have reproduced so many of his crusading poems in the near past that we select now one of his "Fantasies and Whims":

EDEN IN WINTER.

By NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY.

(Supposed to be chanted to some rude instrument at a modern fireplace.)

CHANT we the story now
Tho' in a house we sleep;
Tho' by a hearth of coals
Vigil to-night we keep.

Chant we the story now,
Of the vague love we knew
When I from out the sea
Rose to the feet of you.

Bird from the cliffs you came,
Flew thro' the snow to me,
Facing the icy blast
There by the icy sea.
How did I reach your feet?
Why should I—at the end
Hold out half-frozen hands
Dumbly to you, my friend?
Ne'er had I woman seen,
Ne'er had I seen a flame.
There you piled fagots on,
Heat rose—the blast to tame.
There by the cave-door dark,
Comforting me you cried—
Wailed o'er my wounded knee,
Wept for my rock-torn side.

Up from the South I trailed—
Left regions fierce and fair!
Left all the jungle-trees,
Left the red tiger's lair.
Dream-led, I scarce knew why,
Into your North I trod—

Ne'er had I known the snow,
Or the frost-blasted sod.

O how the flakes came down!
O how the fire burned high!
Strange thing to see he was,
Thro' his dry twigs would fly,
Creep there awhile and sleep—
Then wake and bark for fight—
Biting if I too near
Came to his eye so bright.
Then with a will you fed
Wood to his hungry tongue.
Then he did leap and sing—
Dancing the clouds among,
Turning the night to noon,
Stinging my eyes with light,
Making the snow retreat,
Making the cave-house bright.

There were dry fagots piled,
Nuts and dry leaves and roots,
Stores there of furs and hides,
Sweet-barks and grains and fruits.
There wrapped in fur we lay,
Half-burned, half-frozen still—
Ne'er will my soul forget
All the night's bitter chill.
We had not learned to speak,
I was to you a strange
Wolfing or wounded fawn,
Lost from his forest-range.

Thirsting for bloody meat,
Out at the dawn we went.
Weighed with our prey at eve,
Home-came we all forespent,
Comrades and hunters tried
Ere we were maid and man—
Not till the spring awoke
Laughter and speech began.

Whining like forest dogs,
Rustling like budding trees,
Bubbling like thawing springs,
Humming like little bees,
Crooning like Maytime tides,
Chattering parrot words,
Crying the panther's cry,
Chirping like mating birds—
Thus, thus, we learned to speak,
Who mid the snows were dumb,
Nor did we learn to kiss
Until the Spring had come.

A book of "Lyrics From the Chinese" is published by Houghton & Mifflin. The lyrics are done into English by Helen Waddell, and they are quite delightful in their simplicity and their local color. Here is a sample. It represents the yearning of a young Chinese wife for the home to which it would be an indecorum for her to return:

HOW SAY THEY THAT THE HO IS WIDE?

By HELEN WADDELL

HOW say they that the Ho is wide,
When I could ford it if I tried?
How say they Sung is far away,
When I can see it every day?

Yet must indeed the Ho be deep,
When I have never dared the leap;
And since I am content to stay,
Sung must indeed be far away.

THE FORBIDDEN NORTH—THE STORY OF A GREAT DANE PUPPY

This is a story by Honoré Willis, which we republish, by permission, from *The Youth's Companion*. The theme is an old one—the fidelity of a dog. One could easily make a five-foot library out of the stories written on that theme, and it would be a library well worth having. If it is ever made, this story about Saxe Gotha and his man should have a place in it.

ONE hot morning, a year or so ago, an Uncle Tom's Cabin Company arrived in a small Arizona town. On the platform of the blistered station the members of the company learned that the hall in which they were to play had just burned to the ground. That was the last straw for the company. They were without money; they stood, disconsolately staring at the train, which waited for half an hour while the tourists ate breakfast in the lunch-room of the station.

The stage-manager held in leash three dogs—the dogs that the bill-posters displayed as ferocious bloodhounds, pursuing Eliza across the ice. As a matter of fact, Coburg and Hilda were two well-bred, well-trained Great Danes. The third dog, Saxe Gotha, a puppy of ten months, was their son.

A well-dressed tourist eyed the dogs intently; finally, he came up and felt them over with the hand of the dog-fancier.

"Give me fifty dollars for the three of them!" said the manager suddenly.

The stranger stared at the manager suspiciously. Fifty dollars was a low price for such dogs. The stranger did not believe that so poor a company could have come by them honestly. However, he shrugged his shoulders and drew a roll of bills from his pocket.

"All right," he said. "Only I don't want the pup. He's bad with distemper. I haven't time to fuss with him."

The manager in turn shrugged his shoulders, took the fifty dollars, and while the new owner led Coburg and Hilda toward the baggage-car of the train, the Uncle Tom's Cabin Company boarded the day coach.

THUS it happened that a thoroughbred Great Dane puppy, whose father and mother had been born in the soft green dusk of a German forest,—a young boarhound,—was left to fight for his sick life on the parching sands of an alien desert.

There had been no need to tie Saxe Gotha. When the puppy had started down the platform after his father and mother, the manager had given him a hasty kick and a "Get back, you!" Saxe Gotha sat down on his haunches, panting in the burning sun, and stared after the receding train with the tragic look of understanding common to his kind. Yet in his eyes there was less regret than fear. The Dane is a "one-man dog." If he is given freedom of choice, he chooses for master a man to whom he gives his heart. Other men may own him; no

other man except this choice of his heart ever wins his love. Saxe Gotha had yet to find his man.

The station-master started toward the dog, but Saxe Gotha did not heed him. He rose and trotted toward the north, through the little town, quite as if he had business in that direction. The pup was not handsome at this period of his life. He was marked like a tiger with tawny and gray stripes. His feet and his head looked too large for him, and his long back seemed to sag with the weight of his stomach. But even to the most ignorant observer, he gave promise of distinction, of superb size, and strength, and intelligence.

At the edge of the little town, Saxe Gotha buried his feverish head in the watering-trough at the Wrenn rancho, drank till his sides swelled visibly, then started on along the trail with his businesslike puppy trot. When he got out into the open desert, which stretched thirty miles wide from the river range to the Hualpai, and one hundred miles long from the railway to the Colorado River, he found the northern trail with no apparent difficulty. He might easily have been at a loss. The desert sand holds no scents. There was no verdure except strange, spiny cactus growths, with which neither he nor his forbears had had any experience. They had known nothing like the long, burning, waterless journey, for which he had tried to prepare himself with his deep draft at the Wrenn's. Saxe Gotha was headed for the north, for the cool, sweet depth of forest that was his natural home.

HE TOOK fairly good care of himself. At intervals he dropped in the shade of a Joshua-tree, and after struggling to bite the cholla thorns from his feet, he would doze for a few minutes, then start on again. His distemper was easier in the sun, altho his fever and the desert heat soon evaporated the moisture that he had absorbed at the Wrenn's.

About three o'clock he stopped, wrinkled his black muzzle, and raised his finely domed head. The trail now lay along the foot of the Hualpai. He turned abruptly to the right, off the main trail, and trotted into a little cañon. On the other side of a rock that hid it from the main trail was Jim Baldwin's tent. Jim came to the door, at the sound of Saxe Gotha drinking up his little spring. Jim was a lover of dogs. He did not know Saxe Gotha's breed, but he did recognize his promise of distinction.

"Howdy, old man!" said Jim. "Have a can of beef!"

Saxe Gotha responded to the greeting with a puppy gambol, and devoured the beef with gusto. Jim went into the tent for a rope. When he returned, the pup was a receding dot on the north trail.

ABOUT four o'clock, the triweekly stage from the Happy Luck camp met Saxe Gotha. Dick Furman, the driver, stopped the panting horses and invited the huge puppy to ride with him. Saxe Gotha wriggled, chased his tail round once with a bark like the booming of a town clock, and with this exchange of courtesies Dick drove on southward, and the pup continued on his way to the north.

At five o'clock the sun was edging the Hualpai. The yellow sand was turning to delicate lavender. The mountains were black with tops of fire. Hawk and buzzard swooped toward their cañons. Towhees and orioles trilled from the chollas. Saxe Gotha, a tiny speck in the infinite landscape, limping with cholla thorns in his paws, pegged along bravely. But the world must have seemed strangely wide to him, for all his pluck.

As darkness came on, he slowed his pace, paused and sniffed, and again turned off the main trail to a rough path up the side of the mountain. Before a silent hut of adobe, he found a half-barrel of water. Saxe Gotha rose on his hind legs, thrust his nose into the barrel and drank lustily. Then he stood rigid, with uncropped ears lifted and nose thrust upward, sniffing. After a minute he whined. The business to the north was pressing; the pup did not want to stop; yet still he stood, listening, sniffing. At last, he started back to the main trail; when he reached it, he stopped once more, and once more sniffed and listened and whined; then he deliberately turned back to the silent hut, and trotted along the narrow trail that led up behind it to the west.

A SHORT distance up the mountain, clear in the light of the moon, a tiny spring bubbled out of the ground, forming a pool the size of a wash-basin. A man lay beside the pool. Saxe Gotha walked up to him, whining, and then walked round and round him, sniffing him from head to foot. He licked his face and pawed at his shoulder with his clumsy paw. But the man lay in the heavy slumber of utter exhaustion. He was a tall, lean, strong young fellow, in his early twenties. His empty canteen,

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FINANCE AND INDUSTRY

HARVARD'S LABORATORY OF BUSINESS

THE day may not be far off when among academic degrees there will be the "B.B.," or "Bachelor of Business." The Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, according to Benjamin Baker, writing in *The World's Work*, is a laboratory where students experiment practically with the financial records, the organization, the buying and selling systems, the management and the physical equipment, layout and operation of actual, specified factories, stores and railroads. The student not only visits many of these going concerns, but he spends days and sometimes weeks in a careful study of the operations of a manufacturing plant, the management of a department store, the buying and selling system of a concern—in short, every problem that has to be met by a business manager. This study is of benefit not only to the student but often to the concern that submits to his examination.

"In the first-year course on Industrial Organization (Production) one student was set to study the difficulties of a clothing plant in a city in New England. This plant has always had trouble with the recording, handling, and storing of its patterns. The student's report, turned in a short while ago, contains a detailed description of the present system, a careful analysis of the causes of confusion, and recommendations for a new system, which is carefully explained. The management of the plant has decided to adopt this new system as worked out by the student.

"In the course on Commercial Organization (Buying and Selling) another student made a study of the arrangement and management of a large department store in Boston. He criticized certain things that he found, and recommended a number of changes to improve these conditions. The manager of the store not only adopted the changes that he recommended but offered the student critic a good position in his organization."

Training Future Captains of Industry.

THE Harvard plan of business training, Mr. Baker goes on to say, reverses the order of things in the "growing-up-with-the-business" plan. The Harvard student begins where the man who is "learning the business" hopes to end. He starts by studying, comparing and criticizing the systems in vogue in various actual concerns. He has far more advantages than the man who grows up with the

business, for he does not get his knowledge of factory organization, for example, from a single factory, but from many. One of the topics that are dealt with in Harvard's commercial laboratory is the handling of stock accounts. The student is told that the success of the chain stores which so irritate the ordinary retailer is due mainly to the vigilance of their management in not allowing capital to get tied up, and therefore to become unproductive, in slow-moving stocks of goods.

"The United Cigar Stores, for example, send in to the managing headquarters weekly reports of the stocks on hand in every line. The instant any line moves too slowly to earn the desired profit on the capital that has been put into it, that line is marked down for a sale. Experience has proved that it is better to sell such stocks at cost, or even at less, than to let them tie up capital for, perhaps, many months, with an uncertain prospect of profit on them at the end. In other words, the earnings of that capital, when it is put into quick goods, far overbalance the loss of profit in the bargain sale of the slow goods. This is why the chain stores succeed. Tens of thousands of retailers in many different lines are turning over their stocks only once a year when they ought to turn them over at least three times, for the lack of just this knowledge that the Harvard School gives its students; and the young men who are growing up with these retailers are 'learning the business' without learning why the profits are so small."

Business Men Don Cap and Gown.

INSTRUCTION is the great problem that the Harvard School has had to solve—what should be taught, how it should be taught, and by whom. Instructors were selected with a view to their practical experi-

ence in business. Five out of seven permanent instructors have been actively engaged in business. Eight business men give single courses. Thirty heads of important manufacturing and commercial concerns lecture for the benefit of the students.

"Of the permanent staff, besides Dean Edwin F. Gay, only Mr. O. M. W. Sprague, professor of banking and finance, has had a purely academic training. Mr. William J. Cunningham, professor of transportation, is assistant to President Hustis of the New Haven in reorganizing the operating departments of that railroad. Dr. Selden O. Martin, who is the director of the bureau of business research and instructor in commercial organization, came to the Business School from the United States Bureau of Corporations, for which he investigated the tobacco industry and various water-power enterprises.

"To complete the list would be to give other equally striking records of special preparation for the work of teaching in the school. Among the business men who give single courses are Mr. Herbert B. Dow, actuary of the New England Mutual Life Insurance Company; Mr. William B. Medlicott, in fire insurance, who was charged with adjusting the claims of the New England companies after the San Francisco fire; and Mr. John F. Moors, investments, a prominent and successful banker of Boston, and for three years a member of the Boston Finance Commission which supervises the municipal administration and finances. Mr. Edgar J. Rich, general counsel for the Boston & Maine and the New Haven railroads, and an expert in rate-making, gives two courses on railroad rates. This is only part of the list of instructors; but the others, as do these named, teach what they have learned at first-hand."

Harvard's Business School is gathering a body of scientifically verified knowledge of business facts equaled only by the records of the Federal Government. Thus is laid the foundation of something approaching a new science—the science of business.

WOMAN'S OWNERSHIP OF CORPORATIONS

SLOWLY but surely woman is coming into ownership of a substantial portion of the stock of the great railroad and industrial corporations. It appears, according to the *Wall Street Journal*, that in 252 corporations the number of women shareholders has reached 310,000, of whom 130,000 hold shares in railroads and 180,000 shares in industrial concerns. On January first, women constituted 48 per cent. of the stockholders of the

Pennsylvania Railroad. In 1912 there were 35,376 feminine names on the stock-books of that railroad; in twelve months the number increased to 40,325. In the Union Pacific road the increase has been from 8,445 to 8,960; in the New York Central from 8,259 to 8,859; in the New Haven from 9,710 to 10,474; in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company from 25,529 to 28,188; in the United States Rubber

(Continued on page 306.)



A "Real" Rest Vacation

WHEN considering a "change of scene" one should be sure that the new surroundings are helpful, as well as healthful. Battle Creek combines the most refreshing natural environment with scientific methods and the most complete equipment for medical advice and service.

Here, in a climate cooled by lake breezes—in one of nature's most charming vacation spots—you may enjoy all the benefits of a restful vacation to which is added a really scientific course of health training.

And here you may enjoy the thrill of the outdoor life—swimming, golf, tennis, riding, driving, motoring, boating, tramping, volley-ball and many other pleasant recreations.

If you are planning a sojourn or vacation, get the facts about a "real" rest vacation at Battle Creek. Get back to nature for awhile.

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THE BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM

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BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN



When a man from the West comes to New York he finds better hotels, better theatres, better restaurants. But he will find only one newspaper that treats western news as it ought to be treated. That newspaper is printed in Philadelphia, but is published wherever its services are wanted. Ask for the Public Ledger in any of the leading hotels or clubs throughout the country.

Company from 4,350 to 5,780. The following table discloses the increase in the number of women shareholders in twenty-eight railroads for last year:

	1912	1913
Atch.	13,412	15,046
Be. Crk. R. R.	58	58
Bess. & L. E.	186	193
Buff. & S. R. R.	81
Cent. N. Eng.	9	4
C. R. R. of N. J.	312	310
Cent. Verm.	138
Chic. & Alt.	226	220
C., B. & Q.	170	171
Chic. & E. Ill.	166	156
C., R. I. & P. Ry.	197	214
Ch., St. P., M. & O.	477
Del. & Hud.	3,020
Hock. Valley.	64	52
Kana. & Mich.	2
Kan. C. South.	530	586
L. Island.	185	184
Louis. & Nash.	1,589
N. Y. & Harl.	260	239
Pere Marq.	643	643
P., Ft. W. & C.	1,365	1,325
Rock Isl. Co.	886	920
St. Jos. & Gr. Isl.	90	90
St. L. Southw'n.	120	120
Southern Ry.	3,561
T. & Pac. Ry.	120	114
T., St. L. & W.	216	213
Virginian Ry.	4	4
Total	19,219	29,730

THE LIMITED CAPACITY OF GREAT FINANCIERS

THE fear is expressed that the loss of "big brainy men" of Wall Street from various boards of directors, if pending legislation goes through Congress, will mean a decline in the intelligence of the directorates. Mr. Moody, in his magazine, takes issue with this point of view. The notion that the big Wall Street magnates are men of unusual intelligence, he thinks, can be easily exploded by a couple of concrete illustrations. The most conspicuous wizards of the Street during the last two decades have been J. P. Morgan and E. H. Harriman. People who do not stop to reflect, Mr. Moody goes on to say, believe that these two men achieved their great successes because of extraordinary ability and unusual judgment. It can be shown, however, that the minds of both men were handicapped by distinct limitations and that their judgment in the long run was as faulty as that of the average man.

"Some of Mr. Morgan's successes in business were so great that his many mistakes are usually overlooked. Mr. Morgan is given great credit for having rejuvenated the railroad industry in this country in the '90s and for having built up the big Steel Corporation twelve years ago. But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Morgan did not do these things. Circumstances made most of his railroad reorganizations great successes. The vast



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Work quickly and easily learned; refined, secluded, educative; special employment contract. Write for free booklet; tells how and gives the proof. Established 1896.
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AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.



revival of business which took place in 1896 and continued until 1907 resulted in very great prosperity for the several big Morgan railroads, but whether Morgan or someone else had reorganized these railroads they would have been fully as successful in these years. Other railroads never touched by Morgan were fully as successful and some more successful. As for the Steel Corporation, this was not a creation of Morgan's brain. Mr. Andrew Carnegie is responsible for it. Morgan would never have organized the Steel Corporation if Carnegie had not driven him into a corner and forced him to consolidate the steel interests of the country at that time."

Morgan's and Harriman's Mistakes in Business.

MORGAN'S actual mistakes in business were legion. His judgment was so poor in 1895 that he refused to reorganize the Union Pacific on the theory that it had no future and that its prospects were less bright than those of the Erie. In 1901 he organized or reorganized the International Mercantile Marine Company, which has been a dismal failure from the beginning. In 1903 he attempted to load the Erie Railroad with the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton and the Pere Marquette properties, but failed in this because of the objections of other interests in the Erie property. He was the chief backer of Charles S. Mellen in the New Haven system expansion, which has ended so disastrously. "In fact, if we make a careful study of the Morgan career we will find that Mr. Morgan's judgment was not so wonderful after all, and we are drawn to the conclusion that if J. P. Morgan had been brought up in a little country town and had the benefit of only the opportunities present in that town, while he would have been a successful man, there would have been nothing unusual about him." The same facts, Mr. Moody goes on to say, apply to Mr. E. H. Harriman. While he possessed sufficient imagination to realize the possibilities in the Union Pacific system, he was distinctly stupid when he loaded the Union Pacific up with Baltimore & Ohio, Illinois Central, New York Central, etc., at enormously inflated prices, and he certainly showed poor judgment when he tried to buy control of the Boston & Maine property at \$200 per share in 1906.

HOW ENGLAND CONDUCTS "BIG BUSINESS"

AMERICAN business, especially Big Business, is governed by oligarchs who are often inefficient. England, too, has her Big Business, but, Mr. Louis Brandeis insists, it is regulated intelligently and democratically by the people interested in its operation. England's Big Business is the Cooperative Wholesale Society, with a wonderful story of half a century's

A World-Wide Response Greeted The Silent Seven

Again the OLIVER has scored another triumph. Again it has raised the standard of typewriting, lightened labor for thousands of typewriter users, given greater speed, easier, smoother action.

Since our announcement of the new OLIVER NUMBER 7, it has aroused a furore of enthusiasm the country over. Experts have pronounced it the greatest advance in typewriter mechanics for a decade. Typists proclaim it perfection in lightness of touch, quick response and delightful ease of operation. Yet this beautiful machine, complete, equipped with Printype if desired, with all its added cost and value, is being sold at the same price as previous Oliver Models.

We earnestly urge you to see the new OLIVER NUMBER 7. In no other way can you so quickly appreciate the marvels of this masterpiece—so clearly understand its mechanical excellence—so surely convince yourself that in the new OLIVER NUMBER 7 typewriter building has reached finality.

The **OLIVER No 7**
Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer.

Automatic Devices—Easy Action

Equipped with "cushioned keyboard," with "anchor keys" and with a score of improvements, refinements and automatic features that make this model supreme.

The result is less effort, less eye-strain, greater speed, and a 25% greater value. And yet any typewriter user anywhere can buy this splendid Model 7, on the same terms as previous models, for our famous 17-cents-a-day plan still applies.

Now on Exhibition at Oliver Agencies

Go see the new OLIVER NUMBER 7 at any Oliver Branch or Agency in the United States. Mark the beautiful simplicity of its construction. Note the rapidity with which it writes; its smooth, silent movement, how the minimum of effort is needed. Inspect the automatic features. Then compare its work with that of any typewriter you know. Try it on many kinds of work no other typewriter will do.

The Oliver was first with visible writing, first with visible reading, first with Printype, and it is but fitting that it should be first with automatic methods of operation.

Oliver Book Deluxe

We have just issued a richly illustrated catalog describing the Oliver No. 7. A copy will be mailed free with our compliments if you send your name. A postal will do.

Openings for Local Agents

We have a most attractive offer to make in territory still open. Send for Opportunity Book. Present agents are increasing sales with new Model 7. Write for details today.

The Oliver Typewriter Co.
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(412)

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The Doors Can't Stick

Latest, most artistic designs. Have massive appearance and sturdy strength of solid bookcase. Beautifully finished inside as well as outside. Perfect alignment without complicated interlocking devices or metal bands. Patented equalizer absolutely prevents dust-proof doors from sticking or binding. Wide choice of styles and finishes to match any furniture in home or office. Made in our own factory—sold direct to you at a substantial saving. Shipped on approval; freight paid. Write for Handsomely Illustrated Catalog.



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THE SANITARY ERASER receives at its open end, a strip of rubber $\frac{1}{8}$ inch thick, of a width and length that of the holder. By slight pressure at the loop end, clean rubber is fed down until used; its narrow edge allows a letter or line to be erased without injuring another. Two rubbers of best quality are made: one for typewriters and ink, one for pencil. *Handsomely Finished; Easy to Operate and "They Always Work."* EVERYBODY should have this NEW ERASER. Price 15c. Refills, Typewriter and Ink, or Pencil, 5c each. *Your Stationer.* When ordering by mail, state whether Typewriter and Ink, or Pencil; enclose 2c extra for postage.

Booklet of our 3 "O. K." Office Necessities Free.
The O. K. Mfg. Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.





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SPEARMINT**

Electrically sealed with
"SEAL OF PURITY"
absolute that it is
water-proof, damp-
proof, dust-
proof—even
air-proof.

Give **regular** aid to teeth,
breath, appetite, and di-
gestion. It's the **safe** be-
sides **delicious** and **bene-
ficial** confection.

BUY IT BY THE BOX
for 85 cents—at most dealers.

Each box contains twenty 5 cent
packages. They stay fresh until used.

Chew it after every meal
It's **clean, pure, healthful**
if it's **WRIGLEY'S**. Look for the spear

Special. Spring Sailing
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S. S. "Laconia" sailing Sat., April 11
CALLING AT
GIBRALTAR, MONACO, NAPLES, PATRAS, TRIESTE and FIUME
For particulars apply to
THE CUNARD STEAMSHIP COMPANY, Ltd.
21-24 State Street, New York
OR TO OUR OFFICES OR LOCAL AGENTS EVERYWHERE

beneficent growth. Its annual turn-
over, Mr. Brandeis goes on to say (in
Harper's Weekly), is now about \$150,-
000,000—an amount greater than the
sales of any American industrial with
the single exception of the Steel Trust,
and larger than the gross receipts
of any American railroad except the
Pennsylvania and the New York Cen-
tral systems. Its business is diversified,
for its purpose is to supply the mani-
fold needs of its members.

"It operates the biggest flour mills and
the biggest shoe factory in all Great
Britain. It manufactures woolen cloths,
all kinds of men's, women's and chil-
dren's clothing, a dozen kinds of prepared
foods and as many household articles. It
operates creameries. It carries on every
branch of the printing business. It is now
buying coal lands. It has a bacon factory
in Denmark, and a tallow and oil factory
in Australia. It grows tea in Ceylon.
And through all the purchasing done by
the Society runs this general principle:
Go direct to the source of production,
whether at home or abroad, so as to save
commissions of middlemen and agents.
Accordingly it has buyers and warehouses
in the United States, Canada, Australia,
Spain, Denmark and Sweden. It owns
steamers plying between Continental and
English ports. It has an important bank-
ing department; it insures the property
and person of its members. Every one
of these departments is conducted in com-
petition with the most efficient concerns
in their respective lines in Great Britain.
The Cooperative Wholesale Society makes
its purchases and manufactures its prod-
ucts in order to supply the 1,399 local dis-
tributive, cooperative societies scattered
over all England; but each local society
is at liberty to buy from the wholesale
society or not, as it chooses; and they
will buy only if the cooperative wholesale
sells at market prices. This the Coopera-
tive actually does; and it is able besides
to return to the local a fair dividend on
its purchases."

How the Cooperative
Wholesale Society Is
Governed.

THE directors of this great busi-
ness, Mr. Brandeis explains, are
not selected by England's leading
bankers, or other notabilities supposed
to possess unusual wisdom, but by the
votes of the delegates of 1,399 retail
societies. Directly or indirectly, 2,750,-
000 persons have a voice in the choice
of its officials, for the delegates of the
retail societies are, in turn, selected by
the members of the local societies, that
is, by the consumers, on the principle
of one man, one vote, regardless of the
amount of capital contributed. These
industrial democrats select for the con-
trol of their business neither bankers
nor their dummies, but men who have
risen from the ranks of cooperation;
men who, by conspicuous service in the
local societies, have won the respect
and confidence of their fellows. The
directors are elected for one year

only; but a director is rarely unseated. J. T. W. Mitchell was president of the Society continuously for twenty-one years. Thirty-two directors are selected in this manner. Each gives to the business of the Society his whole time and attention. The aggregate salaries of the thirty-two are less than that of many a single executive in American corporations; for these directors of England's Big Business serve each for a salary of \$1500 a year. The Cooperative Wholesale Society of England, it seems, is the oldest and largest of these institutions. But similar wholesale societies exist in fifteen other countries. The Scotch Society (which William Maxwell has served most efficiently as President for thirty years at a salary never exceeding \$38 a week) has a turn-over of more than \$50,000,000 a year.

Cooperative Societies In America.

IN SWEDEN a cooperative society curbed the Sugar Trust and crushed the oleomargarine combine. In Switzerland the Wholesale Society forced the dissolution of the Shoe Manufacturers' Association. Dr. Hans Mueller, a Swiss delegate, at an international congress in Cremona, suggested an international cooperative alliance to combat world-wide trusts like the Standard Oil. America, Mr. Brandeis goes on to say, has no Wholesale Cooperative Society to grapple with the trusts, but it has some very strong retail societies, like the Tamarack of Michigan, which has distributed in dividends to its members \$1,144,000 in twenty-three years.

"The recent high cost of living has greatly stimulated interest in the cooperative movement; and John Graham Brooks reports that we have already about 350 local distributive societies. The movement toward federation is progressing. There are over 100 cooperative stores in Minnesota, Wisconsin and other Northwestern States, many of which were organized by or through the zealous work of Dr. Tousley and his associates of the Right Relationship League and are in some ways affiliated. In New York City eighty-three organizations are affiliated with the Cooperative League. In New Jersey the societies have federated into the American Cooperative Alliance of Northern New Jersey. In California, long the seat of effective cooperative work, a central management committee is developing.

"Among our farmers the interest in co-operation is especially keen. The federal government has just established a separate bureau of the Department of Agriculture to aid in the study, development and introduction of the best methods of co-operation in the working of farms, buying, and distribution; and special attention is now being given to farm credits—a field of co-operation in which Continental Europe has achieved complete success, and to which David Lubin, America's delegate to the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, has, among others, done much to direct our attention."



"It's just fun to clean with an ARCO WAND."



"The sweeping and lifting are just killing me."

Stops all strain of cleaning

Every man knows women should not lift or lug or push about heavy pieces of furniture, and men would not permit it or let it be risked if at home when the daily cleaning work must be done. But with the old broom-duster way there's no escape from the struggle and strain, the climbing and the reaching.

ARCO WAND VACUUM CLEANER

There's only one sure way out—

With the ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner you need only point a long-handled aluminum Wand at the lurking, feathery dust and gritty dirt to see it instantly disappear from under furniture, from

mouldings, chandeliers, frames, upholstered furniture, mattresses, cracks and crevices. All the dirt, threads, paper bits, insect eggs, etc., are drawn through iron suction pipe, connecting at baseboard on each floor, to big disinfectant dust bucket attached to machine set in basement or in rear room.

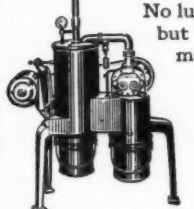
No lugging or dragging around a clumsy, inefficient portable cleaner—but you buy a correct, complete outfit that will work perfectly for many years to come—as long lasting as radiator heating.

An unfailing Vacuum Cleaner

ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner, by prolonging the durability of carpets, rugs, hangings, upholstery, mattresses, furs, clothing, etc., causes the machine to soon pay for itself. Nothing to get out of order; extremely simple. Monthly cost of electricity is trifling.

The ARCO WAND is proving a great success in homes, apartments, churches, schools, stores, hotels, hospitals, restaurants, libraries, clubs, theaters, barns, garages, etc., for the past two years under most severe tests. Requires no supervision or watching and is backed by our reputation and full guarantee. Write for free catalog. Public showrooms in all large cities.

Write Department C-2
AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY B15-222 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago
Makers of the world-famous IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators



Machine sets in basement or on lower floor. Suction pipe runs to each floor. ARCO WAND Vacuum cleaners, hose and tools are sold by all Heating and Plumbing Trade at \$225 up. Price does not include labor, connections and freight.

\$39.00
BUYS THIS
SIMPLEX
Water Works System
guaranteed to do your work. Sixty days free trial. Other sizes as cheap. Pumps, motors and engines. Write for our New Way Selling Plan No. 55 Do It Now
The Baltimore Co., Baltimore, Md.

Health? Take Turkish Bath At Home— ONLY 2c.



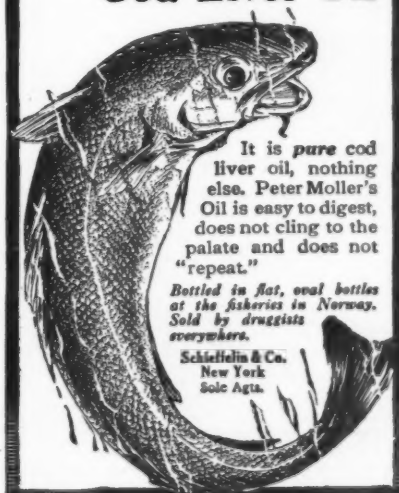
Exhaustion and many other ills mean that waste matter has over-accumulated in your body. Drugs do not drive them out. Exhausted men and women have been remarkably strengthened right at home, in a few moments' time by the use of
ROBINSON'S TURKISH BATH CABINET

Prominent physicians in many cases are abandoning drugs for this new treatment. If your mind or body is tired, or you have rheumatism, blood, stomach, liver, kidney and skin troubles, open your pores and feel the rapid change in your condition, right at home, at cost of 2c. a bath. The Robinson Bath Cabinet is the only scientifically constructed bath cabinet ever made, a model of ingenuity. Great \$2 Book Sent FREE—"The Philosophy of Health and Beauty" represents lifetimes of thought of well-known scientists and is written plainly so that anyone can understand every word. Write in time—today. Agents wanted in unoccupied territory.

ROBINSON MFG. CO. 698 Robinson Bldg., Toledo, Ohio

"Free from Disagreeable Taste and Odor"

Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil



It is pure cod liver oil, nothing else. Peter Moller's Oil is easy to digest, does not cling to the palate and does not "repeat."

Bottled in flat, oval bottles at the fisheries in Norway. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Schmidt & Co.
New York
Sole Agts.



Western Electric Inter-phones

The Telephone Within the Home

Every modern home should be provided with Inter-phones for communication between floors or between rooms on the same floor. Not only comfort, but efficiency in home management, must be considered. Wasted effort and tiresome stair climbing should be saved both to mistress and maid.

Western Electric Inter-phones are easily installed in any house and should certainly be provided for in the specifications of every new home when the wiring can be done at slight expense.

The special two-station set, shown in the illustration, can be put up between any two rooms, and the work can be done by anyone as easily as putting in a door bell.

Your local electric goods store should be able to supply you. If they haven't this Inter-phone outfit, we will mail it direct to you by parcel post. It includes two Inter-phones and the necessary wire, etc., with simple directions for setting up. Price, \$15.

Write for "The Way of Convenience." It is booklet No. 31-AB

There is an opportunity for agents to represent us in some unoccupied territories.

WESTERN ELECTRIC COMPANY
Manufacturers of the 7,500,000 "Bell" Telephones
463 West 21st, New York
Houses in all
Principal Cities of the United States and Canada
Agents Everywhere
EQUIPMENT FOR EVERY ELECTRICAL NEED

SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT IN THE HOME

THE home is the last of the great industries remaining without scientific organization. Every other division of the work of the world, remarks Christine Frederick, Author of "The New Housekeeping," writing in the *Review of Reviews*, has become more or less emancipated from personal drudgery, from the ancient apprentice system, from unstandardized work and pay. For this reason those who formerly entered the ranks of household workers are now attracted to other occupations. In the United States families employing servants number only eight per cent. of the population, which means that the average American woman does the bulk of her own house work. She is beginning to realize that mere feeling, slavish devotion, and manual work no longer entirely solve her problems:

"The old home, which manufactured for all its needs within its own walls, demanded chiefly labor and manual skill. The modern home demands much less manual skill, but vastly more mental and spiritual qualities. The old-fashioned woman—no matter how attractive in romance—cannot compete with the requirements of to-day. She is only a housekeeper and her housekeeping is far below modern standards! . . .

"The efficiency idea is a truly American ideal and solution. It has caught the need of man's world with genius and effectiveness; and because American men and women are really close to each other in spirit (necessarily, since six million women work side by side with men!), the efficiency idea is probably going to do for women exactly what it is doing for men. In fact, it is a splendid sign that the sexes are joining their spheres and making toward the real American ideal of comradeship, when the same ideal of efficiency takes hold of them both.

"If the home is to survive it must do so on a reorganized basis. No industry founded upon admittedly unwilling, uninterested millions can continue to operate; yet everybody admits the tremendous discontent among home women. As at present operated, American housekeeping is distasteful to admittedly the liveliest and most intelligent portion of housekeepers, and is only endured in a dull way by the masses of women."

The New Idea in Housekeeping.

MORE than ten years ago Charles and Mary Barnard started a household experiment station at Darien, Connecticut. Professor Barnard, himself a technical engineer, was the first to study domestic tools and devices from the point of view of the trained mechanical student. He believed that there was too much guesswork in housekeeping, and spent much time in developing data, especially on the use of the newer fuels and labor-



\$60 A WEEK and Expenses

That's the money you should get this year. I mean it. I want County Sales Managers quick, men or women who believe in the square deal, who will go into partnership with me. No experience needed. My folding Bath Tub has taken the country by storm. Solves the bathing problem. No plumbing, no water works required. Full length bath in any room. Folds in small roll, handy as an umbrella. I tell you it's great! GREAT! Rivals \$100 bath room. Now listen! I want YOU to handle your county. I'll furnish demonstrating tub on liberal plan. I'm positive—absolutely certain—you can get bigger money in a week with me than you ever made in a month before—I KNOW IT!

Two Sales a Day — \$300 a Month

That's what you should get—every month. Needed in every home, badly wanted, eagerly bought. Modern bathing facilities for all the people. Take the orders right and left. Quick sales, immense profits. Look at these men: Smith, Ohio, got 18 orders first week; Meyers, Wis., \$250 profit first month; Newton, California, \$60 in three days. You should do as well. 2 SALES A DAY MEANS \$300 A MONTH. The work is very easy, pleasant, permanent, fascinating. It means a business of your own.

DEMONSTRATING TUB FURNISHED

Little capital needed. I grant credit—Help you out—Back you up—Don't double—Don't hesitate—Don't hold back—You cannot lose. My other men are building houses, bank accounts, so can you. Act then quick, SEND NO MONEY. Just name on penny post card for free tub offer. Hustle!

H. S. ROBINSON
President
310 Vance St., Toledo, O.

saving appliances. Next Mrs. Mary Patterson, in Colonia, New Jersey, under the auspices of the New Jersey Federation of Women's Clubs, caused widespread comment and interest by equipping an exhibition kitchen, laundry, and dining-room with many of the most modern devices for saving labor.

"It was her purpose to demonstrate the increased efficiency which is possible in a home where machinery—electric stoves, vacuum cleaners, incinerators, etc., are used to replace the time and labor of servants. Numbers of women and men visited her home before she dismantled the exhibition; and her inspiring personal message to these visitors on the art, as well as the science, of home-making, did much to advance the rapidly growing welcome for more scientific management in the home.

"Frank Gilbreth, the most famous of the pioneers in motion-study (the man who revolutionized bricklaying), began to be interested in the application of motion-study to the home and wrote and made several addresses about it.

"Martha Bensley Bruère, in a book which generalizes the efficiency idea mainly in its application to the family budget, cooperative laundries and marketing, etc., continued public interest in this newer scientific home-making."

Her own book, "The New House-keeping," Mrs. Frederick asserts, was the result of several years of work and experiment, and was the first to emphasize methods, and the personal attitude of a woman toward her work, rather than mere tools and machinery.

Causes of Domestic Inefficiency.

THE students of scientific house-keeping devote much attention to such subjects as the relative height of the housewife and the sink, a matter of great importance in the washing of dishes. Mrs. Frederick summarizes the causes of eighty per cent. of the inefficiency of housework, based on her own experiments and observations:

"1. The worker does not have all the needful tools or utensils at hand before her when she begins to work; therefore,

"2. She wastes time and effort walking to, hunting for, or fetching ingredients, tools, or materials she neglected to have at hand when she began the task.

"3. She stops in the middle of one task to do something else quite unrelated.

"4. She lowers the efficiency of good work by losing time putting tools or work away, generally due to poor arrangement of kitchen, pantry, and closets.

"5. She uses a poor tool, or a wrong one; or works at a table, sink, ironing-board, or molding-board of the wrong height from the floor.

Unseen Forces Behind Your Telephone

THE telephone instrument is a common sight, but it affords no idea of the magnitude of the mechanical equipment by which it is made effective.

To give you some conception of the great number of persons and the enormous quantity of materials required to maintain an always-efficient service, various comparisons are here presented.

The cost of these materials unassembled is only 45% of the cost of constructing the telephone plant.



Poles

enough to build a stockade around California—12,480,000 of them, worth in the lumber yard about \$40,000,000.



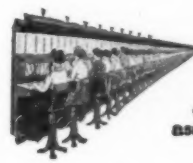
Telephones

enough to string around Lake Erie—8,000,000 of them, 5,000,000 Bell-owned, which, with equipment, cost at the factory \$45,000,000.



Wire

to coil around the earth 621 times—15,460,000 miles of it, worth about \$100,000,000, including 260,000 tons of copper, worth \$88,000,000.



Switchboards

in a line would extend thirty-six miles—55,000 of them, which cost, unassembled, \$90,000,000.



Lead and Tin

to load 6,600 coal cars—being 659,960,000 pounds, worth more than \$37,000,000.



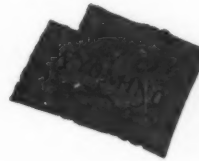
Buildings

sufficient to house a city of 150,000—more than a thousand buildings, which, unfurnished, and without land, cost \$44,000,000.



Conduits

to go five times through the earth from pole to pole—225,778,000 feet, worth in the warehouse \$9,000,000.



People

equal in numbers to the entire population of Wyoming—150,000 Bell System employees, not including those of connecting companies.

The poles are set all over this country, and strung with wires and cables; the conduits are buried under the great cities; the telephones are installed in separate homes and offices; the switchboards housed, connected and supplemented with other machinery, and the whole Bell System kept in running order so that each subscriber may talk at any time, anywhere.



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"6. She loses time because she does not keep sufficient supplies on hand, and because she does not keep her tools and utensils in good condition."

When she came to study the conditions under which she worked in her kitchen at cooking and serving meals, the writer goes on to say, she found that it was impossible to do standardized work under such unstandardized conditions. "Not only were my sink, tables, and stove too low for efficient work but they were in the wrong relation to one another. In fact I found almost innumerable factors in the average home and kitchen making for inefficiency—actually preventing efficiency—factors which I do not have space even to list properly here."

**The Renaissance of
the Home.**

THE author has worked out an elaborate system of household arrangements, card indexes, motion studies, etc. None would deny that the home is still run on more or less medieval lines, or that vast numbers of women are yearning to get away from its drudgery; but, Mrs. Frederick goes on to say, with familiar human conservatism they fight or ridicule all remedies proposed. Lectures on domestic science and home efficiency nevertheless increase by the hundred. The growing demand among householders that hand labor shall be replaced by machinery, just as it has been in the factory, has created an immense market for labor-saving devices. Every minute, it is said, a new egg-beater is born. The domestic science schools are turning their attention to the practical side of the work. So are the universities, especially Cornell and the University of Wisconsin:

"Wisconsin offers courses to housekeepers, first, in connection with the Farmers' Institutes, of which forty-four are held every year throughout the State under the direction of the Board of Agriculture. Then, there are short courses lasting from three days to a week, held under the auspices of the Agricultural Extension. In these, the farmers have lectures and demonstrations. Every year, beginning the last week in January and lasting through the first week in February, the College of Agriculture holds a two weeks' short course for farmers and farmers' wives. The attendance last year at the Women's Course in Home Economics at the University of Wisconsin was between 600 and 700.

"Most significant of all, perhaps, is this now fast-increasing interest in the rural woman's problems. It has been remarked many times that while governments—both State and National—spend actual millions upon decreasing the toil and increasing the results of the man's work on the farm, nothing has been done for the farm woman. The farm kitchen is still in the

same archaic state as in the day when men gathered wheat with the cradle scythe—but the barn is full of wonderful new machinery! The cooking is no better, while the cooking utensils are practically unchanged.

"As a matter of fact, it was the Western agricultural colleges, trained to be alert for the modern and the scientific, which were among the first of all educational institutions to give welcome place to domestic science courses. The buxom corn-belt farm girls learned how to 'balance a meal' before the pampered daughters of New York and the East knew there was such a thing."

THE DEMOCRATIZATION OF CREDIT

THE recent formation in New York of the Industrial Finance Corporation, a people's bank based on the ideas promulgated by Arthur J. Morris, is hailed by Joseph B. Gilder as almost foreshadowing a new era in American banking. The purpose of this corporation, and others like it, is nothing less than the democratization of credit through the establishments of loans and savings institutions on what is known as the Morris plan—the extension of borrowing facilities to people of little means. Credit facilities for the small man have existed in Europe for half a century. But here in America, Mr. Gilder goes on to say in the *New York Times Annalist*, we have been too busy with big things to pay much heed to the little ones. With eyes fixed on distant mountain peaks, we have been blind to the homely wayside view. Our multi-millionaires, lending freely to great corporations for the furtherance of enormous enterprises, have ignored the fact that their capital might be loaned in tiny units as profitably as in titanic ones. But, Mr. Gilder insists, more and more, as the country grows in age and in experience, the smaller unit, whether social, financial or political, is getting the recognition to which it is entitled. It is only a logical development of this tendency that such a man as Dr. Elgin R. L. Gould should take the lead in a nation-wide movement to extend credit facilities to men of small, if not the smallest, account financially, and that he should enlist in the cause such men as Andrew Carnegie, Vincent Astor, Seth Low, President Butler of Columbia University, Oscar S. Straus, Ogden Mills, Prof. Jeremiah W. Jenks, W. D. Sloane, and Julius Rosenwald of Chicago, Mrs. E. H. Harriman, and representative financiers and philanthropists throughout the United States.

Poor Men as Borrowers.

SIXTY years ago, Mr. Gilder continues, whether in Europe or America, the man without money had to go without credit, and the man

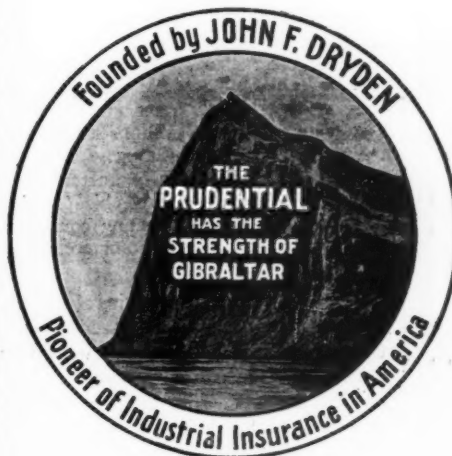
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without credit had to go without money. Nowadays the European of small means must be poor indeed to whom credit convertible into cash is inaccessible. In Germany the Schulze-Delitzsch System loaned, in 1910, the tremendous sum of one billion dollars to small borrowers. In the same year the People's Banks in Italy turned over \$3,231,801,035. One can guess what it means to the petty shopkeeper, the man or woman on a small salary, the mechanic, the laborer, the domestic servant, to have access to financial resources on terms virtually as easy and as dignified as those on which the man of property borrows money at an ordinary commercial bank. The American without property, if he happens to live in New York, can get financial aid from the Provident Loan Association, founded four years ago as the result of a humanitarian movement in which Bishop Greer, James Speyer and Jacob Schiff were the compelling forces.

"By pledging a watch, a ring, a piece of silverware, he could procure a small loan to tide him over an emergency. When fortune smiled again he could repay the loan, with interest at 12 per cent. per annum, and recover the article that had served as collateral. Twelve per cent. is a high price to pay for money, but to the man in need it is worth it. Before the Provident Loan Society entered the field, the poor wretch who pawned his treasures had to pay three times as high a rate of interest, and not infrequently saw some heirloom (priceless, for sentimental reasons) sold at auction, because of his inability to redeem it.

"But the borrower who needed more than a few dollars, and had no banking collateral to put up, usually had recourse to those benevolent gentlemen who content themselves with a mortgage on one's household goods, and exact interest on their loans at rates varying from 50 to several hundred per cent. These are the so-called 'loan sharks'—and very aptly are they so called. They abound in all large communities. Their loans amount in the aggregate to tens of millions a year; and their victims are numberless.

"Detestable as is the character of the loan shark, and abominable his practices, he is a necessary evil in any community where only the ordinary commercial bank exists."

The savings bank is invaluable to the poor, but its patrons, needing cash, can obtain it only by withdrawing their deposits and sacrificing interest. They cannot borrow from the bank itself; and the national banks will lend to their own depositors alone.

Mr. Morris Thwarts the Loan Shark.

THREE and one-half years ago, Arthur J. Morris, struck by the cavalier way in which the commercial banks treat applications for small loans, initiated a plan to thwart the loan shark. His study of the vari-

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ous-European systems of popular banks and a small capital of \$20,000 were the structure upon which he reared the Fidelity Savings and Trust Company in Norfolk, Virginia. If the Bank of France could profitably lend hundreds of millions of dollars annually in sums of \$20 or less, American bankers need not be so contemptuous of folk who wanted fifty or a hundred. Mr. Morgan once said that character was the basis of credit. Character is the basis of the Morris plan and its various modifications:

"The plan adopted by the Industrial Finance Corporation, dealing only with men who can show a legitimate borrowing need, and who have a reputation for honesty among their mates and their employers, lends a customer an amount of money proportioned to his earning capacity, and takes as security a promissory note bearing his signature and those of two of his friends or fellow-workmen, one of the latter being, if possible, somewhat stronger, financially, than the borrower himself. The note is discounted in the usual manner; and at the same time the borrower begins the purchase of a certificate of investment equalling the amount of his loan, on which he makes weekly payments at the rate of 2 per cent. of its face value. At the end of fifty weeks this collateral certificate becomes full paid; and if the owner so elects he can cancel his obligation by cashing the certificate and turning the money over to the bank. Or he may obtain from outside sources the money necessary to discharge his debt, and retain his certificate, which bears interest at a rate of from 1 to 1½ per cent. better than the savings banks allow, and can be used as collateral for a future loan, if so desired, for which no indorsements will be required. Or he may borrow from the bank the sum needed to pay off the first loan, and put up the full-paid certificate as collateral. When the second loan is repaid he owns the first certificate of investment outright. He has begun with a debt and ended with a liquid asset."

How the Morris Plan Works Out.

MORRIS'S own bank at Norfolk paid eleven per cent. dividends to its stockholders the first year, and twenty per cent. the second. The initial capital is provided by an issue of Class A, or capital stock, which is preferred and alone carries the voting privilege. So much of the earnings of the corporation as the directors see fit are set aside to a surplus fund going to the credit of Class A stockholders. The rest is apportioned to the second grade of stock known as Class B. This is the savings or investment stock, and is guaranteed to yield five per cent. Dividends are credited twice yearly, but may be withdrawn at any time upon notice, or the stock may be sold to the bank at its book value,

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thus approximating a savings bank deposit. For investors who cannot purchase B stock for cash there is a grade known as Class C. This is the instalment savings stock to which borrowers are forced to subscribe. This stock is hypothecated to secure the loan. When fully paid, the investors, as in the case of Industrial Finance Corporation, may liquidate his note and convert his class C into a five per cent. investment, or class B stock, or he may surrender his stock in cancellation of his note. This scheme, as Walter Prichard Eaton remarks in the *American Magazine*, is extremely flexible, and varied combinations are possible. It meets the borrowing needs of the working man or woman, and stimulates the habits of thrift, tending to convert borrowers into savers, rather than to keep them borrowers.

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Humanizing the Banking Business.

THE men of Atlanta saw other possibilities. The Atlanta Loan and Savings Company was opened in June, 1911, with a first issue of \$50,000 of class A, or capital stock, subscribed for willingly. This Atlanta Company, Mr. Eaton goes on to say, is based in the main on the Morris plan, but it loans money to nobody who can secure regular bank credit, and it directly and practically works to get its borrowers out of debt. Its directors are skilled business men who weekly give hours of their time discussing each application.

"A grocer on the board of directors shows one man how to reduce his grocery bills. Another director tells the borrower he must reduce his rent. A third instructs a poor man with debts on every hand how he can lump them, pay them all off with money borrowed from the bank, and then have as his only indebtedness the two dollars or three dollars due the bank each week for a year, after which he is a free man. A fourth summons a borrower's wife, tells her she is extravagant, shows her how to reduce expenses, how to make the weekly salary last seven days, and so on.

"To sit at a board meeting of the Atlanta Loan and Savings Company is an experience worth having. The secretary reads the new applications. John Doe applies for a loan of \$100. He is a clerk, with a salary of \$60 a month. His endorsers are a fellow clerk and his employer, or perhaps three or four of his fellow clerks. He has a wife and baby. The report on his character is good, and his endorsers are sound.

"What does he want the money for?" somebody asks.

"The secretary reads from the application: 'Baby's been sick, operation cost \$50. Borrowed from shark. Owes doctor \$50, drugs \$12, grocer \$9, rent \$12, shark \$47. Wants to pay as much as he can. Shark has been threatening him.'

"Who's the doctor?"

"Doctor Smith."

"I know him," says one of the directors. "He'll wait till we can get the man clear of his other debts. I'll see Smith to-night. That would reduce the indebtedness to \$80. Lend him \$80."

"Hang it up! On to the next!" cries Director Sawtelle. The vote is unanimous. (All loans are made by unanimous vote.)

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CURRENT OPINION, New York

OUR BARBAROUS PATENT LAWS

THE protection of intellectual property in the United States to-day, claims William Hard, writing in *Everybody's*, is in the barbarous stage of mere private financial warfare between individual citizens. The citizen, to protect his property or to attack the property of his neighbor, assembles his band of professional fighters, his lawyers and expert witnesses, and fills the country-side with night-marches and surprises and ambushes and personally conducted executions till his purse fails him and he can pay his mercenaries no longer. When Wilbur and Orville Wright made their revolutionary discovery, they added themselves at once to the long waiting list of patent litigants. Their aeroplane, rising against the wind to the first successful flight ever made by a motor-driven, man-carrying, heavier-than-air flying machine, was rising therefore, the writer facetiously says, to a flight into the Federal courts.

"The Wrights invented the combination of the use of a vertical rudder with the use of a 'warping' mechanism.

"That 'warping' mechanism had to do with the long rear edges of their outstretched 'wings,' the edges which in a bird are fluttering feather-tips.

"When their aeroplane rolled to the right, reeling to a capsize, they warped their right wing to catch more air. That is, they bent the rear edges of their canvas planes along the right side of their machine *downward*. So that side got more air-pressure under it as it rushed along, and it *rose*.

"At the same time, and by the same act, they gave a reverse twist to their other wing. That is, they bent the rear edges of their canvas planes along the left side of their machine *upward*. So that side got little or no air pressure under it, and it *sank*.

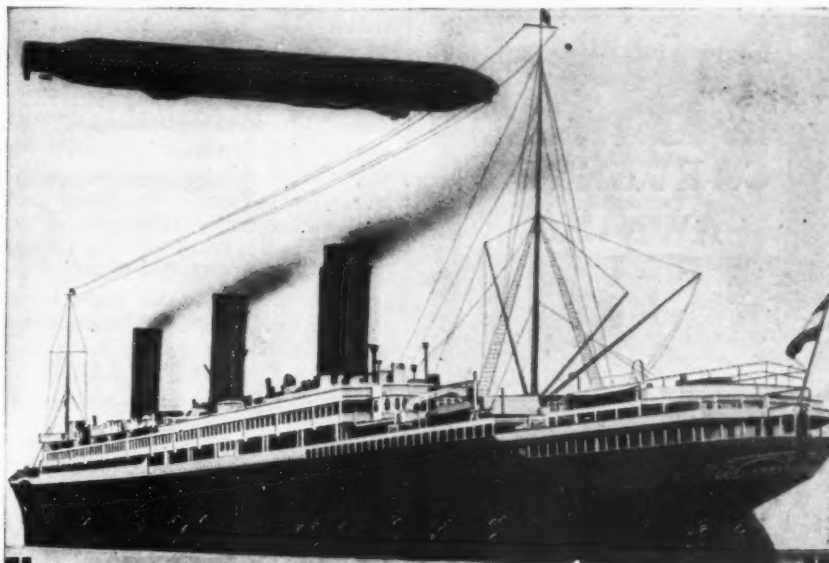
"Meanwhile they had turned their vertical rudder toward the high side, the left side, of their tilted machine; and thus, vertical-ruddered and warp-winged, they did what no one else had been able to do before. They *stayed* in the air.

"Such was their invention. Such was their contribution to the art of flying."

It took more than four years, the writer points out, to get the boundaries of that contribution determined by the courts. The mere printing of the record of the case for the eyes of the judges cost the inventors fifteen hundred dollars.

Experiences of the Wright Brothers in the Courts.

FOR more than four years the intellectual property of the Wright brothers lay thus disputed, undefined, defenceless. The last years of the life of Wilbur Wright were poisoned by the long wait for a final de-



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cision. The Wrights, Mr. Hard goes on to say, had spent from 1903 to 1906 in the Patent Office. Now they spent from 1910 to 1913 redoing "lateral balances," "centers of pressure" and "angles of incidence" (relationships mechanical) for the benefit of judges trained in "torts," "trespasses" and "quasi-contracts" (relationships human). One expert for the Wright Company, Mr. William J. Hammer, was on the stand for twelve days; an expert for Curtiss, Dr. A. F. Zahm, was on the stand for twenty-seven days. The record now fills more than two thousand large and luminous pages.

"It will guide you even to the exquisite drawings made by the painter of the 'Mona Lisa,' four hundred years ago, for a man-power, wing-flapping, air-beating flying-machine; and it will show you accordingly that Leonardo da Vinci the engineer is as immortal as Leonardo da Vinci the artist.

"The brief of Mr. H. A. Toulmin, attorney for the Wrights, is one of the best text-books on aviation, technically and historically, that was ever composed. A credit to him! A scandal to the country!

"The fact is that if you should want to know the history of American Invention, you could hardly do better than go through the records of the testimony taken in patent suits. There you will find the details of the development of most of the important industrial arts in America, collected largely at the expense of the men who made the most important inventions in those arts or at the expense of the men who risked their fortunes on them.

"The Wright-Curtiss case, with the history of aerial mechanics annexed, was considered for the second time by the Federal court in the Western District of New York and was again decided against Curtiss. Again Curtiss appealed. And not until January 13, 1914, did the Circuit Court of Appeals finally find that the Curtiss machine was an appropriation of the idea in the Wright patent and that an injunction against Curtiss might lawfully be issued."

The Troublesome Course of Patent Litigation.

THE shoe grain drill of the Dowagiac Manufacturing Company illustrates another aspect of the wearisome course of patent litigation. The United States Government issued a patent on the invention. The courts of the United States found the patent valid and found it infringed. Yet for the protection of their property the Dowagiac Company was obliged to work its way through testimony and trial and appeal to at least twenty separate and distinct decisions by Federal judges. The McSherry Company had manufactured about 3,500 infringing drills. The lower court had made a preposterously accurate calculation of damages, amounting to \$46,122.26.

"The Court of Appeals of the Sixth Federal Circuit was to pronounce on that award.

"A very good award," said the Court (in effect), "were it not for one thing. The Dowagiac Company did not prove that it would have sold those thirty-five hundred drills even if it had made them. The McSherry Company, in fact, did make them and it did succeed in selling them to its customers. But how do we know that those same customers would have bought those same drills from the Dowagiac Company? How do we know that if the business had not been grabbed by the McSherry Company it would have been occupied by the Dowagiac Company?"

"Apply that notion of the patent law to real estate. You own a house. Another man, without your knowledge, has been occupying it. You want him to pay. But how do we know that you would have occupied it if he hadn't? Perhaps you were in Europe.

"Further," the Court went on (in effect), "we are really inclined to believe, from the evidence before us, that if the persons who bought these thirty-five hundred drills from the McSherry Company had not bought them from that company, they would have given their patronage, not to the Dowagiac Company at all, but to some one of the many other companies which have been making drills infringing on the Dowagiac Company's patent!"

"In other words, if that uninvited tenant of yours hadn't been occupying your house, we think it would have been occupied by some other neighbor who appreciated a good roof.

"So," said (in effect) the Court of Appeals, "instead of \$46,122.26, let the Dowagiac Company have one dollar; and let it pay half the costs of this suit."

Projecting Federal Judges Into Chemical Fairylands.

ALICE in Wonderland could have been no more puzzled than must be some Federal judges who are compelled to render decisions on highly technical chemical formulae. When young Learned Hand was started on the path that eventually led him to the Federal bench, he should have gone to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology rather than to the Harvard Law School. At any rate, remarks Mr. Hard, he should have gone there too. The patent cases in the Southern District of New York rebuke him sharply for his youthful failure to perfect himself not only in the law but in civil engineering, mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, chemical engineering, electro-chemical engineering, and whatever other sundry sorts of engineering may have been devised upon this planet. Judge Hand has made his protest. At the end of his conscientious decision of the chemical case of Parke-Davis versus Mulford, he expressed his final opinion of all acids and bases and salts especially monobenzoylated salts, by saying: "I can not stop without calling attention to the extra-

ordinary condition of the law which makes it possible for a man without a knowledge of even the rudiments of chemistry to pass upon such questions as these." For his misery in that case Judge Hand can blame Jokichi Takamine.

"Takamine went and labored with the suprarenal glands of animals. He came back with fresh glory and with a fresh discovery, Adrenalin. He took Adrenalin to the Patent Office and got a patent. But the Mulford Company said he ought not to have been allowed to get a patent. So the entertaining question came to Judge Hand: 'Did Jokichi Takamine, when he first found and made Adrenalin, take an inventive step which no former chemist had ever taken in the whole history of human curiosity with regard to suprarenal glands?'"

"The answer would have been fairly laborious for a board of scientifically trained men sitting as a permanent central Federal Court of Patent Protection. There being no such board, Judge Hand submitted to hypodermic injections of chemical knowledge administered by the experts of both sides, and was projected into a fairy world sodded with ammonium magnesium phosphate and geysered with biuret and nitroprusside-sodium tests through which he traveled till, after exploratory toils and dangers of which Peary and Amundsen can have no conception, he arrived finally at a decision."

Justice for One-ninth of the United States.

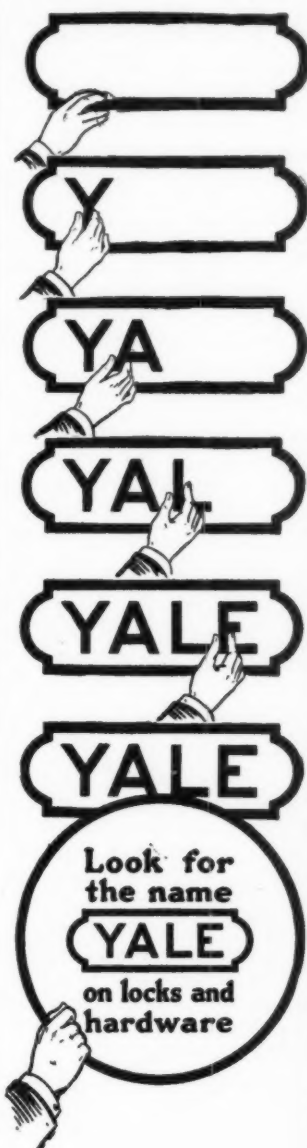
WHEN, after such exhausting struggles, the patentee finally gets his judgment, he still lacks his rights in eight-ninths of the United States. There are nine Circuits in the United States and nine Circuit Courts of Appeal. Rarely does the Supreme Court consent to review a patent case. Here, too, a feudal system prevails. For patents, it seems, each Circuit is a principality and each Circuit Court of Appeals is a sovereign.

"Your infringer lives in Texarkana, Arkansas. You've beaten him. He must stop manufacturing that pocket cigar-lighter that infringes on your patent."

"But just across the street from him, in Texarkana, Texas, there lives and moves a defiant party who manufactures that very same identical cigar-lighter and who says he is going to keep on doing it."

"Isn't he the undesirable citizen? Not at all. He is a law-abiding man. He is in the Fifth Circuit. And you must sue him, just as you sued your other infringer, all the way from the same slippery start along the same gold-bricked track to the same uncertain finish. Uncertain; for, remember:

"He may turn out not to be an infringer at all. Your patent was a good patent on one side of the street, in the Eighth Circuit; but, on the other side of the street, in the Fifth, it may be adjudged no patent at all."

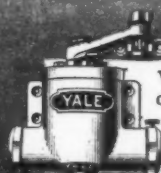


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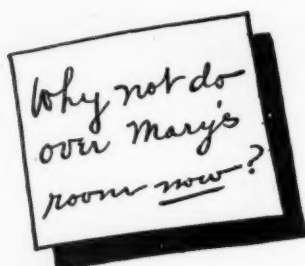
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Financial Department

CURRENT OPINION
New York



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"Two of Nikola Tesla's most important patents were contested in many parts of the United States. They had to do with electric motors. They were owned by the Westinghouse Company. In the first Circuit they were valid. In the Second Circuit they were invalid.

"The invention was an invention in Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island. It was not an invention in Vermont, Connecticut, and New York.

"The patents were issued by the Patent Office of the whole United States. They were property in Newport. They weren't worth pigeon-hole space in New Haven."

The solution offered by Mr. Hard is the creation of a National Court of Patents at Washington and of trained special Patent Judges in each principal city of the United States. The Special Judge should act on reports of infringements of patents much as a pure food commissioner acts on a report of poisonous foodstuffs. Whether he decides against you or for you, his decision should hold for the whole United States unless reversed by the National Court of Patents.

The Commissioner of Patents on Inventors' Difficulties.

THE new Commissioner of Patents, Thomas Ewing, comes forward with an explanation of some of the difficulties inventors encounter. Mr. Ewing was a distinguished patent lawyer before becoming commissioner and has thus had opportunity to study the situation from the litigant's point of view as well as the administrator's. Mr. Ewing (until he accepted his present office, president of Current Literature Publishing Company) points out one of the principal causes responsible for litigation. The idea seems to be, he remarks in *The Independent*, that if a man is intelligent enough to make an invention he is intelligent enough to describe and define it properly; and if he is not able to prepare and prosecute the application, the Patent Office must be at fault. This idea is the cause of most of the troubles encountered with the Patent Office and subsequently in the courts. As a matter of fact it almost never happens that an inventor, if left to himself, is able to define his invention adequately. One might as well say, the Commissioner insists, that because a man is intelligent enough to make a business contract he is intelligent enough to draft it without the assistance of an attorney. An invention to be of importance must necessarily be novel. To define a new thing accurately, so that it may all be embraced in the description, but at the same time nothing included which is not essential, is an art of itself re-

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quiring long and careful training in such writing and in the study of the useful arts.

"It is true that the inventor probably knows better than the attorney ever will know just what he is trying to accomplish; and no careful attorney, who has the interest of his client at heart, would undertake the drafting of an important patent, if it could be avoided, without close study of the specification, the claims and the drawings, with the inventor himself, so that between them they may define the invention satisfactorily.

"This fundamental requirement of any patent system, which is inescapable whether the description or definition of the invention is required to be summed up in formal claims or not, is not created by the rules of practice or administration of the patent office. While this office is assisted in its business by the knowledge and experience of good attorneys, it is not the rules of practice of the office that make these attorneys' services necessary, but the necessity of correct and satisfactory description of the invention.

"The office constantly sees that expense, trouble and loss are occasioned to inventors by inexpert writing of their specifications and handling of their cases, and, therefore, advises inventors to employ attorneys. This advice has been in the published rules for years."

Why the Government
Sometimes Grants In-
valid Patents.

A FREQUENT cause of complaint is the number of invalid patents granted. There has recently been published a list of the number of patents issued in six different years which were sued on and adjudicated. There were a little over one hundred for each year, one quarter of which were declared invalid. As the years are not stated, Mr. Ewing goes on to say, it cannot be ascertained how many patents were granted in those years, but the probability is that the number was close to 200,000. Roughly speaking, only one patent in three hundred was judicially passed upon. Of course, Mr. Ewing admits, the three hundred did not receive as close scrutiny and careful search by the patent office as the one received in the courts. That, as one can also easily gather from the figures quoted by Mr. Hard, is not possible physically, nor, adds Mr. Ewing, would it be economically desirable. The cost would be excessive.

"While in private practice, I personally supervised the expenditure of more than \$5,000 in searching against a single patent (which has expired) and ultimately turned up an unprinted but public patent of Austria which anticipated the invention. There was, moreover, strong indication that both the patentee and his attorney knew of this anticipation before his patent was granted or even applied for.

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They come out of our ovens brown, mealy and tender—delicious—digestible, and with all that real Boston baked bean flavor that cannot be brought out by any other than the baking process.

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There are four kinds of Heinz Baked Beans:

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce

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Try Heinz Baked Beans at our risk. If you don't prefer them to any other you have ever eaten, your grocer will refund full purchase money.

Others of the famous "57": Heinz Spaghetti—cooked ready to serve; Preserved Sweet Pickles, India Relish, Chili Sauce, Pure Vinegars, Cream of Pea Soup, Cream of Celery Soup, Cream of Tomato Soup, Tomato Ketchup, Fruit Preserves, Apple Butter, Grape Fruit Marmalade, Prepared Mustard, Olive Oil, Olives, Peanut Butter, etc.

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A case of kidney and bladder trouble of ten years' standing was saved from a surgical operation, and the objectionable discharge relieved within ten days, because the loss of control was due entirely to the constant irritation from certain irritating foods and drinks.

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A chronic sufferer, weighing 415 pounds, unable to exercise, reduced over 150 pounds (in public life, under many witnesses), gained strength and firmer flesh, and lost rheumatism.



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"In another instance I sold a patent to a large corporation which, before closing the purchase, not only spent thousands of dollars in examining all the literature at its command but actually sent an expert to every important university in Europe to make inquiry for knowledge of such an invention. This patent is to-day of immense value to its owners and has never been litigated or infringed.

"Manifestly the Government cannot treat cases in any such way. It is equally manifest that it cannot guarantee the results of its searches nor the validity of patents granted."

The Vexatious Question of Interferences in Patents.

THE question of interferences so graphically illustrated by Mr. Hard is as complicated as it is vexatious. The writer in *Everybody's* quotes extreme cases, and it is difficult to answer him satisfactorily. "I have known the Office for twenty-five years," exclaims Mr. Ewing. "I know its honesty as the custodian of secrets of untold value. I know that much faithful work is done in its business both inside and outside of it." But the Patent Office is naturally limited by its responsibilities. "If," Mr. Ewing goes on to say, "every tribunal before which an interference comes could see the end from the beginning, it would be easy to cut the whole thing short and hand out the patent to the original and first inventor. We labor under responsibility and therefore fear cocksure judgments which magazine writers love to indulge in. We are placed in the difficult position of having to displease half of every audience which we address, and the question which half shall suffer gives us pause." A critic of the Patent Office suggests an easy way of disposing of the whole matter. "Have no interferences, grant the patent to the first to file an application; that is what the Germans do." Mr. Ewing points out the disadvantage of this method which, in his opinion, would result in many patents being denied to true inventors and valid patents being granted to men for inventions which others had produced before them. It would also increase the trouble—some number of ill-considered applications. Mr. Ewing goes on to say:

"I have no quarrel with anyone who is trying to help us and can interest the general reader in the patent office and its work, even by criticism of it. It is, of course, fair subject for criticism. It deals with the enthusiasts and pioneers of industry. Its importance is derived entirely from the work which they bring to it. Its value depends entirely upon the character of the service which it renders to them. But it is of the utmost importance that it be judged by the sum-total of its achievement."

THE FORBIDDEN NORTH—THE STORY OF A GREAT DANE PUPPY

(Continued from page 303)

his pick and bar beside him, with a sack of ore, showed that he was just back from a prospecting trip. He had evidently run short of water, and after a forced march to the spring, where he had relieved his thirst, had dropped asleep on the spot.

At last Saxe Gotha lay down with his nose on the young man's shoulder, and his brown eyes were alert in the moonlight. Saxe Gotha had found his man!

SAXE GOTHA had found his man! A discovery as important as that of course delayed the journey toward the north. All through the desert night, the Great Dane pup lay shivering beside his man. What he saw beyond the silent desert, what vision of giant tree trunks, gray-green against an age-old turf, lured his exiled heart we cannot know. To understand what sudden fealty to the heedless form he guarded forbade him his north would solve the riddle of love itself.

Little by little the stars faded. At last dawn lighted the face of the sleeping man; he stirred and suddenly sat up. Saxe Gotha bounded to his feet with a bark of joy. Startled, the young man jumped up, staggering with weakness, and scowled when he saw the big puppy chasing his tail. Hunger and a guilty conscience are richly productive of vicious moods. Saxe Gotha's man picked up a rock and hurled it at him.

"Git! You blamed hound, you!"

In utter astonishment, Saxe Gotha paused in his joyous barking, and stood staring at the young fellow's sullen face. It was unbelievable! The young man did not in the least realize that he had been found! And yet, despite the eyes inflamed by the glare of the desert, his face was an intelligent one, with good features. He glared at the pup, and then walked weakly down the trail to his hut. Saxe Gotha followed, and sat on his haunches before the door, waiting. After a long time, the young man came out, washed and shaved, and with fresh clothes. He picked up his sack of ore, and, as he did so, a haunted look came into his gray eyes. Such a look on so young a face might have told Saxe Gotha that the desert is bad for youth. But Saxe Gotha would not have cared. He kept his distance warily and wagged his tail. When the young man's glance fell on the dog, he saw him as something living on which to vent his own sense of guilt. Again he threw a stone at Saxe Gotha.

"Get out! Go back where you belong!"

The pup dodged, and stood waiting. Strangely dense his man was! The young man did not look at him again, but fell to sorting samples of ore. Certain tiny pieces he gloated over as he found them,

and he put them in a sack that he hid behind the door.

Now Saxe Gotha never meant to do it, but he was young, and his distemper made him very ill, and he had not slept all night. When he saw his man safely absorbed in his work, he curled up in the shade of a rock and went off into the heavy sleep of a sick dog.

When he awoke, his man was gone! Saxe Gotha ran round and round and through the adobe. The house was thick with scents of him, but whither he had gone was not to be told, for desert sands hold no scents. On the door-step lay an old vest of the man's. The dog sat down on this, and lifted his voice in a howl of anguish. There was only one thing to do, of course—wait for the man's return.

ALL day Saxe Gotha waited. He drank deeply from the barrel of water, but he went without food, altho the remains of the young man's breakfast lay on the table. It was not in Saxe Gotha's breed to steal. All day and all night he waited. Now and again, he lifted his great voice in grief. With his face to that north which he had forbidden himself to seek, even tho he was but a dog, he might have been youth mourning its perennial discovery that duty and desire do not always go hand in hand. Saxe Gotha might have been all the courage, all the loneliness, all the grief of youth, disillusioned.

The morning of the second day, a man rode up the trail. He was not Saxe Gotha's man. He dismounted, and called, "Hey, Evans!"

Saxe Gotha, a little unsteady on his legs, sat on his haunches and growled.

"Where's your boss, pup?" asked the man. "I didn't know he had a dog."

Saxe Gotha growled.

"Humph!" said the man. "Off stealing ore again, I suppose."

The stranger prowled round the outside of the hut, and then came to the door.

"Get out of the way, dog! I'm going to find out where this rich claim is that he's finding free gold in. He's a thief, anyhow, not to report it to his company."

As he put his foot on the door-step, Saxe Gotha snapped at him. The stranger jumped back. "You brute hound!" he cried. "What do you mean! If I had a gun, I'd shoot you!"

Saxe Gotha's anger gave him strength to rise. He stood lurching; his lips were drawn back over his fangs, his ears were flat to his head. The stranger walked back a few steps.

"He must weigh nearly a hundred pounds!" he muttered. "Come on, old pup. Here, have some of my snack! Here's a piece of corned beef! Come on, old fellow!"



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Cajolery and threats were alike futile. Saxe Gotha was guarding for his man. After a while the dog's dumb fury maddened the stranger. He began to hurl rocks at the pup. At first the shots were harmless; then a jagged piece of ore caught the dog on the cheek and laid it open, and another slashed his back. With the snarl of a tiger, Saxe Gotha made a leap from the door at the stranger's throat. The man screamed, and jumped for his horse so hastily that Saxe Gotha caught only the shoulder of his coat and ripped the back out of the garment. Before the pup could gather his weakened body for another charge, the stranger was mounted. He whipped his snorting horse down the trail, and disappeared.

SAXE GOTHA feebly worried at the torn coat, then dragged himself back to the door and lay down on the vest, too weak to lick his wounds. The rest of the morning he lay quiet. At noon he suddenly opened his eyes. His ears pricked forward, and his tail beat feebly on the floor. His man rode up. He had a sack of fresh supplies thrown across his saddle. He turned his horse into the corral, then came toward the hut. The vicious mood seemed still to be with him. "You still here?" he growled.

Then he caught sight of the piece of cloth, picked it up, and looked at the mauled and blood-stained muck on it. He stared at Saxe Gotha curiously. "Johnston was here, eh? I'd know that check anywhere. The thief! What happened?"

As Evans came up, Saxe Gotha tried to give the old gambol of joy, but succeeded only in falling heavily. The young fellow strode into the hut, and walked slowly about. The sack of nuggets was still behind the door. The map that he had long ago prepared for the company for which he was investigating mines still lay covered with dust. On the table were the hunk of bacon, the fried potatoes, the dry bread. A number of jagged rocks were scattered on the floor. The dog was bloody.

SLOWLY young Evans turned his whole attention to Saxe Gotha, who lay watching him with passionate intentness. Evans took a handful of raw potato skins from the table and offered them to the pup. Saxe Gotha snatched at them and swallowed them as if frenzied with hunger. Evans looked at the food on the table, then at the famished, emaciated dog. He stood gripping the edge of the table and staring out at the desert. A slow red came up from his neck and crossed his face; it seemed a magic red, for it wiped the vicious lines from his face and left it boyish and shamed. Suddenly his lips trembled. He dropped down in the doorway and ran his hand gently along the pup's sensitive back. His bloodshot eyes were blinded with tears.

"Old man," he whispered to Saxe Gotha, "I wasn't worth it!"

The dog looked up into the young

man's face with an expression eager and questioning. And then, summoning all his feeble strength, he crowded his long, awkward body into the man's lap, laid his great head against the blue flannel shirt, and with a sigh of absolute content, closed his eyes. Evans flung a stalwart arm across the tawny, trembling body, and addressed the brooding desert brokenly.

"Doesn't this beat the world?" he said.

After a moment he set Saxe Gotha on the floor and fed him a can of evaporated milk, carefully warmed, with bits of freshly fried bacon in it. He washed out the dog's cuts, then put him to bed in his own bunk. All that afternoon, while the dog slept, Evans paced the hut, fighting his fight. And like all solitary desert-dwellers, he talked aloud.

"They've kept back my pay. They've let me half-starve, the beastly company. They sent me down here with promises they haven't kept. Why haven't I the right to make something for myself? It's the great chance of my life to make money. With the nuggets I have now I could go home this fall and get married and never see this fiendish country again. I've a right to give them the same treatment they've given me. If they break their promises, why should I keep mine?"

HE PAUSED to look at the desert. "They promised to pay me regularly, to raise me, to give me a job in the home office after a year. It's been two years now. Yes, I know, I made some promises. I was to report all finds and turn in all valuable ore to them. But they haven't treated me right."

Then he turned to the sleeping dog, and his face softened. "Wouldn't that beat you, his not eating the stuff on the table! Goodness knows I'd treated him badly enough! It seems as if even a dog might have a sense of honor; as if it didn't matter what I was, the fool pup had to keep straight with himself; as if—"

Suddenly Evans stopped and gulped. Again came the slow, agonizing blush. For a long time he stood in silence. Finally, he squared his shoulders and moistened his lips. "I can send the maps and what ore I have left by stage tomorrow. But it will take another year to get the whole thing straightened up, and get them paid back—another year of loneliness, and sand-storms, and sweltering. No snowy Christmas or green spring or the smell of burning leaves in the fall this year for me. I guess the pup will stay by me, tho."

As if he had realized that there was need of him, Saxe Gotha woke, and ambled over to the man's side. Evans sat down in the door, and the dog squatted beside him. Evans turned, took the dog's great head between his hands and looked into the limpid eyes.

"I guess, old man, that there are more ways than one of making a success of yourself, and money-making is the least of them."

In Evans's eyes were the loneliness and grief of disappointed youth. But the rest of his face once more was clear and boyish with the wonderful courage of the young.

Saxe Gotha pawed Evans's knee wistfully. Perhaps across the stillness of the desert he caught the baying of the hunting pack in some distant, rain-drenched woodland. Yet he would not go. The dog leaned warmly against his man, who slid an arm across the tawny back. Then, with faces to their forbidden north, man and dog watched the desert night advance.

